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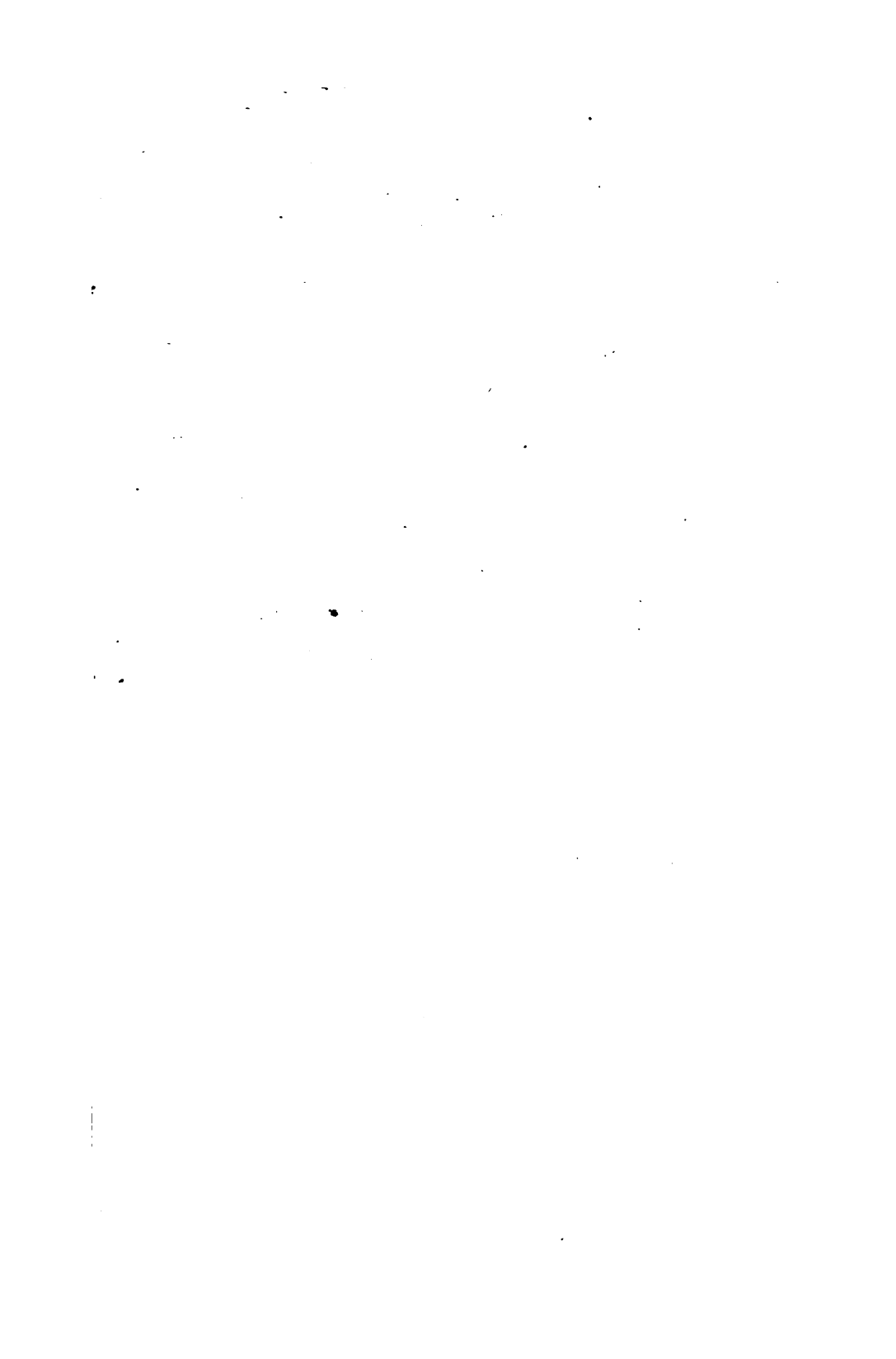
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“For every word man may not chide or plaine,  
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That he no doth or sayth sometime againe.”



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## PREFACE.

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THE original scheme of this compilation was to trace out the progress of a human soul in its course through life in respect to its religious development, and the title of the book was to have been "The Record of My Inner Life," but after much consideration the writer could not induce himself to make public those troubles and sufferings of the spiritual life which involved confidences of the most delicate and painful kind. He has, therefore, restricted himself to recording his thoughts on various subjects, but principally on religion, among which will be found several which are suggestive of the various trials through which his soul had to pass on its way to spiritual light and freedom.

In order to understand the earlier portion of these thoughts it must be explained that at the age of twenty, when the writer first commenced this record, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Swedenborg's doctrines, and in his visit to Italy at that early age, he carried with him "Swedenborg's Divine Providence" and "True Christian Religion," two works for which he still retains the greatest respect, and it will at once be seen by those who are conversant with the great Swede's works, that the writer's ideas on the Deity, Free Will, &c. and the important prin-

ciple of the three loves in man, are those of Swedenborg himself, but of the seer's ideas concerning spiritual presences, angels, devils, and so forth, no vestige of a belief remains in him, the reasons for which will be found given at length in "The Universal Church."

Isaac D'Israeli concludes his essay on "Prediction," in "Curiosities of Literature," with these words. "The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the present: the learned, busied with the past, can only trace whence and how all comes: but he who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the future." Long ago, on an ancient house in Germany I read the Latin inscription:

"Præsens rege, corrige præteritum, cerne futurum."

This precept I have endeavoured to carry out, and it is in this spirit that I have thought and written, with an earnestness such as can only arise from the conviction that no subject can be more important to the human race than that of religion. To obtain reasonable, practical, and yet elevating ideas on that supreme subject, has been the object of my life, and is mainly the subject of these recorded thoughts. It may be remarked that I describe myself as the *writer* and not the author of the Universal Church, for I could hardly regard that book, at least portions of it,—such for instance as the denunciations of those governments and lands which persist in encouraging or sanctioning the idolatrous practices and gross superstition

of the Papal Church, such as Italy, Spain, France, and South Germany, p. 26, &c., and the prophecy of the troubles which will convulse them until they rid themselves of that most evil and pernicious Church, the great slave-holding Church of Europe, at once its disgrace and curse—as emanating from myself; my pen seemed to me to be guided by a higher power, and the holy indignation which at times filled my soul, appeared as it were breathed into me by an influence I could not resist, and which overwhelmed my whole being. This remark applies also to the denunciation of Louis Napoleon, in “Record of Thoughts,” p. 270. However, how far my pen has in any case been thus influenced, I must leave to the judgment of others. For myself, I believe in special divine inspiration, and have no idea that the Holy Spirit will ever cease to act upon men, oftentimes selecting the most humble and unlikely instruments for its purpose. Nor was this conception of inspiration unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, amongst whom we may mention Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca; indeed every person strongly moved and conscious of an influence not natural to him, and in that sense supernatural, cannot but believe that he is acting by deed and word, written or spoken from a special divine inspiration, of which, however, others will be better judges than he can be himself.

As regards the Thoughts themselves, they will serve to indicate the processes by which a human soul has advanced in its course through life, especially in respect to religious views, and I would add here, that the result was not due to reading any works adverse to the Christian or other



religion, but to the perusal of books intended to defend Christianity, and to the reading of the Jewish Scriptures (old and new) themselves. To my fellow-creatures I confide our cause, the common cause of us all, the advancement of reasonable religion and the progress of mankind proceeding therefrom, as the one sole and absolutely necessary starting point. Then, and then only, will religion become in reality what Lord Bacon describes it theoretically, as "the chief bond of society," as well as the foundation of natural, healthy, social and spiritual life in the individual.

The writer has signed himself as "Architect" on the title page, not in respect to his profession, but in allusion to his being engaged on the planning, restoration, and remodelling of the fabric of society, an "oikòs" in which mankind may live secure, and an "oikonomy" which will keep them in good estate and increasing prosperity. I have studied it from the lowest foundation to the topmost pinnacle, restoring here, destroying there, using up old material when to our advantage. The great difficulty is with the vermin, especially the black beetles and bugs, and other nasty and offensive crawling pests, which have burrowed into the very walls and timbers. Here nothing short of sweeping destruction and purification by fire will avail. Our new house shall be a "*Domus Dei*" indeed, in which, whilst mankind will be ever improving their own interests, they will never cease to declare the praises, to honour and glorify the Almighty Father of us all.

## A RECORD OF THOUGHTS.

---

### 1

ITALY, 1843.

Do you think the world was created by chance, a lucky hit, necessity, that is, by necessity—I mean Nature herself? There are such evidences of design, from the wing of a fly to the laws of the worlds, that it is impossible. Now, you find on this earth, superior to all other creatures, a being exists called man, who, although endowed with wonderful power of thought, invention, and ability, yet owns that the life which actuates his body is not his own. He cannot make life; it must have been originally, with all his other endowments, the gift of the universal Creator. Now, to what purpose would such a being have been allowed to multiply his kind from one toiling generation to another, without stoppage from the beginning to the end of history, and beyond each? Is it for no purpose? Instinct tells us we are the connecting link between God and animals. The chain of human life ascends by the most minute degrees up to ourselves; does it stop there and become suddenly broken? No, we are sure we were created to live to eternity, or at least after this existence on earth. Now, if you can allow this, you will also allow that the Power which produced all the wonderful varieties of creation for the good of man wishes him well, and desires that his eternal life should be eternal happiness. In fact, intuitively, the greater portion, if not all, men know that there is a God, that they have souls which do not die with their bodies, and that their welfare is all the Deity who made them can desire.

blood. How incomprehensible then to us must be He who thought of, put in motion, and sustains, the universe! How very foolish our endeavours to reason on Him, when the whole world might set to work on a fly, and never fully comprehend its wonders!

## 6

"Who is more restless at heart, more frequently fretted, or more grievously enraged, than a lover of himself? This is the case so often as he is not honoured according to the pride of his heart, or when anything does not succeed according to his wish and pleasure."—SWEDENBORG'S "Divine Providence," p. 245.

Do you think the love of self is your great stumbling-block, or can you clear yourself of the imputation which conscience has put on you?

Why for such a time were you dead to what is called wordly advantages, but because your love of self was supreme, would not allow a compeer, and would not undergo those slight restrictions which the attainment of them requires? Why are you vexed and irritated when people do not treat you according to your ideas of your own worth? What is the moving principle of impatience, anger, and love of praise—excessive love of praise? In your desire to communicate to others Swedenborg's works, was the welfare of their souls your motive? If really impelled by anxiety for them and love, speak; but do not let it be a disguise for self-love, for exhibiting what you consider your superior wisdom. When you meet again, let them commence the subject, for you do not know what harm you may be doing them by thus forcing on them truth, especially if a bad spirit actuates the feeling. The soul of every one is in the hand of the Lord, and He will incite it to knowledge at the fit moment. "From the habitation of His dwelling He considereth all them that dwell on the earth; He fashioneth all the hearts of them and understandeth all their works."—Psalm xxxiii.

## 7

How wonderful is the circulation which all things experience! Our spirits which return to their Creator;

our thoughts, taken from material subjects, which from the interior return to the exterior again in the form of speech or action; the circulation of the blood from the heart to the heart; of material life as in vegetables, from seed to seed; of man from dust to dust. Moisture taken from the earth and returning in freshening showers, the circle of the seasons, in fact, everything on earth the work of the Creator, one and all contain an image more or less vivid of His infinity. And as the vegetables fails to return to its primitive form, the blood fails in its proper circulation, and all other instances in so failing become useless or noxious, so do those spirits which shun the source from which they spring, and refuse to recognise their regulated circulation, turn themselves proportionally to useless or noxious beings.

## 8

Our character changes like the skies—the evening shall set in dark and threatening, whilst in the morning there shall not be a cloud in the atmosphere. Being aware of this, never give way to the evil of the day, for who can tell what good the morning may bring to us? Combats against evil are fully repaid by the calmness and happiness of soul after success, together with the increased wisdom which it consequently receives. Truly “the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.” It is He only who can endure us with true wisdom. Place your whole heart on *Him*, and ye shall be wise as serpents but harmless as doves. May His gracious spirit teach me secretly, and His word be a light about my path!

## 9

RECEIPT.—When restless, go home, sit down and read or meditate, or write; never *think you have nothing to do*. Our lives are made up of moments, and tell well or ill, according to the use to which we put those moments. Restlessness is as much a habit as anything else, and may be easily exchanged for its contrary by the course you are pursuing.

Thoughts should be written down—those which you consider likely to benefit yourself or others, but not those which, after examination, you conceive to have been excited by a bad motive.

Were it not for the antiquity and *respectability* of the Papist religion, we should find in it as much ranting as would serve for two or three clubs of Ranters, Shakers, and other fanatical sects. But the world has become accustomed to it, or it could never allow such an intolerable farce to be kept up. However, what I wish to remark is the unbounded devotion of the lower classes to old statues, pictures, &c. On one occasion I saw an instance of this, at Venice particularly, where old people really threw themselves before two old mutilated statues, repeating all the time their prayers, or whatever it was, in a gasping, tremulous voice, then rising and kissing the images all over—face, hands, feet—good, loud, hearty smacks. This species of adoration to an image of our Saviour, or a picture of a Madonna, is usual, but to such old, ugly, broken statues, stuck in a dirty corner, I never saw the like homage done. To an image of our Saviour on the Cross some one had applied a yellow satin petticoat as a votive offering. This was one that was kept at the corner of a street. What Mr. Wreford saw at Capri, though, astonished me most. At this little island, every year and a half, a mission came to make the people religious and serious, so that for a month or two after their departure the girls looked frightened at their sweethearts, and not a guitar was heard or a dance seen in the place. He was there when a celebrated missionary came, who preached three successive nights. I forget now all that occurred, but such a frightfully disgusting case of religious madness, or rather heathen folly, I never heard. He brought, I remember, a skeleton with him into the pulpit, and told the girls to look at that, and see their lovers without disguise. He inflicted also various pains on himself, amongst which, I remember, he put his hand in the flame of the candle and let it burn. The third evening he was too exhausted to act at the appointed hour, having broken a blood-vessel; but he did come later, and the whole affair ended by an universal whipping. Mr. W. says it was the most awfully ridiculous thing imaginable—young and old all down on their knees laying away at themselves like furies, shrieking and yelling; many of the women

fainted. *The money being collected* throughout the island, and universal gloom having been effected by the priests, they left the poor inhabitants to think about it for another year and a half. There are very few good points that strike me in this Church. Its encouragement of music and painting I approve of, since, though the body should not *rule* the soul, I think it ought to be a help to it in such an important case; and I have often felt the effect produced by a beautiful painting, an anthem, or chant, passing a church, and the general effect which the clergy gain over the *senses* of the people is remarkable, also the usual cheerfulness of their system of service, and all external aids not carried to excess. But how a person who has once ever read the Bible, or consults his common sense, can turn Roman Catholic is to me surprising.

## 11

You must perceive that you are yet far off from the goal, that mark which may be attained even in this world; but that by slow and difficult paths you are arriving at it. Your way is uphill, and you must be patient. Even when you have thoroughly conquered your leading evil, so as to keep it in its proper balance, you will only have overcome one enemy, though it is true you will have weakened all the others. When you shall have arrived at that state in which sin will disgust you from itself, and not from the greater or less offensiveness of those who commit it, then will you have reaped the benefit of your warfare; for until you have fought, you will not fully comprehend the cunning and malice of your foes. You will but obscurely perceive the profanity of any particular sin considered in itself, and only turn aside from its more poor and revolting devotees, those in whom its bad effects are most apparent. The act, and not the actor, must displease you, or you are still in the spiritual commission of sin.

What causes anger? Self-love. When you are not treated as you wish, get what you desire, or are contradicted, can you be angry with others and think of your God, who, were He even what is called justly angry, must refuse you His comfort for a period, and deny the help of His

countenance to one who has so long and grievously vexed His Holy Spirit? Can you be impatient, and can you desire or feel yourself deserving of praise? Each encomium is a satire on you, who of yourself have done worse than nothing, and, had it not been for the guidance of your Creator, might have been whelmed in the lowest pit of vice. You know all this and acknowledge more, but it will be difficult, and demands perseverance to attain such a state as your heart desires. As Schiller tells you, the beautiful statue which seems a created thought was worked from the shapeless marble with unceasing toil, but once worked out, all trouble is forgotten, and the artist rejoices over the creation of his fancy.

## 12

I find that Butler and Schiller both conclude that our life on earth must either be one of sensation or reflection. Schiller imagines that in after life these two enjoyments form a one. What impediment is there to such conjunction in actual life? The Bible nowhere, I believe, disallows what is the only true enjoyment of sensation, viz., temperance. And he is far gone who allows sensation entirely to deprive him of reflection; in fact, by the goodness of God he cannot, I believe, so imbrute himself. Does not common sense then point out the proper combination of these two as constituting what may be called human life in health as distinct from human life diseased?

## 13

## ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That there are those two notorious forgers, Falsehood and Vice, busily engaged in their lawless works in this town. An immense number of their notes are now in circulation, and many are the unsuspecting sufferers, the forgeries being so cunningly got up that it is *impossible* to detect such without being referred to us. The light of day, for certain obvious reasons, is disagreeable to these two villanous characters, but every night they may be seen in the most crowded and fashionable places of resort, Falsehood being distinguished by gaudiness and richness of dress, and Vice

by extraordinary personal beauty, which we need not say is all make up. The woman Vice has cohabited with Falsehood for years, and is known amongst her companions under the *alias* of Pleasure.

Also we warn the public against their "Original Subverting Spectacles," by means of which the deformed and ugly is perceived as beautiful, and wrong as right. An immense sale of these pernicious articles having been palmed off on the public as coming from our patent glass manufactory, much to our loss of credit and profit, we hereby deny such articles to have proceeded from our workshop, and offer commensurate reward to whoever will capture and give over these two hardened offenders into our hands.

(Signed)

LOVE AND TRUTH.

October 20th, 1844.

14

FLORENCE, 1844.

As the body in pain, homeless and unfriended, longs for that dwelling of its childhood where it once was happy and at rest, so my soul in its affliction turned to its home, to its Father, its Creator, its Lord, and felt that joy which the weary wanderer experiences on revisiting those beings who love him and whom he loves.

15

At night, life and death still ply. The night to them affords no rest, no breathing space. How still it is! how dark! In the intense and universal silence one almost fancies that the rustling of the spirits as they enter and depart from life's portal can be heard.

16

Our whole existence is made up of a number of little lives, called days. Consider each day as what it truly is, *a life*, and compress the desire of your life into the space of fourteen or fifteen hours: you will in this way have more lives than a cat.



LONDON, 1846.

The most ennobling, yet most irrational, of contests is that of the soul against the body, a contest which is almost a necessity of our constitution; for the soul thinks, desires, resolves, and aspires; has an intuitive, innate feeling of its nobility; and ever climbeth to the highest grounds of the good, the true, the beautiful. Conceiving itself kindred to the Great Spirit of the universe—its creator and sustainer—it longs, in the spirit of love and gratitude, to do justice to the source of all love and wisdom from which it has its being.

The very essence of the soul is progression—in virtue or in vice. Its natural aspiration is for the former, although all its power and desires may be inverted by continued and forcible abuse. That the spirit is willing but the flesh weak has been from the commencement of the world the complaint of the soul, after defeat in its irrational contests, its strifes and struggles with the necessitated desires and unextinguishable claims of the body, claims not the less importunate and irresistible from their passive attacks and resistance.

The body should be, as it were, the humble companion, and even the servant of that soul, without which it were a doll; but once inspired by the breath of omnipotence, it will not, cannot be, a slave or an automaton; it is no longer a doll, but forms the foundation, an unavoidable portion of that spirit which will hereafter find a purer atmosphere. Let us not then kick down the ladder by which we have risen or shall rise.

Mere gratitude should prompt us to indulge its claims as far as reason and religion or the innate law of right and wrong deem fit; but the soul, in the haughtiness of its superiority, in its extraordinary longings for its futurity, its visions of purity of virtue and proud consciousness of immortality, separates itself in desire from its earthly friend, and, in its spiritual pride, fancies itself a fit state for the glorious and the holy presence of its Creator, and spurns, upbraids, reviles the very nature of its existence, and condemns the good gift of an All-wise and All-loving Disposer.

This, however, is not the only feeling which prompts the soul in its attacks and reproaches on the poor offending body. The contest is often carried on more in sorrow than in anger; and it is rather a sense of duty to find favour in the sight of the Most High, than the consciousness of its own grandeur and its friend's baseness, which brings on the struggle. These and all other secondary causes arise from one fundamental and primary cause, viz., ignorance of the nature of the connection between the soul and body. It is usual to say the soul is at war with the body; but I say the soul should be at war with itself. Excessive or carnal pleasures are evils of a secondary nature; spiritual evils are primary. The world owns this, and the characters we detest are the Iagos and Gonerils—revenge, deceit, envy, hatred, malice, &c. The characters we contemn, and often only pity, are the gluttons, the drunkards, the luxurious, the debauched. Falstaff could not be hated.

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Let nature alone be my companion, to God only be my thoughts directed; let the purity of my soul be regained as the free fresh breezes pass over the face of the earth encircling my body and cleansing it from the taint of all impurity.

It is thus the good angels, the invisible companions of our pilgrimage, remove and cast far away the defiled clothing of our souls, and re-attire them with linen of snow-white hue.

From here, where nought is discerned but the bleak common, the war-prepared cliffs, and chequered, changing ocean, where the only sound is the moaning of the autumn breezes through the already bared branches of a few gnarled oaks, and the shrill cry of the sea birds as they sweep over head; from this bleak promontory at such a time, the noise and turmoil of the ever-restless city, of its many-wheeled commerce, of the pursuit and change of pleasures numerous as false, fall upon the memory like the mysterious and unreal fancies of the slumbering spirit,

the reminiscences of a troubled dream, which existed in the imagination only. The soul expands with space, and feels herself capable of the most elevated, the most distant flights.

## 19

ITALY, 1843.

Think of all that you have seen and felt of the beautiful, be it a sunny day at the English lakes, a sweet picture, or such views as you have so intensely felt in Italy, when your spirit was absorbed in love of all that is fair. Accustom yourself to read those works which affect you; cherish the poetry of your nature and nourish withal industry; do not give way to the sad and evil feeling of restlessness, or of indolence, to which there may be no end, the indulgence of which may lead you finally on beyond all power of return, and may drown and stifle all the natural disposition to goodness you ever had, leaving only useless gnawing regret and an accusing conscience.

*We must practise some restraint*: oppose this turmoil and rebellion of the soul, not by attempts to destroy and exterminate, which, as with all cases of oppression, render it only more fierce, deep, and uncontrollable, but by the practice of occupying your thoughts on other subjects, by such faithful and useful friends as painting, reading, music. In place of degrading the senses, use them as the pioneers to the upward path; give to them the first station, as guides to lead you on from all that is beautiful and gracious on earth to all that is still more beautiful, still more gracious, shall be perfected in Heaven.

## 20

ITALY, 1844.

The only penance it seems to me that we need undergo for our sins is the necessity of triumphing over them; for bad habits, of escaping from their thrall. Believe me, this is no light or easy punishment: for sin and habitual malpractices so wind themselves around us, and fasten on us with such tenacity, that often we must almost give up life and all that constitutes its delight before disentangl-

ing ourselves from habits which have formed our very existence, which—when we at last come to abhor and shun—we find have fixed themselves with a deadly and apparently eternal strength on our hearts; in parting with which we lose the very essence of our life, our nature, yes, being itself: as when a venomous snake fastens its deadly fangs on some nobler animal, the latter is oft-times maimed before being freed from its dying hold, fixed even in death.

## 21

It is difficult to put the harness of virtue on the back of hot youth.

I saw this morning a young horse training for harness. How he plunged and reared under the idea of restraint! How he raged to find himself thus burdened, little knowing that the cause of his anger and resistance was that which would render him a valuable and useful animal; but the harness was firm, and he shortly became used to it. With us the harness is too often and too quickly shaken off, usually never to be worn again.

## 22.

An evil thought may come over us in our happiest moments like a buzzing fly in the hour of rest.

## 23

At breakfast I discovered that life was at one bite but dry bread, yet at the next very palatable bread and butter.

## 24

Many, for want of somewhat to employ their thoughts, become dissipated, and live in a continual round of folly and vice.

Many keep on stubbornly in these courses to escape the misery which thought would entail on them.

1843.

"In the country Carrinensis of Spain there is a river that shows all the fish in it to be like gold; but take them into thy hand and they appear in their natural kind and colour."—*Pliny*.

Whether this account be correct or not, it carries with it an excellent moral.

It is in such water we look on the pleasures, so called, of life and its honours. The gaudy carriages, rich equipages and clothing, abundance of money, and no occupation but such as fancy directs, the friendship or acquaintance of the wealthy and titled, playgoing, revelling, and those vain honours which many men wear their health and credit out to obtain, are all of such a nature. "Take them into thy hand, and they will appear in their natural kind and colour." In the Boboli Gardens at Florence, the gold and silver fish are barely discernible from others by reason of the very overgrown and muddy waters in which they swim.

Ruin in early manhood, utter hopelessness, overwhelming despair, seized me as I looked forward, whilst the past presented, at the best, but a very mixed chain of good and evil actions, in which, judging impartially, the latter fearfully predominated. I asked myself where will this end? Must I be ever thus? There was no star to guide me, no friend to strengthen me, no loving minister to save me, and I had sunk beneath the weight of my despondency had I not felt assured of the protection, however erring, of the Father of Mercy.

1844.

Time and death are one. Death is but the alias for Time.

## 28

Entertain thought; at times thought will entertain you.

## 29

Man cannot create life in its lowest degree; he should therefore be careful to avoid wanton destructiveness, even the wanton death of a flower. I saw a man amuse himself by killing flies. I now know why I felt he was acting repugnantly to my feelings. It was injustice.

## 30

1845.

I love the deep sea and blue sky,  
 The wooded vale and mountain high;  
 I love the yellow shore and jagged rock,  
 The relic of an earthquake's shock;  
 And the wind sighing its soul away in the dark wood,  
 Or wailing o'er the ruins where once a temple stood.  
 Flowers, too, are dear to me,  
 And excite a gentle feeling  
 Of undefined longing. Stealing  
 My thoughts away to flowers of human race,  
 But lovelier far than they,  
 Yes, many things to me are very dear.  
 Sometimes I fear  
 The thought that I must leave them—  
 Mayhap lose them—and for ever.  
 But no! it could not be.  
 Should some great power sever  
 The bond of love between my heart  
 And such delights, I could not live.  
 The soul will never cease *to be*,  
 And nought can part  
 These feelings from my soul,  
 Such power they give.  
 'Tis they that form the whole  
 Of it, and are its love, its life, its sense,  
 Unchangeable, immortal, and intense.

But, gloomy and desponding,  
 Sometimes I e'en could weep o'er my own life;  
 Nor hope nor love responding  
 To the desire, the sorrow, and the strife,  
 Of my frail spirit.  
 Then would I seek the forest shade,  
 Deeper and deeper plunge into the glade,  
 Rest by a torrent's fall  
 In some remote and rugged wild,  
 Screen'd by a thickset wall  
 Of pine trees dark and tall.  
 And, like a child,  
 Sink quietly on Nature's tender breast  
 Until exhaustion brought eternal rest.

## 31

1843.

An afternoon, when the chill winds of winter  
 Threw their last envious blasts at budding spring,  
 And waged unequal strife with the increasing  
 Warmth o' the sun, I wandered through the long  
 And mazy garden paths, pensive and slow.  
 Around me the uncertain wind, now north,  
 Now east, or west, in fitful wild strains  
 Sent most delicious music to my ears—  
 The wood its harp, the leafless boughs its strings,  
 And never Art, with all its subtlety  
 And skill, touched any notes so sweetly sad,  
 So sadly grand. The sun gave light, and all  
 The little forest choristers joined  
 In the hymn, with deeper feeling and more  
 Zest than any mercenary priests could  
 Ever boast.  
 To close it all, the tiny, sweet-voiced  
 Goddess of the neighbouring brook, joined  
 In the song, making most heavenly  
 Harmony; and here, entranced, I mused.

1844.

The past is everything with me, the future as nothing. My castles in the air are not built from materials yet in the womb of time, from rich yet undiscovered quarries, but from old rubbish, stuff that I have handled many years since. My imagination is not soaring enough for pure fiction, it must have a groundwork, a foundation, on which to work. In thinking of the past, I do not confine myself to the mere facts, but from them I dream on what might have been; I finish half-perfected plans, incipient loves, hopes, adventures. The characters with whom I deal are not unknown to me, not those with whom fortune may make me acquainted; but dear old familiar faces belong to the *dramatis personæ*, and old well-known, well-loved localities are the scenes. At any rate this is but half a dream, it is a pretty equal mixture of fact and fiction. Now I know there are people whose dreams are all of the future, of undiscovered countries, companions, adventures—planners of the coming shadows. It is enough to make one impatient to hear these persons speak of this or that to happen months, years hence, when a letter, a word, a step, a look, may alter the whole current of our existence. However, this is a morbid feeling, a reflection unfit for ambitious stirring youth, it is the offspring of the suspicion and timidity attendant on old age. Life in reality, or the tenour of it, is not so affected by such trivialities as one might suppose. I am of opinion that a mind which has fixed itself in some particular course, a strong healthy mind, is not to be ruled by circumstances. Weak spirits give in, but it is the noble pride of a determined soul to govern events, to mould them to its own ends and not be moulded by them. Energy is its conquering watchword.

Although the future of life presents so few charms for me, so little to fix my thoughts, yet the eternal future, the state of the soul after death, is an endless source of curious but useless inquiry. I say useless, for I do not believe that the most confirmed doctrinarian, or boldest sceptic, did ever more than conjecture. With all their boasted certainty, their minute definitions of after life, they each, at the dying point, must have shuddered in



insecurity. The strongest reason, the firmest faith, here *must* doubt, not of immortality, not of the infinite goodness and love of their Creator, but of themselves—of what will really cease to be, and what will not.

For can we suppose that the mere separation of the body and soul will produce any material change in the latter? But there are those who deny the soul's immortality. I cannot understand such a feeling. It seems to me that as action constitutes the life of man, as his mind is the source of that action, his body but the instrument, the world his workshop—can we imagine this immaterial moving principle capable of annihilation? I think not. Can aught of the mind or soul (I believe philosophers make a difference between them) be lost because its temporary abode crumbles into decay, or is shattered by violence? As I firmly believe that the union of the soul and body only renders all the spiritual and intellectual endearments to life more gross and reflected, so I believe also this world to be but a type of the one to come, a type fitted to our tastes, feelings, powers—a shadow, but a shadow with a form.

Occupations, amusements, friends, conversations, benefactions—will these die also? Are they incompatible with your ideas of futurity? Of the heavenly life? You perhaps expect an eternal rest, a calm, an everlasting Sabbath, a never-ending holy-day. On earth this rest for the spirit is to be found in continual action only; not laborious aspiring action, but in occupation, I ought rather to have said. We shall have it, you may say, in the continual love and worship of our God. Yet I cannot think that the only end of our creation was to produce beings solely for the love and worship of their Creator. It is the belief of a mind capable of finding no other reason for our long-blended hours of pain and pleasure, of storm and sunshine, sometimes of grief and agony of soul: for our existence in this world—commencing with suffering and danger to her who bears us, and ending in second childishness or worse to ourselves—no other reason than self-love, an insatiable self-love! There is something horrible in the thought. The soul shudders at it. No; rather let us believe ourselves the offspring of disinterested love, a love

which wishes to see others happy *out of itself*, not an exacting love. For oh, how often must we grieve to the quick the all-loving, all-forgiving spirit of Him who rejoices over one sinner that repenteth !

## 33

## INVOCATION FROM NATURE.

In the heart's deep sadness,  
When gnawing grief denies refreshing slumber,  
When hours by minute moments ye do number,  
Return to me.

In time of coming madness,  
When thoughts of blackest birth drown life in anguish,  
Or reason lost, in speechless stupor languish,  
Return to me.

Return, for there are hours when nought on earth  
Can bring content, or waken mirth ;  
When flowers of heavenly hue lie crushed and dying—  
The garden of the soul a waste to view,  
A scene for sighing.

## 34

1848.

In the hurry and bustle of continuous action we know not what we are ; we are hid from ourselves. Were I to judge by my ordinary thoughts and actions of my own nature, I should call myself hard, selfish, and unfeeling ; but at times there comes a light upon my soul, and I know with joy that innocence and love, and a capability of self-sacrifice, though covered up and lying in thick shadow, still exist warm and living, and may yet be called into active life. The fountain, though it nourishes no river, is not dried up.

## 35

You complain that I am not orthodox. You want my thoughts to keep company with yours. You tell me that in my way I can never reach Heaven, but you forget that we both start from different points, and may both arrive at the centre without ever seeing each other. The native of Rome who meets a Londoner at Paris is not lost in astonishment at his having got there by an opposite route. Heaven is the centre of a circle, to which all souls from different points gravitate. The path to each one differs, as they differ from each other.

## 36

1844.

As this fair and fruitful world was once covered and surrounded by waters, lost, sunk beneath the all-encircling waves—now calm as holiness or troubled as crime—so must man, the microcosm, rise through and out of a sea of sin and folly, before he can finally emerge into the light of life, into that spiritual state which is the aim and perfection of existence.

This appears to me a necessity of his nature, more or less.

## 37

NEWGATE CALENDAR.

1845.

ONE cannot but admire the energy, daring, perseverance, courage, fortitude, and generosity of Jack Sheppard. I feel convinced he had all the qualities requisite to form a remarkable man, and one regrets that his education was among the vicious instead of the virtuous; as it is, nothing could be so ill-advised as Ainsworth's romance. Dick Turpin is more of a brute and a ruffian than tradition or fiction represents him. King, his companion, is far more civilised. Jonathan Wild an intense villain. Gadesby extraordinary—such a tissue of mean devilry I never had imagined; this man had no one redeeming point. Bridewell seems to have been the nursery for much wickedness; the loss of character consequent on being imprisoned, and the society met there, seems to have made much crime. This fact at

the present day is noted; we have long pursued a wrong path in our conduct to the criminal and unfortunate. The condemnation of Newland for recruiting for the Irish French Brigade in London, and of Martha Tracy for robbing a man of a sovereign, excite our indignation and pity.

No man in a sane, healthy state of mind, is a criminal; commonly the fact of the commission of crimes is a proof of insanity (not medical or legal, but moral), and there is a remedy for this in education and religion; but the world appears to suppose that punishment or persecution are the only ways to reclaim an erring or vicious being; whether it be so, let experience prove. Society must be protected and laws enforced, but, at the same time, in unnecessary severity and persecution we fan the flame we seek to extinguish. Our punishments for offences are prompted by self-defence, too often accompanied with revenge, and too seldom with charity.

## 38

In the wild, stagnant, weed-begrown wildernesses of the earth, the resort of reptiles and beasts of prey, where every noxious thing springs into vigorous life, *some* glorious flowers, some beautiful objects still are to be found; and in the fairest, most cultivated spot, weeds yet will spring up and contest their existence with the diligent hand of the gardener. Even such is the spirit of man.

## 39

The mind of man is like a beautiful instrument, which, when played on by the hand of God, emits harmony and sweetness of sound, according to its capacity. When all its notes are good and in tune the ennobling divine strains of a Shakspeare, a Schiller, and Milton, are borne to our enraptured senses on the succeeding winds of time, and man by man holds communion with God; but when some of its sweetest notes answer not to the hand of the Great Musician, and the others are "jangling out of tune," what a miserable discord annoys and alarms us. Our souls are affrighted and shocked with the discordant din, and fly for succour and help to Him whose ways are those of pleasantness and whose paths are paths of peace.

## 40

## FOR MUSIC.

STILL gently o'er my soul  
 Beauties rise in radiant gladness;  
 Love, light, and music, roll  
 Far away the clouds of sadness.

Grief yet shall have no power,  
 Rosy youth's a golden treasure;  
 Love, light, and music, shower  
 On the soul a flood of pleasure.

Love, light, and music, ever  
 After death with us will stay;  
 Love, light, and music, never  
 From our souls be far away.

## 41

## SHAKESPEARE AND RAPHAEL—AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

THEIR spirits though invisible still exist, they are above and around us, and by the strength of their immortality still live to us at this day—their opinions, their wisdom, their intellect, and imagination, still influence us, excite, encourage, instruct, delight, and amuse us. These are the men who have dedicated their lives to the exercise of their imagination, and their noblest, most pure feelings. Truly religious, they look around the world with an admiring spirit; they perceive themselves encircled with beauties, whose impression at times is so powerful as to annihilate Time and Space, and thus unconsciously they do homage to their Creator. These are the men who are formed above their fellows for the true enjoyment of existence; and yet it so happens that these are often the very men whose whole life is a continual struggle for bread and cheese, and, who at times, like Camoens, even appear to be singled out for the relentless lash of bad fortune.

## 42

## MUSIC.

WHEN the soul, shocked, terror-struck, or weighed down, overworn with grief, recoils back on itself, and shudders, gasps, and sickens,—when appalled by the monstrous wickedness it proves itself capable of,—when evil thoughts loom on it, like hideous spectres, monstrous and shapeless, terrible from their dim uncertainty, and shadowy gloom,—when evil deeds press for life and quicken into vitality,—when the past is a curse and the future a fear and a dread, and despondency and doubt invite death, keep the eyelids open, drive rest from the heart and slumber from the body—then, oh! then, shall comfort and hope be borne on the strain of divine music which steals over thy senses; then shall the evil demons fly before the fair spirits who float on those harmonious notes, who cheer, who revive, who comfort thee—for this, the sweet Daughters of Music rise in their strength and expel the fiend who would hunt thee down to the depths of Hell. Let not the proud intellect, then, or the strong heart, despise thee, thou little member through which sound is conveyed to the sense, for it is thou whom God not seldom chooses as the medium of His love and presence.

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## 43

1846.

At the theatre one night a child behind me, when required to stand up for people to pass, placed its hands on my shoulder as a support. The confiding innocence with which it was done, the feeling it gave me of protecting and aiding something weak, brought tears into my eyes and feelings to my heart far dearer than all the fine acting in the world.

## 44

At times, in wandering about the streets, I called to mind, bitterly, the parable of the man who, possessed with devils, went about seeking rest, and finding none.

## THE STEPPES IN WINTER.

IN these vast and barren wilds, frozen and sterile, not a sound is heard except the melancholy cry of the passing vulture or the crumbling of the soil beneath the frost.

Woe to the stranger who alone shall dare to disturb the solitude of these inhospitable plains; why should he intrude, unsought and undesired, on the refuge, the dreary refuge, of the Genius of Desolation?

Are there not cities and crowds wherein man may work his work, without awakening Solitude from the sorrow of her lonely couch? And these are some of the last retreats of Desolation and Solitude, the eldest born of the world.

O first-born of the Creator, with no mean prying curiosity do I seek your abode—wearied, torn, bleeding and conquered, behold me, drowned with grief, overwhelmed with shame, at your feet! To you do I flee, dishonoured in the strife, defeated and full of anguish; to you do I turn for consolation, for refuge, for renewed strength.

Strengthened with these reflections I pursued my road over the desolate waste, convinced that I could not be far distant from my destination. The sun sank, red and stormy, slowly beneath the horizon, the cold became more sharp, the winds moaned and wailed over the rough ground like the mourning of some being in distress; the twilight was brief, and night approached. I now became aware of the danger of delay, and hastened onwards; the track I followed became more and more indistinct; at last I stood totally at fault, irresolute and anxious. I shouted aloud. Hush! I heard a moving sound; it came nearer and nearer; my heart leapt with joy—the next moment it beat hard in terror, for I knew now that it was a herd of those horses, wild and unmanageable, which, rushing, stamping, and neighing in mad fear, was approaching the spot on which I stood. A moment I stood uncertain, and then fled. Alas, they are nearer and nearer! I felt their warm breath on me, their shrieks resounded in my ear, I shouted in distress and agony; I felt a blow, my brain whirled, and I fell, senseless and wounded, to the ground.

When next I opened my eyes I saw a figure sitting by

me. I was in a rude hut, my couch was low on the ground, a fire of pine wood was blazing cheerily in the middle of the cabin, and over it was suspended a huge cauldron. I rubbed my eyes, and knew not whether this was so or the fancy of a distempered spirit. I essayed to rise, but a sudden and violent pain caused me to fall back with a groan; this roused the attention of the figure, who, kneeling down, in a language guttural and unknown to me, spoke some words, and forced a small earthen jar into my mouth. The liquid revived and then stupefied me; I strove in vain to rise, or even to speak—the figure, the cauldron, the hut, seemed to move, to enlarge, to dissolve, then a rush of wild horses again came over me; they shouted in my native tongue “The wolves!” “The wolves!” “Fly!” They pass over my prostrate body without touching me. Suddenly the wolves surrounded me, their hungry eyes and grinning fangs encircled me, when the ground opened, and I went down, down, round and round, till I became unconscious of existence.

It is useless to relate to you how I recovered, but my bruises were not even dangerous, and in a short time I was enabled to rise and walk. It appeared that my preserver was one of the keepers of the herd of horses, who, frightened by the wolves, had sought safety in flight; alarmed by my cries, the foremost had, after striking me to the earth, immediately diverged and led the rest in a different direction. I thus escaped their hoofs and the wolves who followed exactly in their steps. The keeper had discovered me at dawn, and, having dragged me to his hut, not far distant, gave me shelter and sustenance.

## THE LOST LIFE.

I HAVE wandered at will in a fair garden, rich with varied flowers, fragrant with scented breezes—a land of bliss. My companions, fair spirits, whose forms and conversation were equally beautiful. Through winding alleys, by the banks of silvery streams, under the shade of cedars, and through enamelled lawns, did we rove in happiness



and purity. Flowers and flies, varied in number as in colour, abounded. My soul was steeped in the awakening freshness of bright-eyed morn, when the dewdrops to me were a love and an enchantment. In the deep, deathly stillness of the sultry mid-day, when the impenetrable ilex grove was my refuge; in the rich red glow of sunset, when the angry orb, as it sunk beneath the ocean wave, seemed to tell of the wars and conflagrations of other worlds. In the morning I was hopeful, joyous, and powerful; in the mid-day, meditative, serious, and loving; in the evening, imaginative, devout, and melancholy. But in the night—Oh moon! thou fair creation, can one believe thee but a large irregular globe of dull materiality, like our own? Such is not the hard thought which has filled my spirit with tenderness and my eyes with tears, when I have gazed on thy pale form, alone, unseen. Can it be that the sympathy of the soul is so powerful as to draw me thus longingly towards some being, who, in that far distant orb, is sighing forth feelings the most noble and lovely to a spirit similar to her own: whose influence, though so distant, is yet not unknown, unfelt, or unacknowledged; or is it that thou art a place of rest for the wearied spirits who have left the struggle and turmoil of mortal life for thy sweet retreats; and thus that I, also weary and forlorn, turn myself with sweet hope to the home of my destined happiness, fearful and anxious, yet above all pleased?

My soul has never contemplated thy path in the heavens but with feelings of love and devotion inexpressible. Purified and ennobled at such times, I have felt myself a part, however minute, of that vast spirit through which all things subsist and exist. Infinite and universal love has then poured out the phial of its purest waters on my spirit; immortality has unveiled itself from behind the clouds of actual life, whilst beaming, tender, devout, and loving, and, above all, but too joyously happy, enswathed in sensations of a nature inexpressibly sweet, I have committed myself into the hands of that Great Being, through whom we live, move, and have our being, sure of unending love and protection.

Such has the night been to me, when I lived in that garden, innocent and holy.

It were too long to state how by degrees I became the companion of demons who, in disguise, courted my acquaintance, whenever I went beyond the boundaries of my fair estate. These cunning wretches never boasted openly to me of their wickedness, but, on the contrary, expressing a well-feigned abhorrence of evil, were nevertheless continually talking of innocent recreation, manly pleasures, and the folly of warring with Nature. Still I was not deceived. I knew that they had ruined numbers erst-times, and that they were noted as haters of virtue and happiness. Yet I certainly had no conception of their intense devilry, and had always consoled myself with the reflection that even the best of beings have their faults, nay, their vices. It was, I remember, an afternoon in the fickle month of April, that I was sauntering beneath the natural roof formed by the intertwined branches of a broad, grass-floored, avenue which skirted the happy garden; at one moment a few gleams, or rather threads, of sunlight seemed to connect heaven and earth, then all became suddenly dark and chill, the rain-drops pattered fiercely upon the foliage, whilst the wind kept up a sharp howling contest with all surrounding objects. My spirits jumped with the day: it was pelting and gloomy. I felt sad and lonely, internally longing for that society whose presence I yet feared. At this moment I heard shouts, laughter, and screams; they were rushing here for shelter. Yes, I knew their voices! Should they be allowed to enter or not? I stood irresolute to avoid or welcome. They see me. A "halloa." There is no retreat. "May we come in? give us shelter." I stammered. "Over with you," said the boldest. The fence was torn down, they pressed around me, embraced me, had long wished for this opportunity, envied and flattered me; their merriment stunned me, their hilarity pleased me. Half joyful, half confused, I gave them welcome, and acceded to their proposition of a rural repast. The sky now cleared, the rain-drops sparkled; the birds sang, and in the distance was seen the departing storm, enhancing the beauty of the present. We sate down laughing and jesting with zest at our mossy table. The wit and fun grew more and more boisterous, the language more licentious and abandoned. I remonstrated, but a universal shout to my health drowned all

my fine speech. Well, it was for once only. "More wine!" I shouted. My heart was cold and heavy as lead; my brain, like the sun at mid-day, burning hot; I became wild and mad. I can go on with this no farther for very shame. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself still surrounded by these impious beings. We are now inseparable; my fair garden is a scene of havoc, the once silvery streams are discoloured with the lees of wine and the blood of slaughtered animals, the mazy paths are a labyrinth for some half-blind Bacchanalians, the stately cedars serve as a bower of bliss to the most degraded creatures: the enamelled lawns are trodden down by the careless feet of mad revellers, the flies and birds are scared by the continual uproar, in place of flowers there be only weeds and nettles, for the garden is destroyed, and, like it, the garden of my soul is bare and bleak, up-rooted and down-trodden, the wintry storms of despondency and despair now howl and rage but over a dreary desert. Out of the society of those who have taken the place of the fair angels who have fled, and who call me their friend, I am restless, discontented, mad; to them I turn for alleviation of my cares, purchased at the price of all that is dear and holy in a human soul.

## 47

Is it, then, no disgrace to me that I should rather lavish all my means on self, in pleasure just or ignoble, than on my poor suffering fellow creatures, who one may actually see day by day, night by night, foodless, clotheless, and without where to lay their aching heads? Shall a man pass with careless exultation over the miseries of the wretched? Shall he take his fine things and parade them before the sallow, gaunt, longing face of the poor? Shall he jingle his money in his well-lined pockets as he sweeps heedlessly by the lame, the blind, the miserable? No; it is a disgrace and a dark blot on him who could wittingly beat the cripple, as it were, with his own crutches, break the bending reed, and turn the sigh into a moan or a tear.

It is a crime for him who hath more not to help him who hath less, always letting judgment wait upon charity. And it is the rich man's duty to give freely and frequently, and the poor man's joy to sympathise with and comfort the afflicted with those sincere and gentle tones which ring more sweetly than gold.

## 48

## AN ALLEGORY.

THERE was a child with curling hair and an angel's face, and he lived with his father from his infancy, and his father was his companion and his teacher. They lived in a large house, wide-spreading and richly furnished, with a garden and pleasure-grounds full of beautiful flowers and stately trees. And the child lived in the garden so spacious and lovely as his own. All day was he playing there in the warm and comforting sun, and his love gladdened the heart of his father, and angels hovered round his paths, and were guardians of his steps.

And in the garden there grew sweet red and white roses, and arbutus trees, with bright fruit, and a large shrub with many-coloured apples; and of these his father told him neither to pluck nor eat, for he would regret so doing; and the boy was left alone in the garden. And as he looked on a rose, a gaudy butterfly settled on its leaves. Its wings were red and gold and blue, and the little boy longed both for rose and fly. He thought "Surely I can get both, and my father will never find it out." Desire made him forget his father's words, and he grasped the rose's stem, but the butterfly flew quickly away; the leaves of the rose were broken and fell, and its thorns ran into his little hands, and he sat down very sad at what he had done; and, as he thought and thought what excuse to make, his father came on him with a sorrowful face, and rebuked him gently, forgave him his disobedience, telling him to be warned by this, and not again offend. Now the little boy did not feel the kindness of his father as he should have done, but thought himself fortunate in not being punished or spoken to angrily. So, when, some time after that, the arbutus berries grew ripe, he longed

to taste, and thought "This tree has no thorns, and my father will never remark a few berries gone, and if he does, still he is not passionate, and will quickly forgive me." So he got up into the tree, and ate some of the fruit so pleasant to the eye and to the taste, and came down, as he thought, unseen; but there were those who saw him, and his father knew it, but said nothing. In a few hours the child fell ill, and his father said "You have eaten of the red and yellow berries which I commanded you not to eat;" and the child cried bitterly, and said nought, for his heart fell within him, and he turned ashamed from his father's eyes. But that kind father took him in his arms, forgave him, and nursed him till he again was able to walk in the garden, and he determined to sin against his father no more. But his steps wandered, not long afterwards, to the great shrub with many-coloured fruit, and he saw the birds eating it, and the scent reached him as the wind bore it; he saw, he smelt, he touched; and as he touched, a large snake uncoiled itself from amongst the leaves and stung the foolish little boy in the hand. He turned to his father sobbing and downcast, and his father, so good and so kind, felt for his foolishness, pitied the weakness of his childishness, and received him without reproof, and himself cured the bite and sucked the venom from his blood, and the child could neither speak to nor look at his father, for he knew his own disobedience, and that he deserved punishment. So he was grateful to his father, and saw that he should follow his counsels, and not set up his own little will against the exceeding love and wisdom of his dear parent. And his father knew the child's thoughts, and was glad, for much did he love him. And his father warned him against doing many other things which the child saw no danger in doing, but which, as he knew his father was wise and thought only for his good, he did not do, but obeyed his father's commands, and grew up loving and beloved; oh, so happy! And as he grew bigger he grew wiser, and understood the reasons why he had been commanded not to do certain things, as annoying animals, eating unripe fruit, and plucking forbidden flowers; and all his life through he regarded his father's sayings and walked in his ways, nor did he forget

him to the day of his death; and he died full of years, wisdom, and happiness, and his only regret was that he had ever been a bad child.

49

1847.

Death, like cheese, digests all things but itself.

50

The ocean is the heart of the world—the pulsation, the ebb and flow of which is continuous and certain, imperishable and vast; it is the blood, the feeding essence of the whole body of the earth.

51

Beautiful the night, the stars and moon, solemn and tranquil, such as their reflex on the wave: such is our mortal life, a mere glimmering of the reality, the semblance, not the thing itself; our home also is above.

52

The beauty of woman, the purity and innocence of a virgin, the unpolluted temple of her Creator: the wiles and ringing laugh of children, the wide earth and all that it contains teeming with radiance and beauty, bring such longing, hopeless desires to my heart, that, unsatisfied, they perforce depart in tears—for oh! how unattainable is the beauty and the goodness which they express to us, speaking of holiness and God: at such times I feel and mourn over the glimpses of that other and purer world, where is my own and actual home; and when one thinks how seldom this occurs, how one is netted in by folly, what trouble and heartaches one has to undergo in reaching it, well may the heart sink and the cheek be wet with bitter tears, and thus do beauty and delight turn to misery and sadness.

53

1848.

Hopes, fantastic as the clouds by moonlight, and as varying.

## THE GENERALIFE, GRANADA.

IN a torrid climate, and surrounded by tawny, scorched mountains, whose highest peaks brightened from an obscure blueness into the virgin white of untrodden snow, stood the palace for her reception. Here, in the scorching blaze of mid-day, cool breezes from the snow-capped mountains played through the innumerable windows and arcades of fairylike architecture, burdened with the scent of roses and jasmine. In the halls, the courts, the garden walks, and on the terraces sprung up delicious fountains whose music was alone sufficient to cool the raging heat of the sun, such power had their charmed voices: from these flowed rivulets in every direction; water and earth seemed to hold equal dominion here. Not a shrub, nor a tree, or flower, but drank in the essence of its humid life, and waved in soft rustlings to the breeze caused by some neighbouring cascade; here bloomed eternal vitality. Autumn and spring were joined, winter never came; and here, as among mortals, all things entering and departing from life—the young and the old, the infant and the skeleton—were side by side. But the genius of this sweet retreat, the great magician through whose power it was made, was himself almost unseen: capricious in his movements, sometimes he appeared in the dashing cascade, or the springing shower-spreading fountain, encircled with a rainbow and accompanied with liquid music; but mostly he wound along, though not less powerful, yet humbly and silently, between the banks of roses, dallying with all the chequered flowers, reviving the drooping leaves, giving maturity to the fruit, and spreading the delights of his presence around, though hid from sight by thick hedges of myrtle, laurel, and box. Immense oleander trees decked with rich clusters of red and white flowers bordered the lakes and fountains, in whose waters swam the most brightly-coloured fish, glancing here and there in golden and silvery tracks, fit attendants for the lovely naiads who dwelt beneath their pellucid and cool waters, studded with enamelled islets protected from the sun by thick-set cypresses, which darted gracefully into the air, cutting sharply with their heavy cool green against the deep blue of the sky. Round

their long and bare trunks curled and twined the tortuous vine, festooned from tree to tree reaching up to their very foliage, and losing itself in their embrace; red and white grapes hung from their branches and sent a luxurious odour around, which became overpowering at even, when mingled with the voluptuous orange-flowers. Here, too, was a well in the centre of a tree-woven bower, whose waters were of the most intense coldness; this was the soul of that beneficent genius who counteracts the evil workings of the fiery god. More than mortal can devise was here to render life serene and bright; the birds warbled and cooed in the thick-leaved groves, nightingales, stock doves, and a host of little twitterers, whose existence is continual motion, whose song is perfect happiness; richly-coloured flies and flowers, fresh breezes, bright skies, the ripple of murmuring waters, umbrageous trees and soft verdure, combined their various charms in this abode. Art and Nature here were all in all to each other, and well did it merit its title of "The Earthly Paradise." Yet the Princess was not happy; still far from her lover, these delights only rendered her longing and her grief more poignant. Sorrow we can bear up against, and wish no partner of our pains, but beauty and pleasure are ever imperfect unshared by those whom we love.

## 54

LONDON, 1847.

Not mine the subtle intellect which pierces

Like light through Nature's darkest mysteries,  
Opens to awe-struck minds new universes,

And tells diviningly their histories.

This power I lack, yet do I hope to move thee;

And through the heart, not mind, would fain improve thee.

'Tis thy dear heart I gently seek to touch,

And show thee how it is thy greatest treasure,  
A gift beyond all price, a jewel such

As earth can vaunt not; source of holy pleasure

And gentle feelings, sweet beyond all measure;

Strike but one chord, it vibrates through mankind,

And with its music, soul to soul doth bind.



The worldlings mock, the proud man's disbelief,  
Which fashion in its folly doth deny;  
A thing to jeer at, torture, and deceive,  
Weeping and weak to meaner breasts doth fly.  
Smoothing the roughness of their destiny,  
True love doth strew the thorny path with flowers,  
And cheer, with sunny ray, life's darkest hours.

Love is the sun of life, friendship the moon;  
Open thy heart and these for ever shine;  
Close it, thy life is but in dreary boon,  
Or rather but a living death is thine.  
Though wealth and station should in thee combine,  
He who loves most lives most, and is most wise;  
Love, loved of God, still soareth to the skies.

Upon the heart the jargon of the creed  
Falls dead, deeper than words or forms there lies  
Belief within itself—God's voice indeed,  
Love one another, e'en thine enemies.  
Whoso loves man loves God. The mysteries  
And wild perplexing doubts then die away  
Like fen-bred meteors from the light of day.

Like to a spider, reason works and weaves  
A web more complicate through each endeavour,  
By painful ingenuity receives  
That food which bees instinctively will gather  
From flowers by sunlight. Would you, then, rather,  
Like a dark spider, subtly gain your food,  
Or bee-like dart upon the sweet and good?

An active mind, uncultivated, grows  
Many dark weeds, and plants of noxious life  
Knows it not good, with evil doth it close,  
And with a clever wickedness does thrive.  
Learns that a poison's subtler than the knife,  
Learns how to sin, the surcest, safest way,  
Glozing with cunning words its infamy.

The mind is but the agent of the heart ;  
That which the heart dictates the mind desires.  
(Or be it good or ill), from thence do start  
Hatred, revenge, and lust, unholy fires.  
And thus the man is moved, as dolls by wires ;  
First cleanse the heart, for thence in full life spring  
Both good and ill beyond imagining.

Teach it to love, to worship, and forgive,  
To render good for ill, to feel, to dare  
To know itself immortal, and to live ;  
Then, like a plant, beneath thy fostering care,  
It buds, expands, smells sweet, and showeth fair.  
Oh ! what so fair, so heavenly, so sweet,  
As a kind heart, with gentle thoughts replete !

Love one another, for ye are all the sons  
Of one great God, immortal one and all ;  
To the same goal each human being runs,  
And in the same dark gulph at last must fall.  
Why close your hearts unto the tender call  
Of him who preached of holy love on earth,  
Seeking to raise your unborn soul to birth ?

Oh that my words were fire, so they might burn  
The impress of my meaning on your mind.  
Thou monied, titled creature, wherefore turn  
In haughty pride from those of humble kind ?  
Know that a common worth in each we find.—  
Pierce through the outer covering, and see  
The great immortal soul's equality.

Oh let the days of strife be past and buried ;  
Plant ye an olive on their grave, and so  
Rest ye beneath its shade ; ye must be wearied  
With centuries of strife and hate and woe.  
There where the dark blood fell now sweet flowers grow ;  
Rest ye, the couch is soft, the air is pure,  
And angels choir around thee evermore.

If my verse flags it is because a spirit  
Speaks to my heart in lowly tones, and broken,  
Of my own sin and folly, want of merit;  
Then do I half regret what has been spoken,  
And deem it too presumptuous that one,  
Himself so lost, should say what's to be done.

And yet to those who writhe in bitter anguish,  
Grieving for what they were and what they are—  
To those who in a death-like torpor languish,  
Or those who with themselves wage deadly war,  
Panting for hope, and mark'd with many a scar,  
The good man's words fall short, who from the strife  
Has kept aloof of active, worldly life.

Let him whose trials have been as great as mine,  
Whose life has been as wayward, and whose heart,  
Still bent in worship at love's holy shrine,  
Is harden'd into stone; whose better part  
Of man is sick, struck by sin's dart,  
And troubled with remembrance of the hour  
When holiness was yet within his power;

Who ever soaring still is doom'd to fall,  
Who sees the Heaven he may not hope to reach,  
Who feels the pleasures which seduced him pall  
Upon the sense, and late repentance teach—  
Who utterly despises all and each,  
Yet cannot hope escape, so deeply are they bound  
About his heart, and o'er his life are crowned;

Who, knowing love, has known its griefs alone,  
Whose strength is weakness, and whose soul a voice  
Which ever doth upbraid him with things done,  
The thoughts of which alone bid Hell rejoice,  
And this when better might have been his choice;  
Who feels himself immortal, and who knows  
The prophecies alone of deathless woes—

"Let such an one draw near," they weeping speak.

And well I deem that there are many such  
Who once have sought, nay, ardently still seek,  
The sweetest-toned chords of life to touch,  
And, sicken'd with their long and vain endeavour,  
Think that such strains are lost to them for ever.

"Oh, days of youth, of innocence and health !

Oh, dewy dawn of life, dear joy, sweet dream !  
Thee have I lost, and with thee all the wealth  
And richness of a soul which once did deem  
This earth a paradise ; when it did seem  
That heavenly music floated through the air."  
Thus do they sigh and wanton with despair.

'Tis true those days are fled, that happy time ;

The clear fresh fount is changed into a river,  
Whose waters now flow on through rock and slime,  
Which to its woodland home returneth never,  
But its appointed way keeps silently and slow  
Through country and through town, through joy and woe.  
Ah, whither ?

## 55

Death sits cracking the enchanted nuts of life, and behold how the kernels, by the great magician's power, fly from his outstretched maw !

## 56

## FRAGMENT.

ITALY, 1847.

NIGHT leans over the Earth like a loving mother, and envelopes her with raiment of melancholy black, and hides from the mild eyes of the Moon, so holy and so gentle, the vice, the folly, the crime, the hideousness, the deformity, the woe, the poverty, the graves, the rotting bodies and diseased souls, which would otherwise so sadden and overwhelm her soft heart that she would weep herself into stars, and dissolve her in burning tears.

Oh happy, smiling Moon! all this does the Night for you, to prevent thy great unhappiness at the wretched state of thy beloved and twin sister, Earth. Kneeling over it like a lover over the body of his heart's choice, she remains motionless, and full of grief; yes, weeping she bends over it and mourns, and at dawn the world's face is covered with her tears, and the tears of Night are dew.

The Sun is strong and manly, fiery is he, and beholds with fierce eye and burning cheek the drunken nakedness of the unblushing Earth, her pollution and foulness; slowly, and with majesty, does he rise, and angrily at eve does he sink into his cloud-enchanted winding-sheet: but thou, oh happy Moon! thou water-lily of the heavens, pure and innocent and mild as a virgin's dream, not for thee are such scenes, thy heart is all too sweet, too untainted; thou wouldst faint and reel, sicken and die, and there would be misery and wailing through the universe; and for this does thoughtful Night watch and weep over the giddy Earth, for thou art uncontaminate and blessed in thy holiness, soft as the first sigh of young love, tender as an infant's eye, sweeter than flowers by night, purer than the budding snowdrop.

Oh, Moon! when wilt thou clasp me, in trembling and warm love, unto thy bosom of rest?

## 57

As Winkelfried embraced the foemen's spears, and buried them in his breast to open a path for his patriot band, so did Shelley, the patriot, poet, and reformer, clasp to his own bosom the outstretched lances of slander, hatred, ridicule, and abuse, to open up a glorious road for his suffering fellow-creatures.

## 58

ITALY, 1847.

Christianity, in its pith and essence, can have but one set of followers; it is essentially a catholic religion, one calculated for universal practice. "Love God and thy neighbour as thyself," contains, so says its divine founder, the whole meaning of the Law and the Prophets: "By this

shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." Those who can or will not believe in the Divinity of our Saviour, can yet find no maxim which so thoroughly contains the whole principles of morality, laws, religion, and the welfare of their fellow-creatures—can no where discover so divine a precept as "Love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," so simple, so encircling, so noble! Let any one read over the New Testament and say if this be not the spirit of their Saviour's doctrines, and, in fine, is Christianity. At first sight nothing would seem so easy as for all who believe in Jesus Christ our Lord to be friendly, loving, brothers; nothing would seem so calculated to fraternise the world, and bring peace and good-will among men.

How, then, is it that in place of this it has brought forth hate, wars, cruelties, persecutions, murders, and tyranny? Simply because, from a very short period after the foundation of the Church, this principle was lost sight of by its rulers and directors, though it has never been utterly extinguished; and in its place a creed has been formed from stray sentences of our Great Teacher, and the advice or opinion of the Apostles and their more immediate successors, placed *before* the words of our Lord, which words have been made subservient to such opinions and advice instead of being the directing principle. The servant has been placed before the master, and to this day the great body of Christians follow not the doctrines of Christ but of his followers.

The impression conveyed by a careful reading of our Saviour's words seems to me to be that every man's heart should become the temple of the Lord; that they all should shine like stars lighted by one sun, each individual, yet all similar; that it is a religion which demands acts rather than ceremonies and creeds, and should be otherwise than by its acts, retiring and unobtrusive. But, allowing an established system of a Church to be useful, nay necessary, still it must be surely required that its creed and principles are consonant with the intentions of its great founder; if they are not so we must not be led away by vain assertions of inspired ordinance—we must judge, and judge righteous judgment: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Into

how many bodies are Christians divided, each of which claims for itself the truth, and proclaims all others to be more or less false, nay, even damnable! Of the two principal sects, one has excommunicated and cursed the other for its opinions, which is returned by the proclamation of the other being "a lying and blasphemous fable." On any occasion of difference, the old and evil spirit of each and all spouts forth with unabated fury and hatred on the other, *and these are Christians!* "By this men shall know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." The Chinese may love the Indian, the Indian the Arab, the Arab the Turk, the Turk the Jew, only the Christian against the Christian is excited to uncompromising strife. By whom? By his ecclesiastical rulers, by the commands of the interpreters of the New Testament. Where he is not set on by these, there is a natural principle in the breast of man which inclines him to tolerate the religious ideas of his brother.

But the evils of the reformed Churches it is not our purpose to investigate; not from these, in any quarter of the world, is there cause for fear, but at the present time the Roman Catholic Church appears to be regaining somewhat of its ancient ascendancy; the ridicule or oblivion in which it existed clears away, and the individual merit of its present chief confers somewhat of its glory on the whole congregation; the nations applaud his individual worth, and the heads of the Church would use this only for the extension of their dominion. Even the Liberals of Italy, who advocate *Christianity* and demand religious reform, still assert the supremacy of Rome, which is called the centre of Christianity, and look forward to the time when there will be *one shepherd* and one flock. And indeed there appears no mere fancied groundwork for such grand ideas: the zeal and devotion of the Romish priests, if not for our Lord's glory, at least for their own: the still fervent devotion of its poorer members throughout Christendom: its apparent warmth and charity, its pomps, seductions, and sentimentalities, tell powerfully in comparison with the freezing coldness of the Protestant service, its almost entire dependence on unadorned reason, its apathy for proselytism: its want of sympathy and neglect

of the miserably poor, body and soul, and its too seldom recurring observances. The very liberality of the Protestant renders him more careless about religious opinions; he owns, or should own, and respect the inviolability of every man's private belief. But it is otherwise with the Romish priest. To disbelieve is to sin, and heresy is hell; he adds to his own merit by conversion, and every good work procures him favour with his partial God. And now, when once more the sun of prosperity begins to brighten on St. Peter's, does he doubly bestir himself, more liberal, more charitable indeed than before, for the spirit of the age has unwittingly affected even him, but still earnest and hopeful for the propagation and success of his Church, the only true Church, out of which there is no salvation, which began with Christ and shall flourish until the whole universe has made it the rock of Belief. Let no one deride these ideas as chimerical; they are firmly implanted in the very nature and constitution of this powerful society. Let no one too firmly rest quiet in the conviction that truth will conquer of itself; let no one dream that this society will reform itself, comply with the demands of the times, and voluntarily sacrifice its hold on man, or confess its own mistakes and misgovernment. While we are vacillating, it remains firm; do we see our faults, it believes itself perfection; in full confidence of the sacredness and success of its great mission, it bestirs itself with redoubled vigour, and by its very presumption and perseverance obtains the success it demands. So long as ignorance and superstition exist, so long as man distrusts his own God-given reason, and thinks religion a something complicate and perplexing; so long as men would rather gain Heaven by election than by their own endeavours—so long must we stand in anxiety, and watch jealously against its aggressions. This is no mere question of dispute concerning the claims of this Church or that, of Protestantism or Romanism; of how much Heresy or Paganism is here or there. It is not for Churches or sects we combat, but for the benefit and civilisation of the universe, for the spread of knowledge and reason, of liberty and love; in a word, for the extension of True Christianity—for the words and precepts of our common Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



Before all reproaches and misdeeds is to be placed the suppression of the plain, unaltered discourses of our Saviour, as delivered by himself, whose last emphatic exhortation was "Feed my sheep;" and with what, if not those discourses and precepts with which they themselves had been fed? This Church, then, had expressly for its mission on earth, the spread of such discourses and precepts; and how has it fulfilled its part? Let the number of New Testaments in families of Roman Catholic countries bear witness. I do not exaggerate when I say that in Italy and Spain this treasure is sealed and unknown, not only to the great mass of the population but actually to the great mass of the priesthood; and that a knowledge of it is considered no way essential to form a good Roman Catholic. This Church, then, which was formed for this very purpose of spreading Love, Peace, and Liberty—the Word and Spirit of the Gospel on earth—has actually denied the fitness of the command, and judged dangerous and prejudicial his exhortation who they claim as their True Chief; repressing the pure word of God, which is good, or he would not have publicly spoken it. His doctrines he never commanded the Apostles even to explain, but to spread. He spoke directly by mouth to his auditory; nor do we, as Christians, suppose he left his work incomplete or obscure: that his mission was not fulfilled, or his discourses imperfect. He spoke not to the rich, the learned, the wise, the philosopher, or the scholar alone, but to the poor, the ignorant, the unlettered fishermen, labourers, publicans and sinners, the superstitious as to the enlightened; the Gentile as to the Jew. The spirit of his doctrines required little explanation or lettered comment—they were understood by that power which the Creator has implanted in the negro slave as well as the civilised European, *by the Heart*. His words were simple, his discourses various, his ceremonies naught, his church a meadow, his pulpit a rock. I have said his discourses were various, but all tending to one effect: Brotherly Love, the Love of Goodness and Truth, and a lively faith in the constant aid, love, mercy, and providence of an omniscient Deity.

## 59

1847.

The clouds hung over the horizon like the black fragments of a world destroyed, so dense and heavy that their own weight, it seemed, must fall them to the earth; and mad Destruction screech in its revelry, over the general havoc. Dark was the night, and angry; the wind bore terror in its song; the bare arms of the winter-struck trees wove and rocked in their reeling agony, creaking like the opening of coffins; but over all, clear and cheerful, shone *one* star, so bright in its one meadow of unspotted sky, that it told, like the olive-bearing dove, of a supreme and loving guardianship.

## 60

Progression and expansion are the necessity of knowledge and goodness. But we surely place too much stress on the former: to what purpose is it that a select and happy few should be enlightened and charitable, if the mass are ignorant and disjointed? Those who are much before their time, and think only of soaring higher, have but a semi delight. Let some of us stop and expand what we feel and what we know to those of our brethren who stumble in darkness and shrink at shadows.

## 61

As in turning over some old lumber, or opening a neglected drawer, we come suddenly upon a slight forgotten trifle, which was as bad as lost to us, and view it with a pleasure and earnestness it never before excited, so, in rummaging the storehouse of the brain, we pitch upon some event, old and forgotten, and imbue it with a form and spirit which it never had before possessed; and things which made a slight impression at the time, like plants or fish in antediluvian mud, become so fixed by constant immobility, that they are more sought after than the actual things.

## 62

As in the depths of the rich mine noxious and killing vapours lie hid: harmless, indeed, until the torch of some unwary workman igniting them spreads death around, so

in the soul of man lie swelling deadly thoughts and passions; passive until the hour ignites them, and then do they work mischief and destruction. In the Grotto del Cane, the poisonous atmosphere lies low on the earth, and becomes innocuous in proportion as you rise above it.

## 63

"A happy soul, that all the way  
To Heaven hath a summer day."

So sang an old poet. In these times we may say "Can such things be?" For now, unless man is almost angelic in heart and mind, in desire and reason, I do not well see how he can help falling; and from continual lapse comes despair, and then would he die in his agony and doubt, but unto him should fly his brother man to console and strengthen. To the broken-hearted and the afflicted, the desperate and the fearful, should come the poet, not to terrify or tantalize: nor to moan or weep alone in company; but tenderly and with joy, to lead, by gentle stages and mossy paths, with words of hope, of love, and sympathy, unto the "summer day." Himself a fellow-sufferer, he can enter into their woes, their errors, their distresses, their fears, and from him will they gladly hear songs of gladness, founded on Humanity and Mortal Life, but leading unconsciously to God.

## 64

If I have given up to oblivion: holiness, tenderness, and love: the vision and the hope: it has been that here on earth I may be more fitted for the earth. To have an angel's soul, in this world of weak, mortal, men, is to prove the agonies of the damned. On man-becovered earth we must be content to be men—keep our thoughts satisfied with the close chamber from which we cannot escape, nor pander over-much to the sublime misery of fancied freedom. After this life, oh! may our souls then be eternally at liberty and in love: the hard teachings of society be forgotten, and the crust of customary indifference and selfishness be broken: may we become ourselves, our real selves, once more! This, through God's mercy and power, do I rely on.

## 65

1848.

I was filled with an aching desire for Beauty; the blessed gift of sight put me in a perpetual state of melancholy longing. The faces I met seemed so beautiful, so lovely and tender in their expression, that I was tortured with a love of them. I would stop and ask myself how it was possible that I should walk in this fair garden, full of tempting fruit, and refrain from eating. It seemed like some ingenious demon displaying all the wealth and luxury the world can produce to the starting eyes of some poor wretch dying for a morsel of bread.

## 66

A rich man is like a bottle filled with sweet and precious scent; let him look to it, for when the scent is used or lost the bottle will be neglected, cast aside, and shattered.

## 67

Our interests are all entwined, and if the trees and fruits of the earth are proud, let them remember the ground from which they spring. You complain that my thoughts and studies are of no value. You jingle your pocket full of money, and say: "My dear friend what you write is all very true and affecting, but will it feed your body, give you a house like mine, and make you a man of substance?" Indeed, that were a poor speculation for me, and yet precisely because these things have been said and written, are you happy and rich. Everything that opens the mind of man enlarges his pocket as well: if it were not for the poor botanist where would be your extensive drug trade? If not for the needy artist, where your great galleries, with their lucrative offices? If not for a neglected philosopher, where your admired principles of commerce? If not for your persecuted Reformer, where your mighty England? A new thought, a new discovery, a new book, though neglected by you monied men, has been perhaps the very source of your wealth, and your domestic pleasures may be in a great measure derived from the derided stanzas of a poor poet.

FLORENCE, 1847.

In the evening of daily life, the world becomes dim, and sight fails us. Doubtfully do we look around, and little by little does the light decrease, until we wander in perfect obscurity. But in the wane of our earthly life, the light becomes more and more intense, day dawns on us, and each moment renders more clear, and gives more form and meaning to the objects which surround us, until the night of life is laid open and bright to the view by the Sun of Age, and we perceive at last what it is to exist. So different are the lights of the body and of the soul.

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SPAIN, 1848.

The Spirit of God breathes over mankind as certainly and universally as the winds of heaven. To these does the mariner expand his sails, and is borne to his destined harbour. But there are men who lay to, with no canvas spread, motionless on the waters, or tossed about at random with every varying wind; then do they say: "Lo, God has forsaken us!" Is not the soul the sail of human life, which we all possess, and which the Lord would propel us with, would we but spread it out to Him?

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GRANADA, 1848.

My soul is as dry and empty as the bed of a mountain torrent in the sun-scorched plain; like a leafless tree does it swing mournfully to and fro in its winter serenity. Yet in due season shall the waters flow, and the tree rejoice in the rustling happiness of its bright green leaves. Not more anxiously does the becalmed mariner each day await the breeze, than do I look forward to thy joy-giving steps. As the exile dwells fondly on the thoughts of his native land, so do I dream of thee; my soul is absorbed by thee,

as a sponge in the beloved ocean: thou art the oil of my lamp of life, where can I turn that I may avoid thee? Thou art as present as Life; that which is beautiful, without thee becomes indifferent: whilst grief draws thy image as a painter limneth his absent mistress more brightly, because not here to soothe and comfort me. Thy heart is my palace, fair is it to see, and full of consolation to the weary; there will I dwell for ever, and shelter me from the storms and gloom of an anxious and aching existence.

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And he said "Dear love, all my lifetime have I been a wanderer from my father's home, and a stranger to his hearth, an exile self-imposed; wilful and wicked, have I stood out obstinately against a parent's love, against the pure and sanctifying delights of quietness and peace. But thou hast cured me of a mortal illness, and hast opened my eyes to wisdom and to love; with thee, hand in hand, will I approach penitently, yet joyfully, unto my father, and say, Father, behold him that was lost, here is she who leads me thus back unto thy arms. Oh, shut me not out, raise thine eyes upon me, and let us dwell with thee for ever." Then said she unto him, "What is this thou tellest me? but now I thought thee fatherless and motherless, homeless, and without friends; hast thou then mocked me up to now?" And he said, "An angel art thou, and unhappy should he be who could mock thee: nor could one look into thine eyes and tell an untruth. Father or mother on earth have I none: it is of our Father in Heaven I speak, and rejoice thee, dear heart, for thou not only hast led me into the paths of peace and happiness on earth, but hast brought back an erring and much troubled spirit to his slighted Maker: the eternal, all-loving, all-wise, Father of us all. Thus has God made thee, not figuratively but truly, an angel or messenger, bringing hope, peace, and salvation to one, whose heart was breaking in the excess of its despair."

## 72

1847.

Politics may be considered as the reasoning power—the mind of the social state, and Religion as the heart. The first seeks for the happiness of the community by investigation, analysis, experiment, and experience; the latter embraces all that politics can discover, and holds the complicated truths and beauties of ages past and to come in the palm of its hand. No more may Heart and Mind be disjoined in man, and the man remain happy and sane, than Religion and Politics in the enlarged man called the Social System. The merely *knowing* man, whose good heart does not direct his Science, must feel himself incomplete, and find himself as far behind the merely good-hearted man in many points as is the case *vice versé*. Belief and goodness without knowledge is an inferior state to what man may attain to; and knowledge without belief and goodness is hard, unsatisfactory, and inhuman. This is the case with nations as well as men.

## 73

Thanksgiving and gratitude for all the many blessednesses of this life, cheerful resignation to external evils, and deep remorse with a longing for release from all internal evils and sins: these are simple duties for us all.

## 74

The difficulty, at times, is not in believing in the immaterial life of the soul's future release from all heavy realities, but in believing that this beautiful world, with its clouds, breezes, firmament, trees, and flowers, is a dull, heavy material fact, and that we ourselves are tangible and gross bodies, moving through a stated and brief human life. In such moments the soul in reality attains a sense of spiritual power, and "nothing is but what is not."

## 75

1848.

On whatever part of the earth a man is placed, he sees the same sun, and moon, and stars, but a different view.

There are spiritual points of sight, of which it would be hard to say that any are bad, from which men obtain totally different views of religion, though the great sustaining and fundamental lines are the same.

## 76

The races of the world are various, and, even from slight variations of situation, require variations of food. Food is good—nay, is necessary; but we cannot dogmatise, and say what that food should be. We could not thrust down an Indian's mouth our beer, and beef, and sauces; his stomach, if we did, would revolt, and refuse to retain it. Our spiritual and intellectual food is of the same nature; and it is folly for us to imagine that, because a Malay cannot swallow Christian dogmas, he ought to receive nothing whatever.

## • 77

PENRITH, 1851.

In the calm of a Sunday, with a bright blue sky overhead, a gentle breeze, and a beautiful world around me, I have heard the energetic singing of some of the poor people who were engaged thus in religious service. To me there was something disagreeable and saddening in the sound, that did not chime in with rustling leaves; it was not in harmony with Nature. All enthusiastic expressions of this wild kind, which arise from a temporary and ill-regulated fever of the trembling soul, have always inspired me with dislike, and, when younger, with fear; and I have thought, "Is this, indeed, grateful to the Lord, or not rather degrading to the man, in whom true religion is surely rather shown by constant humility, tenderness, love, resignation, content, and gratitude, than by sudden or weekly bursts of a wild and unrestrained fervour—the more wild and unrestrained the more exciting—containing in its exercise the germs of religious madness?" The lucubrations of the legally enthusiastic, orthodox devotee, pleases me no whit more; and to go out in the open air, to see



the sweet blue sky, and hear the merry birds, after reading the life of Sta. Theresa, is to leave a madhouse for your happy home. These visionaries are merely disgusting, and the enthusiasts are but more humanly better, and only sicken. The familiar terms they are on with the Creator: their little confidential *tête-à-têtes* on the littlest of little trifles with Him, their reiterated expressions of His name—like those low people who are always my-lording a noble—their self-satisfied denunciations of error, and thanks for being selected as favourites out of a mass of demons,—all this would be ridiculous if it were not so sincerely earnest, and touching on such high matters. To read these works sickens one I say; for to what may not a man, even such a man as Bishop Augustine, become? and is there any safeguard that we ourselves should not follow in the wake of these convertites? There is but one—good sense, a firm heart, and an assured faith that God is pleased with the sincere man, however widely astray his thoughts may lead him in his search after truth and goodness.

## 78

The past should be always studied, seldom followed; there never are complete parallel cases; the principle may remain, but circumstances demand change.

## 79

A little child had a seal given her with "Fear God" on it. After looking at it a moment, she said, "Why, sister Mary's seal has 'Love God' on it. Now I don't fear God, or love God, or think of God at all; but I suppose that's because I'm such a little girl; isn't it mamma?"

## 80

Life consists of three distinct states of existence: sensation, action, and meditation. Of these three, the last is the least usual, but the most spiritual and delightful.

## 81

Nothing can be true or good which does not bear reading in the open air of summer: that is discordant with blue skies, the songs of birds, and the tenderness of the sweet zephyr. Beauty and truth harmonise with the perfume of flowers, and *must* be in consonance, by their nature, with the beauty and truth of material nature, the undisputed revelation of our great Creator. Do the words you read jangle with the sweet sounds, and sights, and odours of nature?—Place no faith in them, they are noxious.

## 82

Suppose a man was to be suddenly seized with a desire to worship and adore his Creator, and to throw himself on his knees in the mud, to offer up his ardent love at the expense of a new pair of breeches—would you not think him very foolish, and, if a poor man, even blame him for a very wrong disregard of himself and his family? I think you would. Yet, it would be nothing in comparison with those who outrage the first and most evident duties of life, in order the more fully, earnestly, and devotedly to dedicate themselves to what they call their supreme duty to God.

## 83

That the eye is but a mirror, in which the invisible spirit sees surrounding objects portrayed, seems certain; but the spirit sees without the eye, and can conjure up at will the Bay of Naples in the Polar Sea.

## 84

## ODE TO THE WINDS.

LONDON, 1846.

SPIRITS invisible, whose home is in the gloomy caves,  
Or on the snow-capp'd hills, or on the waves  
Of ocean never resting, or do hide  
Within the forest, by the mountain's side;  
Who, sometimes kind and wooing, do abide



Surely it is an angel's voice  
Wafted to earth from Paradise,  
Bidding my sadden'd heart rejoice,  
And free itself from sin and vice.  
Oh! that tuneful trembling voice,  
With its scarce heard modulation,  
Raises such a sweet sensation,  
Such a deep unearthly bliss,  
Such a sense of blessedness,  
That the full heart doth overflow in tears  
And in a moment holds the joys of years.

Gentle tones are love's assurance,  
Music of the heart's delight,  
Release the prison'd heart from durance,  
Raise the darken'd soul to light,  
And with persuasive sounds invite  
Confidence and sweet communion.  
Be far away distrust and fear;  
Heart with heart in holy union  
Prove the joys of Heaven e'en here—  
Yes, here below angelic joys they prove,  
Whose hearts unite in sympathetic love.

My soul is like an instrument  
On which the summer breezes play,  
And from its strings this song of love is sent  
By wooing zephyrs which around me stray.  
Oh, heart-reviving airs! Your power  
Hath oft-times lull'd my grief to rest,  
Dispelled the clouds did on me lower,  
And with your pure embraces press'd  
My aching spirit to your heart, and told me  
Love with his angel wings should yet enfold me.

Now do ye clasp the dryads in the woods,  
Now sport with nymphs upon the swelling floods,  
Now wander careless, singing still of love,  
Now join the clouds in amorous groups above,  
Now sighing, fall, and falling, die away,  
Dissolved into a plaintive melody.

The god of Day  
Sinks with a saddened face beneath the wave,  
And all is dark again and silent as the grave.

Hark ! a mournful piercing cry  
Soundeth through the storm-charged sky,  
Deeper and sharper it rushes along,  
Louder and fiercer it swells to a song  
Of mad, tumultuous rage,  
And shouts forth "Death !"  
And on earth beneath  
Doth the fiends of Strife uncage.  
See how they grasp the resistless ocean  
And dash the waves with a wild commotion  
To mangled destruction against the rock,  
Which, sturdy and jagged, re-echoes the shock  
With a deep and angry roar ;  
Whilst all around,  
With fearful sound,  
Rise death-shrieks from the shore !  
Oh ! how the winds and the waters at strife  
Fight with the fury of death or life,  
How they dash and shriek,  
How they struggle and strive ;  
How they clash and break,  
And leap and dive,  
And bound and fly !  
In the gloomy sky,  
The white spray is hurl'd,  
And driven and whirl'd ;  
But back to the charge  
The bold waves come bounding,  
Heavy and large.  
Then the heavens resounding  
Are-stunn'd with the crash,  
As the wild fiends lash  
The one as the other, in horrible gladness,  
Urging on to destruction and furious madness.  
And the wild wind screams  
Through the cracks and seams  
Of the sea-pierced caves,

Like the shrieks in dreams  
Of wretches in graves  
Who are buried alive.  
Here and there doth it drive,  
Round and round in its den ;  
And suddenly then  
Rushes out  
With a shout,  
And in fury crushes  
The branches bare, and the leafless bushes ;  
Then, in sudden remorse,  
Moans on through the rushes,  
The flags, and the sedge,  
By the dead pool's edge,  
With abated force.  
But a moment's compunction,  
The fiends, around in their hellish conjunction,  
Drive it on through the trees,  
And the mountains and seas,  
Crashing and splashing,  
Through wood and through water,  
With howling and slaughter.  
Still forward dashing,  
O'er moorland and fen,  
It seeks the low valley  
Or shadowy glen,  
And flies the approaching morn :  
Exhausted and sad it winds along,  
With a fitful, soften'd, and mournful song,  
To the cavern where it was born.

What blood-stirring music has man to compare  
With the warring, destroying, turbulent air,  
When thus in the autumn night, gloomy and black,  
It rushes in furious, maddened, attack  
On the wide troubled ocean, bare trees and dark rocks ?  
Then the war shout is heard, and the shriek of despair,  
The roll of the drum, and the notes shrill and clear  
Of the bugle and fife ; and a turmoil which mocks,  
In its fearful confusion, the efforts of men.  
For over the water, the mountain, and fen,

Move armies of fiends, screaming and shouting,  
 Charging, retreating, commingling, and routing;  
 Along and around, now above, now beneath,  
 Rush the bearers of terror, confusion, and death.  
 And the heart of the hearer throbs wildly and quick,  
 And the nostrils dilate and the breath cometh thick.  
 No music of man for effect can compare  
 With the battle notes weird of the Powers of the Air.

Now the low winds round me sweep,  
 Chanting words of long ago;  
 Now I, silent, sit and weep,  
 For the sound is fraught with woe.

Lonely in my chamber sitting,  
 When the city's hush'd in sleep,  
 Mournful tones around me flitting,  
 Cause my careworn spirit weep.

Thus they whisper in my ear:  
 "Think upon the happy days,  
 From sorrow and from evil clear,  
 When thou walkedst in the ways

"Of holiness, and never knew  
 A sinful thought to make thee sad;  
 When angels round thy footsteps flew,  
 And made thy guileless spirit glad."

They bid my memory recall  
 The mother's love, the cheerful home,  
 The mystery of youth, and all  
 That never, never, more will come.

Hopes, like the sun of winter's morn,  
 Too quickly lost and thickly clouded;  
 Or infants dying, yet scarce born,  
 Now in their coffins shrouded.

Friends gone, hope dead, love cross'd,  
 And all that brightens human life;  
 A soul with sin and passion toss'd,  
 And with itself at strife.

Not one to cling to or console,  
The winter wind doth mournful sigh;  
Not one to heed thy death-bell's toll  
When thou shalt sink and die.

But though this will make thee grieve,  
Yet strains of deeper anguish rise;  
A chant more melancholy weave,  
And fill with hotter tears thine eyes.

"Black thy heart, and full of sin,  
Oh, thou fallen art most low!  
Thou who didst so well begin,  
And such buds of promise show.

"Where those noble aspirations?  
Where that yearning after good?  
Where those holy, deep sensations?  
Where the Christian fortitude?

"Lo! a fair and wondrous flower,  
Offspring of no earthly sire,  
Underfoot, by hell-born power,  
Trodden, trampled in the mire.

"Thou wert my early hope and joy,"  
The winter wind doth mourn and sigh;  
"When a young, sinless, happy boy,  
I did think thou wouldst descry

"Fair from foul and right from wrong,  
Shun the sin, and strive to be  
In honour and in goodness strong,  
And triumph o'er iniquity.

"Alas! alas! it is not so.  
I will not catalogue thy sins,  
Nor heighten to despair thy woe,  
For mercy still to better brings.

"No, no, I will not probe too deep."  
The winter wind doth mourn and sigh.  
"Bless'd are the tears which now you weep,  
For they are dew-drops from on high."



So it sadly mourns and cries  
With a music strange and low;  
And my wearied spirit sighs  
For the joys of long ago.

Softer, lowlier, doth it sound,  
Now it wanders far away,  
And silently unto the ground  
Thus I bend me down and pray.

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The far distance, which invariably produces a like sweet indefiniteness on the spirit; the castle-crowned mountain; a monument of spirits departed and an age passed away; the beautiful near land which, by fecundity and richness, shows in glowing colours the bounteous hand of its Creator, the rippling of the wide rapid river, the twittering of the swallows, the voices of human beings, combine and harmonise with a power which speaks to my inmost heart, and, as my soul is glad, do I know that this culture of the beautiful, this love of Nature, has not been pursued in vain. As I write, the sun sinks behind the distant mountains, the glimmer of twilight creeps silently over the scene, and shortly this sweet view will be lost to me, and my reason with it. Yes, in sleep man becomes an inferior being, and dreams, the children of Folly will play with me at their wayward will. The time will come when this scene will be no more to me than such a dream; yet its effect will be no dream, for each successive emotion of love, of beauty, of good, still brings us nearer to our Creator. It should be so—and yet, alas! man is like a traveller who ascends a mountain of sand to see a sunrise, each step leaves him almost where he began; by continued and fatiguing efforts can he alone succeed. Why are we not all strong enough to persevere?

ITALY, 1849.

Beneath the chequered shadow of an ancient tree, these gentle beings stood entranced in solitude. Oh! who may speak the glory of that hour?—above them, air as pure and sky as blue as might beseem the paradise of angels, against which the fluttering leaves, moved by the wooing of the sweet-mouthed winds, cut out in clear relief, trembling in their happiness.

The little restless chaunters of the day, sweet birds, flew in melodious delight from bough to bough—each note a hymn of love—their song attuned harmoniously unto the scarce-heard rippling of a nascent fountain, o'er which the gaudy flies flew in uncertain sweeps, kissing the modest flowers. Far through the glade decreasing you might see the happy plain beyond, the winding, glowing river, and yet farther ocean, dim and blue, bounded by snow-capped mountains. This was a spot for gentle lovers made. Earth was forgotten, and the soul of each, lost in a deep and penetrating sense of happiness and beauty, too seldom felt by man, spurning the burden of this present life, flew unto higher, holier realms above in speechless ecstasy.

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1847.

As I entered the Duomo at Milan, the procession of the Corpus Christi festival was proceeding up the aisles; crowds of men and women accompanied it, some praying rapidly and loud, and all, as the host passed them, bent on their knees and bowed. The heavy lustful-looking priests, chaunting sonorously at intervals, walked through with careless pride, or vacuous inanity, and the whole scene so stirred my heart within me, so antipathised me, that, retreating to a corner of the church where the moving lights now and then faintly glanced, I fell into a state of meditation, which the more convinced me that religion is not understood, has not been understood: that the spirit of the New Testament is a sealed and hidden

treasure, and that we are but emerging from ideas of the Deity, which belong to times when superstition was held to be religion. Established rites, processions, liturgies, surplices, crimson and gold, can neither excite religious feeling, nor are the effect of religious feeling. However grateful and devout the Christian's heart may be, to oppress the poor, to maintain another set of men in rich idleness, to prohibit them from working if they like on the seventh day, to close the galleries and museums, to cram them with tracts and sermons—this is not religion, nor the effect. Nor, on the other hand, by example to set ignorance on the scent of hypocrisy, as the pretty fable of the bachelor priests does; to inculcate hatred of those who differ in opinion, to tickle the ear and please the eye, to pander to the laziness of a nation, to teach it to be idle, ignorant, and voluptuous, and to seek to smother thought; is this religion, or its effect? No, the effect of true religion is far different; it should form a meek and contrite heart; it should preach that all men without distinction are children of the same Father, that they should love each other and be tolerant in their, perhaps unavoidable, dislikes; that work is holy and noble, and that none can really offend by it, though the seventh day be encroached upon; that honesty, virtue, and goodwill, sincerity, forgiveness, a desire to do good and be good—these are, indeed, true religion, and that creeds, the feathers of a storm-tossed mind, can be no criterion of good or bad. Thus much for us, but for the Lord Himself, let us approach with heart and soul bowed, not the knees only; let us thank, let us be grateful and loving, as far as we are capable; let us know Him as the one great unchangeable, incomprehensible cause, and, above all—oh! vastly above all—believe firmly—and how can you believe otherwise?—that He loves you with a love which no human voice can express, that He is all-wise and beneficent, seeking only your good, working thereto alone, that, so far from punishing your crimes and follies, which bear their own certain and inevitable punishment, He grieves for you, and is ever ready to receive you back into His fold, though ye have erred long and gone far astray. Do not degrade Him, do not degrade yourselves by attributing to

Him famines, shipwrecks, broken legs, diseases, and misfortunes, which may be traced to your own carelessness or foolhardiness, and know that God always has been to you, and always will be, good.

Religion, then, is not so much that which gives you a more intimate knowledge of God, which can at most be only called knowledge; but everything which inspires you with a tender or a noble thought, with more pure and loving ideas, which teaches you and leads you on to honesty, virtue, love, labour, and humility, is religion; and that there is more religion in a profane work, such as Picciola, for instance, than in twenty homilies, stale and unprofitable, from the lips of some unworthy priest. As to our own conduct, we alone are responsible for that—*that* lies between our hearts and God only.

For yourselves, think first that all men are brothers. The same source they spring from, do you spring; the same way ye wander, the same end ye know. Pierce through the outer crust, and see equally in each the inestimable jewel of a soul. Nor let a difference of race prevent your heart's conjunction; know that in Peace, the noble emulation of noble hearts, is truest heroism. This is no fine fanciful theory, but the language of the Bible, and of the heart.

To be good and to do good as far as in us lies, is the only test of civilisation; those who without this feeling possess all the produce, the beauties, the sciences, and inventions of the universe, are but luxurious savages.

Fly ye from those who, with the Sacred Word in hand, work through it disunion among men, through whom the father is set against his child, making the holy hearth a den of discord, and raising the tyrant Hate where gentle Peace should reign; these are the priests, the dispensers of the Gospel, the descendants of the Apostles, the holy men of the earth; alas! turn from them, my brothers; not there need you seek the thing you desire: busy in splitting texts and their lungs for the texts, denouncing others, protesting for themselves, their hearts wrapped up in the consideration of a surplice; these men are not the leaders of their age, nor the directors to God—no! you must turn to yourselves and God will help you.

It is, then, the heart ye should seek to cultivate, for this glorious aim of universal peace and charity is only to be attained by heart with heart united. Science is its hand-maid, and under its direction—the immortal inventions of the world—the railway, the steamboat, the tunnel, the bridge, and the press, curve over the earth, cut through the ocean, pierce through the thickest rock, span the deepest gulph, and scatter the seeds of thought and instruction throughout the world, to join ye all, heart with heart into one world, with one God, whose worship is that of love and gratitude.

## 88

Man, like a coin which comes fresh and bright from its founder into this world of change, soon loses the impress of his Maker's image on the one side, and the insignia of his family honour on the other; he is pitched and tossed, and becomes slippery and greasy. The fine edge of his sensibility gets rubbed off, and he becomes rugged and angular. Sometimes the passions which use him, or play with him and for him, send him throughout the world like a bad penny, which no one cares to own; now possessed by lust, revenge, love and charity, inanity, reflection, tears and laughter, each one holds him for a time, and then he passes into other hands. Sometimes he is kept alone and apart by Study or Disgust, which, miser-like, think only of him, and hoard their precious treasure with a jealous fear of intrusion. In the end he attains to a mere indefinable something of his original form, and, being no longer of service, a new mint replaces the old worn out bits of metal with new and shining faces.

## 89

FLORENCE, 1847.

The following was written when first the news of the regeneration of Italy caused me vivid pleasure, and was immediately followed by despondency, since I saw in the corrupt social system of Italy a weighty drawback and clog upon all actual progress.

It then occurred to me to find out the cause, and I

recognised in the celibacy of the priesthood, the indifference to the Gospel, and in confession, three decisive reasons for its present deterioration. I have sought no rhetoric or learning or sentiment to support what came uppermost in my mind and was as quickly penned; they are plain opinions, which, if true, will have their effect, if not, will find their level. I do not seek for one side of the question, but earnestly beg you to consider both, and judge accordingly; place the advantages of the one system against the other, and that which shows the largest remaining amount of benefit, advocate. It is not against this Church or that I wish to set you; my only desire is to destroy that which is pernicious to the public welfare, and to aid the cause of liberty and virtue. That political reform without social virtue is of mere theoretic value is shown by France after her half-century of revolutions, whilst, on the contrary, that social virtue renders a nation respected, even where popular liberty does not thrive, is shown by a large portion of northern Europe. To the descendants of a race of the noble, the great, and the good, the discoverers of new worlds on earth and in the heavens, the descendants of Dante, Galileo, Columbus, Beccaria and Mazzini, I address myself; oh, may they give ear:—

Social excellence seems to me to be of more importance than liberty; liberty, reform, the people, are but vague and partially good cries, unless accompanied with a desire for goodness and truth. Social deterioration nullifies political wisdom; in vain good laws are made, if the people are bad to whom they apply. Political wisdom does not originate social worth; it *aids* it only when willing, and is stifled by it when satisfied with its degradation. We must go higher for our social reform; for this our rule and law is the New Testament, which is the basis and only firm foundation of all goodness and greatness, public and private; from the moral principles therein laid down nothing but good can arise.

Oh, for another Luther! It rouses all my blood at times to think of such nations as the Italian, the French, the Spanish, the Austrian, and others, being so degraded in their ideas of religion; it seems such an extraordinary want of common sense. Let me write a fable. There

were once two brothers, both of whom suffered from a disease, for which there was a celebrated medicine, considered to be a certain cure, if properly taken and persevered in. Martin, who was a careful man, asked his physician to make it as plain as possible; so he took it in doses, with perhaps a little honey or sugar afterwards to get it down well. Martin was a thriving man, his health evidently got better, at least it didn't impede his business, and when he died his doctor's bill was easily made out and quickly paid. Peter, on the other hand, had his doses done up in this way and that, served up in mince pies and stuffed into rich meats and drinks, and with music and shows, and was always laying up and staying away from work, in order to attend some banquet his doctor, who was a cunning rascal, would give him, at which his dose was administered in some clever way. Well, he got poorer and poorer, his family, too, began to look shabby, and the stuff which he took his medicine in prevented its effect, and tainted him with its richness and confitures, so he lost his health and his money, and died one night at a theatre. The physician got what money was left, and his family took to bad ways. Now, which do you think was the most sensible man of the two?

One great evil of the Roman Catholic system; one cause of the deterioration of national morality is the celibacy of its priesthood: an evil which cries aloud for reform. In the beginning God created man, but seeing that it was not good for him to be alone He made woman; the two together, united by love and vows of permanent constancy before their Maker, become one perfect human being, here and hereafter. This communion, when truly carried out, is the holiest of contracts on earth. If, then, marriage is a good and proper state for man, why should priests alone be deprived of it? Are they, perhaps, not men also, with the same powers and desires as ourselves? Or are they criminals, that this purest of pleasures should to them alone be denied? By Heaven! these good, pure, innocent, virgin priests, who are thus commanded to fight against their Creator, must suffer the torments of the damned: 'twould be a mercy were they never born, or to have unfitted them when young; and yet you see it not

in their faces, nor do their cries of agony reach our ears; they complain not, they are content, nay, they look happy, not to say jovial. Oh, this is the happiness of conquest perhaps, the pride of triumph! Not so, indeed, these men have never fought. Do they look warriors in that deadliest of warfare, combat with themselves? No, no, the whole thing is a fiction; they deny themselves nothing more than ourselves; the absurdity, not to say wickedness, of such a rule has long since been felt by them, and they save themselves from a life-long torment, by what? by the corruption and weakness and prostitution of our women.

Why, a nation must be mad that can expect to have its women virtuous when it is inundated by a vast and influential army of simular celebists! Does this immense body of men do without women, or not? Are they really single, chaste, and innocent of sexual pleasure? Why, what folly to ask the question! And these are the men of all others whom our women are taught most to look up to; to be in constant communication with, to confess to, and be absolved, demand advice of, confer with, listen to, and obey. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Perhaps nowhere can we search out a more glaring cause of social degradation than this fearful system, so extended as to embrace all classes; a system which demands every one of its priests to be more or less a hypocrite—to practise that most mean, unmanly, and degrading of all vices, hypocrisy; and hypocrisy, too, acted before the face of that great Being to whom all things are known and nothing hid.

But, I may be told that no one supposes them chaste, nor do they themselves seek to make me believe so. Then, indeed, the charge of hypocrisy must be withdrawn, and we can only call them bold contemners of laws Divine and human. Then, why do not they marry? Why not live according to the law, as others do? Why should these, who should be the holiest men of the land, write themselves down as evil-doers, and confirm their own condemnation, bringing into contempt and suspicion themselves and their doctrines? But it is not a matter of expedience or propriety this, so much as a simple question of right or wrong, good or evil. Is it right, is it good, to love, to be a husband, a father, to know affection—in fact, to become a perfect



man; is marriage good and right, or evil and wrong? Can there be a doubt? Then, why should a set of men be placed aside, and actually forbidden to fulfil those duties which their Maker has pointed out to them? Shall I tell you? It was done in the earliest Christian Church, in a few cases only, from a fanatical desire to express enthusiasm, willingness to undergo suffering, to show fortitude and resignation. These men, though mistaken, demand respect for the torments they endured, and the courage with which they bore them. The celibacy of priests, as an institution, was ordered to render them selfish, grasping, ambitious, to withdraw their thoughts from humanity, and render the success of their principles and their interests the sole and engrossing idea of a perverted existence; to cut them off from their brethren, to shut their hearts to pity, to love, to woe; to raise, at all expense, the power and wealth of a Church whose doctrines are founded on a book whose whole tenor is that of love, humility, and humanity. With the motives, however, which led to this unfortunate consummation we have nothing to do; whether, on the contrary, it was that the servants of the Church might so more wholly give themselves up to religion, more unimpededly attend to the wants of their parishioners, be less distracted with the cares and troubles of actual life:—were it for all this, yet, I say, the trial has been made, and lasted all too long; it is a signal failure, for we do not find them more holy, more zealous, more attentive, more charitable, or more learned than their fellow-labourers in the reformed Churches. Or is it, perhaps, that a necessary increase of salary prevents such a reform, and that, with so many priests, were all permitted to marry, the extra expense of affording support to their wives and children is a serious obstacle. Then must the number be diminished (a number, I believe, unnecessarily large), and the emoluments more equally divided. But it is sufficient to me to show the grievance—*grievance?* no! the criminality—of this principle; how it infects the whole social state of a nation: producing adultery, distrust, hypocrisy, cunning, and moral degradation of every description; sufficient to speak out to you common every-day sayings, as “Shut the door on Nature,

and she will out at the window;" "What is bred in the bone will out in the flesh."

Every one should read Michelet's eloquent work on the priests. We must be careful against the sentimentalities of the modern Roman Catholic school, with Chateaubriand at its head. We must not let affecting language and vague sentiment blind our eyes to the actual truth. I say again, read the New Testament, and let it guide your determination. Judge reasonably, and see if the Roman Catholic Church is a good representative of its precepts; whether the simplicity and humbleness of the Gospel is well expressed by it. Does it require a second reading to convince you that Christianity demands the heart for its temple, rather than St. Peter's, or St. Mark's, or Notre Dame; that it is essentially an internal religion, to which externals should only be subservient; that it is not fond of gaudy ostentation, or ambitious of worldly riches, and only regards these in so far as they are conducive to its holy purpose of spreading love and liberty? God's representative on earth is not the Pope, but the New Testament; and those are of His Church alone who seek to do His bidding, "Love God, and thy neighbour as thyself"—a single direction which comprises the whole of political, social, and religious worth we are capable of attaining to. M. Chateaubriand has written a large work on the "Genius of Christianity"—it should more properly have been termed the "Genius of the Roman Catholic Church." The genius of Christianity is contained in one word, "Love," and requires no such elaborate exposition. You may say that, allowing every one to read the Gospel, and explain it from his own heart, no established Church would exist; that every vain, fantastical fanatic might turn it about to his own and to other people's irreparable injury; that a definite creed—that great bond of nations—would be broken, and Anarchy and Self, reign to the detriment of all; or that men would not read it, that the greater portion of the world would let it pass unheeded; that they require to have it placed unavoidably before them, which Churches effect by means of their various institutions: no doubt a most probable case; and, for this reason, an established Church will always exist. Men are not such fools as not to

own *some* religion good; such a thing is unknown to the world. They employ surgeons, lawyers, architects, men to govern for them and attend to their worldly prosperity; and, on the same principle, they will employ doctors for the soul. But let not these be ignorant quacks and impostors; let them know their calling, and do that which is likely to benefit their patients. We do not want to destroy Churches, but to reform them; to see that they preach the doctrines of the Bible, and not their own ideas. We wish not to destroy Christianity, but to extend it, and, by spreading the Gospel, strengthen and enlarge the foundation—the Rock on which it is built.

The effect of Christianity is to make all men brothers—every human being is your neighbour; to spread peace and good-will among men. Does it preach, then, what it is incapable of bringing to pass? For no enemies can be more averse to each other than the different sects of the Church they profess at the most to tolerate or pity; no religious schisms have been attended with more bloody struggles and deplorable consequences than in the body of men called Christians; never have hate, persecution, contempt, mad anger, cruelty, and every bad passion, found more notable scope than in the history of the Christian Church dissensions. How is this? Where is the vaunted effect it should produce?—this universal peace, goodwill, and love? Let history tell. The precepts of the New Testament did not actuate these sectarians, or the Church. These are not the acts of Christian men; nor is it possible that men should thoroughly be at peace until their creeds—however different in minutiae, in details of Church government, and effects proceeding from climate and disposition—are founded on one grand principle—that of *love* and liberty, love of God and of your neighbour, of the good and the true, of the words of our Lord: liberty of thought and of action. The Christian Church is now divided into two great bodies—Roman Catholics and Protestants, and, among the latter, into numerous other congregations, whose differences are so slight as to cause no abandonment, suppression, or impossibility of brotherhood. They all coincide in their grand principle of the Gospel as the rule of life. In the Roman Catholic Church, though

so large and apparently compact, actual infidelity, or something very near it, reigns to a great extent, since superstition is lord of the greater portion, and thus extremes meet—it is thus the poisoned chalice is returned to their own lips. But, at this moment, a power stronger than this or that Church pervades Europe—the power of *humanity*, giving hopes of a cordial understanding between people of every nation, of every class and creed. The Spirit of God is working throughout the land; we feel that we are the children of one Parent, all equally immortal, on the same track on earth, with a like hereafter. There will be no heaven set apart for Jew or Gentile, king or peasant, learned or simple. We have each the same gift, the immortal soul; we undergo similar woes, trials, and fate; we are emphatically brothers, and no mountain, no seas, no terrestrial landmarks, no Church, no law, no ridicule, shall sever those who have all too long been as strangers to each other. All, all—and more than this—shall fall before the voice of humanity, which cries aloud the blessed words of our Creator, “Love one another.” To do this we must assimilate ourselves to each other; to do this we must all strive to be equally free—to reflect, to judge, to act: and we shall succeed. He who seeks to force the soul tilts at a vision:—

“And, though to tell the truth deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet, stab at thee who will, no stab the soul can kill!”

More particularly do I request attention to the Roman Catholic Church, for, by its agency, more than anything else, do I find myself cut off from sincere and unreserved communication with a large and, probably, most noble portion of my fellow-beings. I am like a traveller who finds his way obstructed by some weighty obstacle, which he must remove in order to fulfil his purpose. It is the Alps between the fair countries of our souls. Shall I hesitate, however arduous the task, to try and level it altogether? Moreover do I attack it because placed at the head of the Christian Churches. It has belied and refused to fulfil its proper destiny, because it has perverted the purpose for which it was instituted; the fair garden given to its charge it has allowed to run wild, because it has

taken the Word of God and turned it to most iniquitous purposes; because it has excited and fostered party dissensions, setting father against son and brother against brother; placing faith in a particular creed above faith in God, and refusing to recognise as Christians those who dare to look to Heaven through any but its own most venerable telescope; because, having expressly for its mission on earth the spread of love, peace, liberty, the *spirit* of the Gospel, it has neglected all this, and repressed the pure Word of God, which is good, or he would not publicly have spoken it. His doctrines he never left to his Apostles to explain, but to spread. He spoke directly by mouth to his auditory; nor do we, as Christians, suppose that he left his work incomplete, that his mission was not fulfilled, or his precepts imperfect. He spoke not to the rich, the learned, or the wise, in particular; the spirit of his doctrines required little explanation. He spoke to men poor and uneducated; they understood him by that power which the Creator has given every man—*by the heart*. His words were plain, his doctrines few, his church a meadow, his pulpit a rock, his ceremonies simple, his discourses various, but all tending to one point, brotherly love, love of truth, of goodness—in fact, the love of God. His commands are, Love one another; do as ye would be done by; be humble, orderly, and meek; pray in the quiet recesses, the sacred temple of your own heart. What, indeed, but good of every description do we learn from those divine discourses?

But it is not to rail at the Church that I address you. To condemn by mere assertion and invective is worthless, perhaps worse than worthless. Defence of the past is easy, but what is past, let be. We seek reparation and promise for the future; we seek to assimilate all branches of Christians more closely, to spread the very words of the Lord, to unbinge the rusting clasps of the Holy Book, which so signally carries out this cry of the time, "We are brothers," which Italy has heard with glad astonishment, and with one shout of joy re-echoed "*Siamo fratelli, stringiamo insieme*," which has long been the sure tendency of European literature, which is now the watch-word of political parties, and the motto of nations.

It is not for the sake of a romantic sentiment or a theoretic principle that I seek to impress you with the importance of these two questions—the celibacy of the priests and the spread of the Gospel, but for a practical advantage—to further that liberty, the sure success of that liberty and confraternity which is now so dear to the hearts of all thinking men. Social reform should precede political: we do not pour new wine into old vessels. Whilst society is in a vicious state no reforms can be considered stable; where the populace have power they should make themselves worthy of it. The holiness of the marriage contract is a great guarantee for the sanity of the social system, which holiness is naturally endangered by the constant presence of a large and influential body of men, who, though prevented from enjoying it, have still the same natural tendency to it as ourselves. The wife of Brutus should be above suspicion; but so long as this body of men exist in their present state, so long must suspicion exist; and confidence in each other's good intentions is the first step towards brotherly love. The nation fighting for freedom wants brave men and virtuous women. A reform of this nature must spring from agitation among the people. Is such a reform required, or is it not? I think I am justified in saying that it is. With beliefs, ideas, opinions, absolution, purgatory, heaven or hell, festas, saints, transubstantiation, we have nothing to do; but with the social evil of Italy we seek to grapple, to find out its source; and we consider one great cause to be the celibacy of the priests, and another to be those marriages of accommodation so common among you.

Chateaubriand concludes his eloquent defence of celibacy with these words: "It seems to us that we have proved that virginity forms part of the remembrance of ancient things, of the pleasures of friendship, of the perfume of plants, of the sweetness of honey, of the melancholy in the star of night, of the mystery of the tomb, of innocence, *nella culla*; of the charm of youth, of humanity in the religious, of holiness in the priest, of wisdom in the old, of the divinity of angels, of God Himself." How seducing this language!—what poetical ideas! One's heart is touched and softened, and one longs for purity. But does M.

Chateaubriand remember that virginity and celibacy are not synonyms?

At the conclusion of "Matrimony" he writes: "The wife of the Christian is not a simple mortal; she is a being extraordinary, mysterious, angelic—flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood. . . . His soul, as well as his body, is imperfect without woman. He has strength, she beauty; he combats the foe and cultivates the fields of his country, but is not fitted for domestic details. Woman is needful to him. Who prepares his food and his bed? He has trials, and the companion of his nights is there to soften them. His days are disturbed and sad, but he finds chaste embraces in the bed of his repose. Without woman he would be rough, *grossolano*, and solitary. *E non conoscerebbe le grazie che altro non sono che il sorriso del amor.* Woman hangs round him the flowers of life, like those *cianiere* of the forest which decorate the trunks of the oaks with their perfumed garlands," &c. How true! how affecting! Who would not be a married man?

But I cannot quite reconcile the two accounts. I cannot understand such advice as, "Eat your dinner and be merry, it is good for you so to do;" and, "Do not eat your dinner—be serious." Between two stools one falls to the ground. The author's zeal for the Church seems to utterly confound his common sense.

Virginity is the jewel and inestimable dower of youth, but the misfortune or reproach of old age.

Men and women are formed by their Creator to increase and multiply; nor does the argument that they are too many for the earth to sustain require combating. Because one river is full to overflowing, we do not argue that there is too much water in the world. He says that the Creator is the great solitary and celebiſt of the universe. Are there no beings in heaven and here on earth? Did not God breathe into us the breath of His mouth? Do we not emanate from the Deity? and is not communion with our Maker the object of our existence? He also holds forth the example of our Saviour as a reason. The idea is too gross to be pursued, and surprises me as coming from so sentimental and refined a character as the noble author's; in another it would disgust one. In fine, this defence of the

celibacy of the priesthood seems to me the finest satire on the actual facts that one can desire—a piece of the most delicate irony. We must not let what might be blind us to what is; we must not let sentiment, poetic ideas, and refined language, blind us to the real state of things. Read this defence, and look around you on those whose bulwark it is. Then judge, and judge righteous judgment.

One argument C. makes use of in favour of celibacy is, that were the priests to marry and have families, they would lose that peculiar dignity and respect they inspire as bachelors, and that confession would fall to the ground; for who, says he, would confess to a man who has made a woman his master? This seems to me a questionable argument, for it is not necessary for a man to be married that he may have some one to whom he may confide his secrets; but, allowing it to be true, do we suffer any loss? Confession is, indeed, sweet, and to the burdened soul a relief beyond expression. Grief that can find no vent is silent hell; let not the heart eat itself. Confess; oh! yes, confess to yourself, to the companion of your bosom, to your God.

The tender conscience and weak heart require support and consolation; and, oh, where on earth can they find it but in the holy man, he who points to Heaven and leads the way? To the holy man, whose whole advice must be, "Turn unto God your Saviour, who alone can pardon sin, and is a house of refuge to the wicked and distressed." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

To those, timid and conscious of their own great unworthiness, who feel utterly unable to approach the majesty and justice of their Creator, and who live in despondency and despair, I say confess—but to one who is capable of directing and aiding you: unto the holy man. Alas! where shall he be found? Unto the trusty friend; who is he? Shall we seek either among the ranks of the priesthood more than among other men? Will they themselves dare, in the face of the tenor of their lives, to set themselves up as more holy, more virtuous, more loving than ourselves? It is not always among the liveried mercenaries that the bravest hearts exist. But it is with regard to the



social system that I wish you to consider this institution of confession, and show the immense and dangerous power it exercises on families. The body of priests must be divided into two classes: those who have conquered their passions and feelings, or have exhausted them, and those, which I suppose the greatest portion to consist of, who have like passions and feelings as ourselves, who have nothing but their habit and functions to render them more respected than other men, who enjoy all the pleasures of the senses to the full as much as ourselves; nay more, for forbidden pleasures are proverbially sweet; and, in fact, whose whole life is a solemn farce. It is not that these men are worse than ourselves, in themselves, that I say this, but that they are no better, whilst they profess to be (for surely the priest of the temple not only should profess, but ought to be), and that they are *forced* into wickedness. I attack not the men but the system. Who now are the principal sufferers who come to these men for relief, for consolation, for advice? Women, wives, widows, and virgins: beauty in tears, discontented, weak, unsettled, perplexed; baring fearful indiscretion, its own readiness to transgress, its actual fall, its want of strength: to another, and that other a being frail and culpable as herself. What can come of this? What does come? To confess weakness is to invite the enemy. The whole safety of nations, of individuals, consists in at least their *apparent* strength. The wolf is scared only by the watch-dog from pouncing on the lamb; bravery and honour in man, chastity and contentment in woman, are the safeguards of their very souls. Allow that these barriers to the evil of the heart (and how evil is it not) are removed, and woe, woe and disgrace to the betrayer of the citadel. But allow that I am speaking out of the wickedness and grossness of my own heart—that this is the created vision of an evil fancy—as may be urged. Still there are other objections, strong and evident, against confession; and, first, for married women, it is evidently indiscreet, nay wrong of them, to create an overseer of their own faults or the faults of their household—it strikes immediately at that confidence, that entire communion of married life, which forms so sweet, so holy a portion of it. What man would

allow the history of his household life to be exposed to another, though he be bound to secrecy? What woman who loves her husband would willingly tell to another those faults or negligences which cause her inquietude and trouble? To what purpose are they told? Will the priest heal them, totally inexperienced in the mysteries and pleasures of that life? Has he any cue to the numberless delicate alarms and griefs which accompany it? From his own has he learnt to melt at others' woes? Is not the great bond of sympathy and similitude wanting? Do we go to the artisan to advise us on the dangers and troubles of the mariner? No, no, it becomes a system of domestic espionage, revolting to the feelings of every man who claims the sanctity of his home as a place free from the intrusive eyes of others; it is a mere system of inquisition, more powerful and piercing than any earthly power has at command; it takes away, in fact, the oneness and communion of body and mind, which is the sacred privilege of the married state.

Were all priests holy men, and our confessors saints, still must confession be doubtfully good; for if, indeed, Christians at heart, their own unworthiness would prevent their absolving, and their utmost advice must be for the penitent and the criminal to turn to Him, who is alone able to pardon sin. But the priesthood being what it is, how dangerous an extent of power does it put in their hands, and how open to abuse!

Does not this system at once destroy that confidence which is the cause, as well as the effect, of social virtue?

To do wrong to one man and to demand pardon for it from another is a strange plan; first repair the wrong to the person injured, and then seek pardon from Him who alone can absolve sin. Who cries aloud to you, "Repent, repent, cease to do evil, learn to do well," and "Your sins, though they be as crimson shall become white as snow." To our mutual Father appeal, appeal with a heart bowed, and not your knees only, and you will appeal not in vain. Let us pray; God is of infinite mercy.

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ROME, 1848.

The superior claim which the Roman Catholic Church asserts as the true and lineal descendant of the Apostles has such weight with the many that it becomes a matter of duty to investigate, not the propriety or legality of its claim, which is to a great extent just, but the degree of authority which on that account belongs to it; and first of all let us consider the Christianity of the Apostles themselves, on their own testimony.

From a careful perusal of the gospels we must come to the conclusion that even the elect twelve were constantly fluctuating in their ideas of our Saviour; they felt that he was the Son of God, the promised Messiah, and yet so entirely were his words, actions, and life, at variance with their preconceived notions of the glory and terror of his advent, that they scarcely knew what to think. It is well known that the Jews looked forward to an actual and glorious sovereignty in the Messiah; he was to come supernaturally, accompanied by fearful convulsions of the universe, temporal magnificence, and visible dominion. The Apostles, themselves Jews, constantly show their expectancy of all this, and their incapacity of appreciating the real meaning of their Lord's mission; and when our Saviour foretells the ignominious fate which awaits him, Peter distinctly refuses belief, and declares that it shall not be so. They not unfrequently reason among themselves upon the degrees of precedence which they will hold in the coming kingdom; and when finally the rulers have got him in their power, and the fate foretold by himself becomes evidently probable, if not certain, the most earnest and the most convinced of the twelve, Peter, utterly denies all knowledge of him. The crucifixion, though it doubtless strengthened the disciples' love, appears to have dulled their belief, if, indeed, they ever fully comprehended the allegory of the fall of the temple, and prophecies yet more distant;—and on the morning of the third day *women*, and not men, came to the sepulchre to do honour, according to the Jewish custom, to his remains. It is then that his resurrection is discovered and told to the astonished disciples; and from this moment they may be supposed to have more

fully understood those expressions which before had appeared so ambiguous, mysterious, and unsatisfactory; even yet they are not all convinced, and Thomas cannot believe until he has tangible proof of the verity—all are now finally convinced, and the Apostles preach with energy and success the necessity of belief in the Son of God, crucified for the sins of the world—this fact, above all others, would appear to have been the subject of their discourses for many years after. “Christianity (in the words of Milman) was but an expanded Judaism; it was preached by Jews, it was addressed to Jews, it was limited, national, exclusive.” Its difficulties, triumphs, misconceptions, and gradual expansion, it is needless to follow up; this is matter of history. Let us turn to the best and most authentic transcript of the state of Christian belief some sixty years after the death of our Saviour, contained in the epistles to the Churches. We shall here see what the congregation itself was, and what the opinions of the great Apostles on this important subject.

Now, before all, let me express my admiration and reverence for these men, the Apostles, as beings so much more faithful, virtuous, sincere, energetic, and desirous of pleasing God than myself, that they become to my eyes almost of a superior race; nor is it without the utmost sense of my own unworthiness and weakness that I dare to comment upon their belief; but where reverence degenerates into the most slavish superstition, it is necessary above all to expose the truth—and for this purpose I write. It is not my intention to inquire *how far* they were inspired or miraculously endowed, nor of their power to transfer their virtue. It is not my intention to compare, or impartially even discuss, the sanity or the unsoundness of their belief; no, their own writings sufficiently show what they were, and praise is superfluous; on the contrary, I wish to point attention to those parts which will lead us to doubt the propriety of giving implicit credence to all their assertions, or implicit obedience to their commands, and to show that they were not in fact fully inspired; this, indeed, may be called a one-sided and unfair system, but where (in the present day) a man of worth and estimation would propound doctrines which contained objectionable

passages, we might protest against these without any other feeling but a denial of his infallibility, in our conscientious search for truth. But apologies are needless on such a subject; let us go on.

It appears that the belief in the approaching end of the world was general, and that the advent of the Redeemer, in the terrific splendour prophesied in the Scriptures, was to occur during their lifetime; the certainty of this is constantly declared by SS. Paul and Peter. Prophesying was one of the gifts of these inspired men; yet this, the most important prophecy of all, was never fulfilled. We can fully understand the great difficulty of any ordinary man in their situation and in those times perceiving it; yet, the mistake seems scarcely compatible with inspired prophecy. Not only is this a serious subject for consideration from its constant and unqualified occurrence, but also the manner in which the Lord and man shall meet (1 Thessalonians iv. 17) is unworthy of the Apostle's sense. In Romans ii. 9, 10, after saying that both in good and evil, in this world and the next, the Jew comes first, and *then* the Gentile, he adds, that God is no respecter of persons; but we may allow this to be necessary in order not to shock the jealous exclusiveness of the Jewish character, which, however, one would suppose merged and lost as followers of Christ. Concerning the marriage state either St. Paul is right or experience, but, as a prelude to this it is worth while to turn to the 7th chapter of Romans, 15th to 25th verses, and the 1st and 2nd verses of chapter 8th. In this explanation of the nature of sin in the faithful, we cannot arrive, I think, at any other conclusion than that St. Paul expounds the pernicious doctrine which has since at various times caused so much evil, that the body may sin, but if the soul does not approve of it, it is not sin; that to the elect sin is not imputed for death; this remarkable chapter concludes with the assertion that his body walks after the flesh, but his mind serves the law of God; but in the midst of this comforting belief the Apostle breaks forth into a vehement and pity-raising demand for relief from such a state. At the present day, a man who thus spoke of his *body* urging him to sin would be deemed but little enlightened, for every

one knows that the body in itself is inanimate and incapable, and that it is the soul alone which both longs for good and urges to evil.\* Indeed, one may say that this is not only not an inspired passage, but actually contrary to the doctrines of our Saviour, who constantly urges the soul's and not the body's evil tendency. From the heart, he tells us, arises all manner of wickedness. One cannot help thinking that St. Paul has become influenced by Oriental ideas and other strange and abstruse principles, which represent matter as the ally of Satan, if not Satan himself, and naturally and inevitably antagonistical to the Deity. There is little necessity for commenting on this Manichæan doctrine, which entered afterwards so fully into Christianity, for good sense assures us that body and soul are not enemies by nature, but friends, and so closely entwined that the one in the world cannot exist without the other. The body is not the prison of the soul, but a beauteous palace, and residence worthy, indeed, alike of its guest and its Creator. Thinking thus, let us turn to the 7th chapter of Corinthians, which commences with an assertion that it is good for a man not to touch a woman: the whole tenor of this chapter is that fornication is a great evil, which may be avoided by marriage as a lesser one. Here, again, we fancy the Orientalism of the times has worked. He believes that, both in man and woman, sanctity is lost and the love of God deadened by the cares and pleasures of married life. But the very commandment of God is forgotten in this advice. It is unnecessary to comment on this chapter. Does it breathe the language of inspiration? Can we submit to the justice or good sense—nay, to the religion—of such advice? It is enough that no man who has not experienced the delight and holiness of family love can at all appreciate the noble pleasures which have been provided for him on earth: can fully understand the great beneficence of his bountiful Creator. It is not even going too far to say that man alone is not perfect man, and that a holy union with woman resolves the two into one perfected human being. The advantages of marriage, both for spiritual and temporal purposes, is too apparent to require proof; and though virginity be

\* I held Swedenborg's theory, as to the body and soul, at this time.

the jewel in the crown of youth, it is the disgrace or misfortune of age. We find constant allusions to the resurrection of the body, of which Locke, a sincere Christian, has shown the improbability, if not absurdity; and in a dissertation on this point, 1st Cor. xv. 29, we find a sentence which, taken in its plain meaning, implies that for those already dead the living were baptized, since the resurrection of those to eternal life who died before the coming of our Saviour appeared doubtful, since of this resurrection, in verse 23, Christ is said to be the first-fruits; afterwards, they that are Christ's. At his coming (in the 2nd verse of the 6th chapter), he says that the saints shall judge the world. In this he not only alludes to the Apostles, but evidently to all who are devout followers of our Saviour. Predestination and election are continually inculcated by the Apostles, and form articles of belief in the principal Churches of our day; but, even our own article admits that, however delightful and comforting it may be to the fortunate chosen, yet, to the man bound in sin—and who is not, more or less?—it drives him to recklessness and despair which can end only in the most fearful results. It undoubtedly contradicts the meaning of our Lord's coming on earth, and does away with the merciful loving-kindness of God, which extends, as assured by Himself, to the whole race of mankind. These are but a few of the points on which every man's attention must be fixed, as extraordinary and certainly incompatible with the more enlightened Christianity of the present day, and which seem to me fully to justify us in denying the infallibility of the Apostles' doctrines. To collate and compare the various passages for and against these subjects by the same man, to investigate, and decide what to retain and what to reject, is not in the power of the mass of the hard-working population of this age; it is the work of a lifetime, and since we cannot do it for ourselves, the clergy are anxious to settle it for us. But that which the great Apostles and the continued wisdom of the Church has not been able satisfactorily to explain, can we confide to the inferior belief, wisdom, and zeal of our present priesthood? A little consideration, good sense, and reflection on the words of our Saviour will show us that most of these points

peace of mind. These do not constitute Christianity, which, broadly grounded on a belief which no one can combat, is that Jesus Christ is our Lord, that we should love the Lord with all our heart and soul, and our fellow-creature as ourselves. Will any deny that he who firmly believes in and carries out these principles is a good and orthodox Christian?

Concerning the early Christian congregation the Epistles in various parts give us a just representation, especially in the 14th Corinthians. This chapter exposes a state of things which at this day would bring down contempt and ridicule; great disorder naturally and evidently reigned, and it required the utmost rigour and wisdom to keep anything like decent discipline—it was an assembly of religious enthusiasts, all striving to be heard, speaking at once in unknown tongues, prophesying, preaching, and declaiming according as the Spirit moved them; each one was supposed to be favoured with a particular gift, and their assembly must have been a scene of confusion, in which age and sex were equally forgotten. A counterpart of this may be discovered at this day in a worthy and truly devout set of enthusiasts, called, I believe, the Plymouth Brethren. The investigation of religious enthusiasm, one might almost add madness, in all ages and in all creeds, might show us the invariable similarity of its symptoms; the overwrought imagination of the fanatic shows itself in a disease as common to heathenism as to Christianity. In St. James, 5th chapter, 14th, 15th, and 16th verses, we find rules for the conduct of the community under certain circumstances, which must excite a smile in the most earnest Christian of our orthodox community: if merry, they are advised to sing psalms; if any man is sick, the elders are to pray over him, first anointing him with oil, and not only shall he be healed but his sins forgiven, for a firm conviction existed among them that illness was a palpable judgment of the Lord for sin. Confession, one to another, is also approved of. To contrast all this with the habits and belief of an enlightened Christian of this day is almost unnecessary; if merry, our external manifestation of it would hardly be satisfied with psalm singing; if a man is sick he would more probably send for the



doctor than trust to the prayers of the clergy for his recovery, and few would feel their sins forgiven because they survived or were healed.\* It is evident, then, that Christianity was not properly understood by the most normal and early Christian Church, and that it cannot be taken as a model for our community, and, consequently, the advice of those men who approved of it, exhorted to it, and considered it the proper external manifestation of the doctrines of our Lord, cannot be adhered to, scarcely revered. For all this we find no authority either in the commands, precepts, or example of the head of our Church, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

From this time Gnosticism, Donatism, Montanism, Orientalism, Platonism, and Heathenism, embued one after the other the doctrines of the Church, and if Christianity was not understood by the original Church it was still less so in succeeding times—and we may safely say that it remained for the Reformation to expound, still indeed imperfectly, a truer meaning and spirit of our Saviour's doctrines.

It is not my purpose to follow up the history of the Christian Church, if Christian it can be called, it is sufficient to say that there is irrefragable proof of its degradation and heathenism. It spared no means to exalt itself; lies, deceit, and force, became in such a cause sanctified; the pagans were outdone by the Christians in bloodshed and calumny, and after a short time, when paganism no longer could hold up against it, the word was, Christian against Christian—and no history is more wild or turbulent, more bloody and unappeasable, than that internal contest which ended in the formation of the Eastern and Western Churches.

Let us, then, turn unto the precepts and example of Jesus, and we shall find a religion not speculative but practical, not of exclusiveness but of brotherhood, not of contention but of love, not of tyranny but of liberty, containing in its simple and easily understood basis all the moral, physical, and religious excellence to which man can ever attain, a religion not of the mind only but of the

\* The sect known as "Peculiar People" still put this in practice, and refuse the aid of medicine.

heart, equally fitted for the negro, the Caucasian, the ignorant, the wise, the peasant, or the king, utterly antagonistical to gloominess, severity, or asceticism; it dignifies us with the firm assurance of immortality, and enlivens life with the sure and ever present love of our Creator, to whom the most abject wretch, the most fallen sinner, is still an object of the tenderest regard. If the heart and mind of mankind have not improved since his coming, if love and knowledge are not more fixed in us than they were then, or ever have been, let us still return and keep to the ordinances of the apostles and the fathers of the Church; but, if the contrary is the case, let us not restrain the advance of liberty, civilisation, and true religion for a superstitious and most fatal prejudice in their favour. Let us consider them as they were, and take them at their worth; they were the mere children of Christianity, and we cannot, but with mock modesty, rate ourselves below them.

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## 91

ROME, 1848.

The tree was planted by an old man, the land was open to the sun, and the climate hot; his grandchildren now revel under its summer shade, and bless the forethought of their forefather. Few things, indeed, which are sown by man are reaped by him, and the good soul dies before his cornfield ripens; the harvest comes, the reapers are there, but the sower is dead. Remember him, then, in the hour of your joy, and say: "Blessed are we who reap, but more blessed the hand which has sown;" and let not his memory die from among you, for then is there a dark spot on the brightness of your hearts.

## 92

The enthusiasm of the advocates for the abolition of punishment by death, their assertion of its being a remnant of barbarous times, and contrary to the precepts of Christianity, demand one's attention. To my mind all these noble, fine, generous orators are led aside from justice and common sense by an overwrought sensibility. Life for life, blood for blood, and a tooth for a tooth are cer-

tainly not the basis of good laws. There are two kinds of law, of recompense or retribution, and of punishment. The law of death is of the former class; it may be utterly useless as a preventive of the crime of murder, and I believe is; good teaching, religious teaching, is more effective, but it is a retribution for the crime, and a safeguard for society, which, if not enforced by law, the people would often take into their own hands. The man who has taken the life of his fellow creature deliberately, or in a momentary fit of madness, is unfit for life; he has shown himself regardless of God and of his fellow creatures; he has taken that which no power can return; he has become a terror to his race; and, yet this man shall not be sent from the world to the Great Judge, but be imprisoned for life, have time to repent of his sin, and, maybe, become a reformed character! But a prison is not the place to better any man's soul, or infuse into it those feelings of love and respect which are the bond of society; nor is solitary confinement calculated a whit more to leaven the old man: besides, he is never safe: daring and strong men have escaped ere now from the cunningest devised dungeons; moreover, whatever may be said, imprisonment for life is the severest of punishment; death to such a man is a mercy, at the same time that it permits society to breathe freely again, for the danger is past, in that man's person at least, for ever. The great reason adduced, namely, that we have no right to send a man with all his sins and crimes full on him into the presence of the great eternal Judge, seems to me untenable, for is God more severe and rigid than man, is He not a God of love and compassion, and if the being who here has become a reformed and virtuous character, as in the case of Colonel Gardiner, had died in the plenitude and height of his wickedness, are we to suppose that he would not have become so after he had left this world?

Life does not end on earth; what man is capable of becoming here, he is as capable of becoming hereafter; and it is not the separation of the soul from the body which can prevent its final advent to bliss. Can we suppose that, if a murderer should repent, and reform, and become a saint on earth, after a life of imprisonment

or seclusion from the world—that, supposing present justice had been done on him, he would not have become as penitent and devout in the other life? In fine, can we suppose that the merciful Lord would deny him those advantages and that opportunity which man would afford him? The assertion of society's having no right to take life at all, that to do so is mere murder, is urged by those very men who would unhesitatingly execute a king who thwarted them merely in their ideas.

M. Lamartine says, when advocating its abolishment: "It is a grave matter to denounce what our forefathers deemed expedient, and can we suppose ourselves wiser than they?" This seems mock modesty, besides being nonsense! A wise man, the wisest of men, is only wise for his own time, and what was perfect wisdom 300 years ago would, mayhap, be absurdity now. Different states of society require different laws; and Lycurgus is no fool, because his laws, if applied to modern times, might prove useless. The whole question settles on two points. Is it lawful for society to take human life on any grounds, and is the man executed for ever shut out from divine mercy?—two questions, which a little consideration, or rather an intuitive and innate sense of right and wrong, would, we think, quickly solve.

## 93

National education, that stumbling-block of society, appears to me to be looked on in too important a light. The Dissenter is afraid that his child should be instructed in Church of England principles; the Churchman will not believe that his child can be taught the Bible only, without becoming heretic; and the Roman Catholic will let no religious education be given which is not Roman, and no secular education without his creed; so that, by every one wishing his own opinions to be inculcated, the happy mass of the poor go without any instruction. "Better none," they all shout, "than infidelity." Why not let the State, then, give secular education, and leave it to the parents to inculcate what religious creed they please, or, as would most often be the case, none at all? Education consists of two branches, instruction and train-

ing; the latter no State can undertake, the former only is in its power, and what should this instruction for the poor be?

It seems to me that its basis should be religion—not doctrinal religion, but the religion contained in the discourses of our Lord; the broad grounds of Christianity common to all; the love of God and the love of our neighbour. “Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself.” What sect could complain of this? Surely none. The words of our Lord are simple, and were addressed to poor and simple men, and are perfectly appreciable now as ever by the poor and simple; the rest should be writing, reading, and arithmetic, the three R’s, as Mrs. Malaprop would say; with these the youth entering life is furnished with good weapons to open his own oyster, and the most dangerous gift, the only dangerous gift, that of reading, would be presented with the Ten Commandments, to guide the mind of the reader. This instruction is simple, sufficient, and useful, and imperative on every Government that claims to care for the welfare of those benighted and enlightened souls placed in its charge.

## 94

There is one subject which, I think, in the present state of society in England, cannot be too earnestly advocated, and that is the policy and advantage of holding out all possible inducements and encouragements for the increase of the middle from what is called the lower class, under which head I range all those who work for their living, from the smallest tradesman to the most successful professional man: there is a common bond unites all these—“*labour*.”

To rise in the estimation of those around is a reward more than money for all men. Universal suffrage would destroy one great privilege of industry: to have a voice in the welfare of the country, an embodied voice, is an honour which is not to be shared equally with the indolent, the besotted, the ignorant, and the industrious, active, and well-informed;—but a £10 freehold qualification seems to me also a most unfair one. Many a country boor votes, he knows not why, scarcely, whilst many a worthy mechanic,

making his two or three guineas a week, sober and well-informed, has no voice, because, in towns, he is forced to live in lodgings and expend all his earnings for the livelihood of his family. There is an evident injustice here; and it seems to me that such men—and they form a large and worthy portion of the community—suffer without reason, and, having a fair outlet for complaint, would join the disaffected: when, if voters, they would add to the strength of society. This subject, however, requires more lengthened investigation.

## 95

Labourers of all kinds have been described as the soldiers of peace, and a great writer has written a work called the "*Battle of Life*," and with sense, for society is like a large army, and is excellent according to the discipline and organisation in which it is kept. In this army, as in the Church and military, there are gradations, and to mark them by titles is just and sensible, to do away with them absurd, since in reality they must always exist, though deprived of name. No doubt the army might be just as well kept up and efficiently commanded by Mr. Wellington, Mr. Hardinge, or Mr. Smith, as by the Duke, the Viscount, or the Baronet. The names of General or Colonel are not indicative of talent, nor *necessary* to command; yet, they are honours, and cheap ones to the nation, marking the man, and dear to his pride—his proper pride—and the object of his ambition as much as the pay. It is the same in society; and that man must be possessed with the spurious pride—a mixture of meanness and envy—which made the angels fall, who would sweep away these nominal indications, so harmless in themselves, and so honourable to those who attain them. To abolish titles is the very cant of Republicanism, puerile and senseless—but not to abolish their privileges, which is just. All men *are not* equal, cannot be equal, never will be; and superior power, whether of money or mind, will always *lord* it over its inferiors; it cannot help it, it must be more influential and respected; why, then, deprive it of the title which marks its place in the social army? Alter the name as you will, and the fact still remains. These are

not envious and degrading distinctions, but the just reward of present or past merit, and the object of a man's worthy ambition. There are examples of those who have gained the distinction by cringing and lowness, but because an abuse exists in the system is it therefore bad? All bishops, all generals are not so from merit, but too often from influence; but not for this do we desire to abolish the titles. "Not all the blood of all the Howards ennoble liars, slaves, or cowards." Nor, on the other hand, will all the laws in the world bring down the title to nobility, render Stanley my equal, Peel less noble, or Sutherland less powerful.

I never was more surprised than when an American asked me if I did not feel degraded in being of a class to whom the privileges of another, mis-called higher class, were forbid. Did I not writhe under a sense of wrong and injustice, was not my blood red like his, was I not equally a man, and as worthy a one? I did not know how to answer him; the idea really had never struck me that I was under a ban, chained in a sort of social slavery. It sounded very fine, and I really began to think myself a tame, lily-livered fellow, and very badly used; but common sense soon came to my aid, and I did not regret those titles and privileges to which I had never aspired. They were honours I had no taste for; to those who work for them they are attainable. and it is very comforting to think that if you have good brains, and like to give up your shop, you are as open to become Prime Minister as poor Mr. Canning, or noble as Lord Brougham. If we want titular equality, it would be as well to follow the example of the Basque provinces, where every man has a patent of nobility in his birth. It would be finer to be all grandees than a nation of commoners.

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 96

## FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ITALY, 1848.

THIS sudden and just expression of popular feeling has been productive of some measures by the Provisional Government, which I will note down, because they seem

incapable of being carried out. In the first place, society *must* always consist of, at least, three classes—a higher, a middle, and a lower; this is derived from the very nature of man; and, therefore, to seek to do away with the highest by destroying one of its most harmless distinctions seems to me absurd. But I don't here enter into reasons, but only mark my disapproval, and see if time endorses it. Again, the guarantee by the Government that all labourers and mechanics out of employ shall have work, and become chargeable on the Government. 3rdly. The contraction of hours of labour to ten a day; the changing of names of places; the conversion of the Tuileries into an hospital, for which it cannot be fitted; the assurance of equality, universal suffrage, and the abolition of punishment by death. Among other impracticabilities, I wish also to record Gioberti's proposition, received with such enthusiasm by the Reformers of Italy, of the conjunction of all bodies of Christians into a single Church, with one ritual and one head—the Pope!\*

## 97

SPAIN, 1848.

Of what value are all these theoretical and dogmatical opinions of E. Quinet about Spain and the Spaniards? Are his fantastic ideas infallible? Does he pretend to see the spindle of the great spinning-wheel of the world's life?

What nonsense is this about nations becoming grand, performing unheard-of actions, and astonishing the world! Had we not better seek to make men honest, industrious, and well-wishing to each other? Let each of us do our duty in that station of life in which we are placed; the way is plain, the duty definite. It would almost seem that a Frenchman may be eloquent, earnest, witty, and imaginative, but so affected and egotistical as to be even disgusting. The Spaniards are the last men to require M. Quinet to make them a great nation; they are more men of deeds than words, I think. Each nation fulfils its purpose.

\* In his then popular work (1848) "Il Primato Italiano."



## NOTES FOR THE ENGLISH NATION.

ROME, 1848.

COLONIAL Government to have its peculiar committees, on the principle of the East Indies. American alliance more natural and useful than French : better all three. Extended suffrage. All inducements to rise from lower to middling class. Good feeling between all. Extended colonisation. Diminished influence of nobility in Government patronage, &c. Great use of Societies. Inability of Government alone to attend to all. Religion—not doctrinal—the first principle of society, toleration of all. International League to publish national reciprocal works, so as to blend the best thoughts of different nations. Policy, religion, society. The justice and use of punishment by death; the fault of its general publicity. The use of the aristocracy; the necessity of its existence in all society; its benefit in a monarchical state. The folly of hereditary law-making; the difficulty of its adjustment. Labour a blessing, not a curse. The Old Testament in relation to Christianity; its injurious influence.

Every city to have its minster, which is always to be open; and to contain, in most cases, the mechanics' institute, lecture-rooms, museum, music-hall, with organ; the galleries and corridors to be lined with statues of national note, and paintings representing grand, and noble, and humane deeds; here also to be a mausoleum, dedicated to the local people of note; the alms-houses adjoining, to be ornamented throughout with Scriptural texts. In another part, a theatre, in which will be acted only one play a night, from seven or eight o'clock till nine or ten; none but plays having an evidently improving tendency to be acted. Such a place as this, the temple of the people, to be raised and sustained by the people by a sort of Peter's Pence; here they will have all that can tend to improve and refine them. The alms-house fund will be separate; sixpence a week from the mass of the working men would afford them all this. Every city and town should have it; and here would be the

good angel, evoked by the people themselves, to combat, under the banner of religion and mind, that great and destroying angel, the demon of ignorance and immorality, who stretches like a upas-tree over the land. Here, of an evening, the working man might pass many an hour, *with his family*, which of old he would have passed in the tap-room. But more especially here on the occasion of national holidays would he have a noble resource from that want of an object which often drives him on such days to extravagance and excess. The general tendency of music, paintings, &c., to be devotional, heroic, and humanising. This is finely expressed near the end of Spiridion, by George Sand. It is curious that my reflections lead to her principles—the very same. It has startled me.

## 100

There are three duties—to God, to our neighbour, to ourselves. The first consists in faith in His existence, infinite goodness, and wisdom ; reliance on His providence, or foresight exercised for the benefit of the *universe* : reverence, gratitude, thanksgiving. The second in goodwill, forbearance, charity, and love (where possible), sincerity, assistance, justice, instruction. The third, in cleanliness, temperance, self-restraint, economy, knowledge, labour or industry, marriage, ambition, prudence. A man perfect in all these requisites is a perfect man—*rara avis in terrâ*. Many men, especially the first, may, like David, have a strong religious feeling, but fail in almost all their other duties. Others again, without any strong feelings in the first case—nay, who are even atheists—are excellent fulfillers of the second, and are even what is called self-denying of their personal advantage, in order more fully, as they think, to exercise those feelings. Others again, careless of the first, and notoriously deficient in the last, are remarkable for many of the second duties ; whilst, again, a large number of men attend to their personal duties alone, and are excellent as individual citizens, but are cold in their neighbourly duties, and careless of their highest duties. Whether the first or the last have the best starting-point for improvement is matter of opinion ; but one thing is pretty sure, that they all hang together, and none can

be fully and perfectly carried out, with intention and understanding, without the aid of the others; for a man who only hurts himself, unwittingly hurts his neighbour, and in hurting himself and his neighbour, hurts—so to speak—his Creator, and *vice versâ*.

The Apostles speak of these things in a very confused and partial manner, evidenced by the mere conjunction of faith, hope, and charity; the first being a duty to God, the second being so indefinite that it may apply to God, our neighbour, or ourselves; and the third being a duty to our neighbour, whilst a duty to ourselves is left all unmentioned.

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## 101

PARIS, 1850.

In this age of new troubles, political and religious, we are startled by the almost forgotten word, conspiracy. The Democrats declare that the great of this world are conspiring to exterminate them, and on the other hand the royal houses of Europe as strenuously assert the existence of a great republican conspiracy to oust them from their thrones. These may or may not exist, but one conspiracy *does* exist, so enormous, so ancient, so unswerving, so active, as to drive all others from our thoughts. The conspirators are the hierarchy of the Popish Church, their object the enthrallment of man's spiritual conscience, and the possession of his wealth; lust of dominion and lust of power are its two grand and unvarying characteristics. The Pope and his conclave are its directing council, with branch societies throughout the world, and an army of priests of all nations devoted to its will; the organisation of this fearful power is perfect, its objects most seductive, and its means most powerful. By fair means or foul, these principles are to be advanced; if baffled, it never fears to deny its real pretensions, if beaten it will be the pattern of deprecating humility, if successful the bold aggressor, if triumphant the intolerant oppressor. Past, present, and to come, it is without change; an inspired infallibility directs its decrees, an unassailable and mysterious authority defends all its opinions. Believe this and you shall be saved, disbelieve it and you are

damned: there is no middle course. In its universal anxiety for the salvation of the world it will itself pursue any means, it presses all things into its service. To the timid it comes with an awful sanctity, to the ignorant with pomp and show, to the reasoner with sophistry, to the educated man with refinement, to the man of feeling with sentiment, to the sensual with music and with paintings. Throughout the world its agents are actively at work. By a diabolically wise forethought, it presses its soldiers to its service with a grasp of steel; it receives them early from all ranks, all nations; it morally immolates them to their Dagon, separates them from the walks and human loves of their fellow creatures, makes its interests their interests, solely and wholly, body and soul limed—it sends them forth on an inevitable crusade against humanity, against society, against civilisation and progress; those who most thoroughly enter into its views, and most acutely promote its advancement, are sure to be marked out; there is no fear here but that *this* merit will rise. Do a great number of them show sympathy to mankind in its struggles onwards, or appear only commonly attentive to their duties? They remain the poor, ill-paid priests, contented or miserable as their dispositions may serve them. Are they, as we before said, active and ambitious? Every such man is reported at head-quarters, and advancement will be pretty sure to follow, proportionate to his ability; it is a well drilled army, from whose ranks rise the zealous and capable. Here, then, is indeed a vast and powerful conspiracy, perfect in its organisation and fearful in its possible power, covering the earth with a network of ears and mouths, clothed with the garb of sanctity, full of persuasion and perverted intelligence; it seeks out the ignorant, the weak, the enthusiastic; it breathes the power of absolution, of reconciliation, of peace; it will soothe the agonies of the wounded heart, allay the doubts of the distracted mind; it is earnest for your salvation, it is the inspired of God Himself; it is the cause of the present progress of Europe, it is its only hope for the future; it is Christianity, pure and long descended; it bids you come to its arms, to those arms which held your forefathers long ago, its ancient love for them leads it to love you! to console, entreat, implore

you to save yourself, to become a member of the one only true Church; its power with Heaven shall be exerted for your behalf, the prayers of thousands of holy men shall help you on earth; there shall be peace for this life, in Heaven eternal joy for the life to come! It demands but one little sacrifice, it asks only for what is a burden to yourself, your *soul*, your heart, your mind, your conscience: that is all: a small return for so great a benefit. Do you give way? Then have you thrown away the most precious gift of God, and spurned in the face of the great Creator His crowning loving-kindness; ay, you have done an act to which Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, was innocent, and bought contentment at the price of all that is noble in your nature.

The organisation of this hierarchy is perfect as can be imagined, and its professed aim the salvation of men's souls. Its polity it conceals, its aims it trumpets forth; and do you believe them? A short voyage, a little knowledge, a few statistical accounts of those countries where it rules unquestioned and unassailed, would cause you, I think, much doubt whether the spiritual enlightenment and welfare of their populations was its real aim; or, if it were, you would be forced to allow it was a most egregious failure.

This body of men have now, for the first time since the Reformation, gained a secure footing in our country; silently but surely at work, they have made a large body of proselytes—an unwearying propagandism, excellently carried out, is the very breath of their nostrils. To make converts is a business and a merit at the same time; it adds to the power of their Church, and oh, blessed thought! to the glory of God. It spares no means, it sticks at no equivocation, it holds direct converse with the poor by holy men, from the ranks of the poor: men who know not the defilement of matrimony, who fast, and are as saints. To all men there are among them those who are all things; they have no thought but aggression, no hope so strong as to overturn Protestantism. Each convert is a personal merit; every incentive that can act on man impels them forward; and for the field they have, to our sorrow and shame be it said, a large and festering mass of our population,

who through jealousy and most culpable negligence, can hardly write or read, most not at all, who never have entered a Church, or sat where good men sit; brutally ignorant, debauched, and reckless, they are savages, whom we forsake for our dearer black brethren of the pleasant South—a large border for the Church of Rome to make a pretty pattern of. And can we justly complain if it does? We send our children adrift down the stream, and would quarrel with those who find them and tutor them into something like human beings. It were unjust to do so, yet these are the special objects of Rome's attack, and of our negligence; and what have we to oppose to this instruction of which we disapprove? Not an army of priests capable of coping with them in their own haunts; no army, but rather a Guardia Nobile, the least of whose men considers himself an officer. Our clergy, though excellent in their way, are far too genteel for this; not, mayhap, in some cases, from personal unwillingness or incapacity—I know in many cases it is quite the contrary—but because the poor have a certain pride or reserve, which, whilst it renders them sulkily impassible to the squire's friend, speedily thaws before the equal familiarity of one who is from among themselves. And for this reason, if Protestantism has any really poor, hard-working common soldiers in its ranks, they are to be found in the various Dissenting orders; and it is these who are the principal instructors and pastors of, what is called, the common people. Again the spirit of Protestantism founded on the right, nay the duty, of private judgment, is necessarily more tolerant and liberal, when sincere, than the Papistical spirit, which is one of "I am right and you are wrong;" and, in the spirit of St. Athanasius, damns all who cannot perceive things through its spectacles: this is a logical necessity of infallibility. We may hope something from God's mercy, but that is the utmost we can expect? The one has every motive, worldly and sincerely devout, to make converts. The other, in allowing that other creeds besides its own *may* be right, has lost half its earnestness. As a mere matter of doctrinal religion there is no remedy for this, and we must remain in the good old careless, semi-torpid, state of the last century, having first put our beleaguers safely under the hatches of the

law : or boldly and truthfully advocating the duty of private judgment, teach what we deem best, and giving up, once and for ever, all attempts at an ecclesiastical authority which allows its own fallibility and has its own origin in a bold schism ; superintend earnestly and jealously the instruction of the poorer classes ; instruct them in their independence of all authority which they cannot sincerely admit ; raise them from the slough of ignorance, where they now, not without a sense of their degradation, are fallen ; provide them with institutes, lectures, music, art, all that can raise and refine, and giving them the clear light of our Saviour's words alone, and none other saint or apostle, as equivalent in value, fearlessly send them forth as men, now able to refute sophistry by the plain spirit of Christ, as found in his discourses, and from an acquaintance with the just pleasure of the senses, not liable to fall prostrate beneath the tawdry art which Rome forces into its service.

Trusting in the worthiness of its own intentions, it must act thus to be true to itself, and trusting, above all, in the continual oversight of a wise Providence, it will go on through a glorious and man-improving career. It is, indeed, a bad sign, when we see dignitaries of the Church combating the march of science, because it thinks that march contrary to its interests and the creed it teaches. This is the old spirit of Galileo's persecutors revived ; this is a retrograde step to principles we have long since professed to discard. Not only must the Church Protestant accept willingly all that science can worthily prove, but it must lead the people also to understand it ; it must be at the head of all movements for the advancement of our material as our spiritual welfare, for the two are inseparably connected ; it must become more popular, *of the people*, or it will fall. It is not needed to be able so much to talk Latin and Greek, and give learned dissertations on doctrinal obscurities : to instruct us where our fonts are most properly to be placed, or that the white surplice is fittest for this purpose and the black for that—as, to speak familiarly to the people of great truths and common duties, showing how through all life, all business, all pleasure, runs the golden chain of true Christian principles, forbearance,

endurance, loving-kindness, honour, and, above all, sincere humility. But, for this purpose are our universities fitted? Do they become daily more open to the *people*?\* — more zealous for practical religion, such as true Christianity essentially is? Or, rather, have they not, day by day, become more exclusive, more genteel, more desirous of personal authority, more kid-gloved and red-lettered than before? are they not the seats of all that is obnoxious in our Church, sending forth among us a crowd of ignorant young men, who have dared to follow up innovations whose end they were too foolish to perceive, and who have even gone so far in their own persons as *priests*, to require a respect for their words, and a strict obedience to their opinions, insulting alike to the sense and spirit of the nation, and only tolerated because only half-expressed? Are these the men to deal with a mighty mass of actual and practical sin? Are these the Luthers and Knoxes of old, who are, by their manly energy, to shake the slavery of mind to its centre? We have no cause, as yet, to say so. No; if we have not fallen again into our old state, we may rather thank the sound and strong good sense and independent feeling of the people, and cheap publications of such men as Chambers, Knight, &c., than any efforts proceeding either from Oxford or Cambridge. But, as Protestants, can we tolerate this—that those who are paid to be our instructors and leaders should, actually be among our worst of foes? It is true there are honourable and numerous exceptions, but the mere fact of such a state of things demands immediate and unflinching change.

It is for Government to look to this—Government which so firmly and wisely still asserts its authority in the person of the Queen's supremacy over the Church; for, say what Bishop Beveridge please, that spiritual and civil things are entirely separate, and can have no connection, such is not the fact; and it is most wise in a Government (that can be trusted) to uphold that religion which it thinks best for the people's welfare, and to reform it when the time requires it. Rome, now, in Beveridge's person, asserts this

\* A great change for the better has taken place since this was written in 1850.



doctrine, which it did not do of old. Has religion nothing to do with education, matrimony, with the thousand and one occupations of civil life? It must be a strange religion which ignores this. Had religion nothing to do with the civil wars on worldly points of our own country? and still more lately, in the civil war for educational principles in Switzerland? It is but too true, wherever two high authorities on spiritual matters exist, like Protestant and Popish, there exists the nucleus of a civil war, for they are two principles as much at variance as evil and good, and must clash when they meet. Indifference may mingle them, and would probably have allowed us to go on quietly for years to come, had not Rome so wantonly and unceremoniously sounded the war-note.

I have said of these men that they are ignorant, by which I mean, of their business. They *may* be learned. We know and care little for their acquaintance with Basil and Ambrose; we want no architects who can tell us the history of their art, and explain the difference between a Palladio and a Sanmichele, but who have never had experience of brick and mortar, ventilation and drainage: and so on with all callings. Learning has its use, and demands our respect; but we want practical men, and when a man takes on himself the office of Christ's soldier, the instructor of ignorance, the herald of brotherly love, the consoler of the poor, we do not expect a mere theologian, a great scholar, an antiquary, nay, an architect—as numbers have been, and are; we want men who know the whereabouts of crime and misery, who seek it out, who lead it upwards to light, who can deal with the poor as a poor man, and not a condescending superior; men who, wherever ignorance and sin are to be conquered, should be foremost in the breach: earnest, zealous, active, and only known from the laity by a self-denial, a sympathy, a courage, an earnestness in doing good, a devotedness in pointing the way to the great and good God, such as could belong only to men who are the followers of him whose love and pity for our suffering race was so great that he willingly suffered a painful death for our sakes.

And it is high time that an unanimous desire to do active good should replace the barren follies of a mistaken

piety among our priests. "Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!" An enemy is at your gates, who can make no secret of his pretensions, who already exults over your presumed downfall. A conspiracy such as we have described is in active force against you, undermining and attacking—a conspiracy which has almost all Europe in its favour, and the journals of almost all nations in its cause; a trained and practised army, with all the material for a long, uncompromising war, is against you. In the field you sought to occupy, rise your own souls in other men's bodies as your enemies. What you faintly demanded, they boldly claim; what you pettily practised, they parade in grand procession; what you thought useful, they decree as necessary;—all you sought after, in fact, they *have*; and, like the enchanted statue in the fable, when you seek to pluck the treasure you so covet from them, you gain only a deadly blow. The hour is now come when, from the dreams and theories of a sophist's brain and an enthusiast's heart, you are called on to assert those very principles which at heart you have denied, and which it is, or was, the glory of our race alone among the tribes of the earth to have received almost unanimously.

We must be especially careful not to be turned aside from our cause by the false idea that the Papist religion keeps pace with the enlightenment and toleration of the times. It may and does affect to, but it is the religious fulcrum of Gregory and Boniface, or it is nothing, and the great desire of the more enlightened members of that Church at the present day is to gain one Catholic or Universal Christian Church, which shall acknowledge the Pope as its head—this is the professed aim of Gioberti, Quinet, and all the liberal Papists of the day; an aim which can never be attained whilst there exists a nation, which, having the sense to perceive how religion is inextricably enwoven with *all* the affairs of life, refuses to allow its religious questions to be settled by an authority not only foreign, but, may be, adverse to its wishes. It is not with the Roman Catholic laity our quarrel is (as to their doctrines) so much as to this deference to an infallible foreign authority. Why can't they settle their affairs at home? It is most ignominious

that our Government must wait to carry out a useful measure until Rome has spoken; this is, indeed, the height of respectful deference; but, unless we returned to the old and not ignoble plan of a Philip le Bel or a Henry, there is no help for it, and it remains for us all, but for our clergy especially, to endeavour to do away with the nuisance by the spread of Protestant principles throughout the land. For this purpose our old universities require purging, new home missionary colleges require to be founded, the whole machinery of our numerous rich religious societies should be brought to bear more on home than abroad; first, let us reclaim our own savages, "charity begins at home," and it would go hard but we should gain the day, spite of the wiles, the cunning, the sophistry, the indefatigable propagandism of a most ambitious and unscrupulous hierarchy.

That the English Roman Catholics, among whom are numbers of well-informed, liberal, and thinking men, should uphold their religious policy through evil and good report, and embrace the Romish Church *in toto*, without *one* exception to its principles, is an anomaly in this age for which I cannot account. Is there a perfect human institution possible? Is the most perfect work of man faultless? And, let them remember that, whatever may be their doctrines, their policy is of human origin, and of man's subtle creation.

This policy, at most, is only the best fallible temporal method for promoting infallible spiritual objects; and on this point I think no one for a moment wishes to uphold a Pope as infallible. He *may* be mistaken in points such as this, I fancy, or the history of the Popes' reigns is false. It is most right that our Roman Catholic brethren should think seriously of this, the difference between a policy and a religion; then might we find them the first to demand reforms for themselves, the first to insist on their rights to manage their own National Church, to do away with the forced celibacy of the priesthood, which renders the lives of half their ministers a lie in the face of God, a by-word to their brethren, and a shame unto themselves. Then might they, searching vainly in Scripture to find authority for the confession to priests,

perceive how they harbour a practice which has ruined society in every land where its baneful power is exercised, aiming at the very root of happiness in domestic life, by destroying that unshared, perfect, and holy confidence, which is the greatest charm of a happy home. Oh, that they would take this to heart—for these points are not so much a matter of opinion as of reason and proof, and in no way interfere with a full and firm belief in the great doctrines of their creed.

Talking on these subjects makes one feel as though one was preaching a sermon, unworthy man that I am! Yet, let us humour the idea, and, as usual, let us conclude with praying that this opportunity be not lost on us, that, the cat having been let out of the bag, to use a most irreverent and vulgar simile, we are not turned aside by the deprecating humility of Rome, by her sophistry, or her apparent quietness; nor allow our own vigilance to evaporate in empty clamour, still less in brutal violence or undignified persecution. But let us shamefully and humbly, noting our own negligence and shortcomings, turn heart and soul to make amends for the past, to be zealous for the present, to be provident for the future; and, still carrying in our hearts all possible goodwill and human love, speak openly and boldly, advise, instruct, and improve: aid the weak who totter, the ignorant who are blind, the criminal who are desperate, the virtuous who are proud, and earnestly, not for this or that Church, but for the love of God, spread those words which alone are the spirit and the life, and with which, the Beloved Shepherd of us all enjoined the Apostles to feed his sheep.

A long time ago there lived, what may be called, a fine old robber king and prophet, who had, little by little, enlarged and fortified a naturally strong castle, built on a scarp'd rock, its main defence, and considered of itself indeed impregnable. This old fellow as he grew in power grew in pride; he sent forth armies to conquer and rob all

estates and people; and, claiming a very obscure and doubtful descent from a holy man of old, enlisted both him and the Deity on his side, holding them up as bugbears to the timid, and avengers to the turbulent. The fortress was garrisoned with his devoted followers, who lived on the fat of the land and the earnings of their poor neighbours; and a jovial time they had of it, I assure you. They followed the true old highway fashion of being very polite when no resistance was offered, and even at times, in such cases, returning some of the booty, as a great favour and mark of politeness, but holding a sword or bludgeon over the head of any obstinate cur who thought he would rather keep his money than hand it over. So they went on for ages, plundering and cursing their friends and enemies, sometimes indeed quarrelling a good deal among themselves; erecting strongholds throughout the land, and levying an universal black mail in glorious style.

This could not naturally, however, continue for ever, and those who were farthest removed from the great fortress, and thought they had the least to fear, began to grumble exceedingly at not being allowed to think and act as they thought fit. And, at times, various unruly and insolent villains would come out very boldly; and declare they wouldn't stand this extortion and injustice any longer; but there were no railroads or printing presses in those days to act as trains for spreading the explosion. And a little wholesome severity, such as burning, torturing, murdering, poisoning, and persecuting these rebellious rascals, was pretty sure to bring them down on their marrow bones, and make them offer to do anything to escape punishment. If they were rich, he made them unrip their money bags; if very proud, he made them do him some menial service, or degrade them by forcing them to kiss his toe, or anything else he chose. At last, however, retribution came; not from his declared foes, as might have been expected, but from lily-livered, soft-hearted men in his own camp. Traitors, rebels, fools, ruffians, geese, were the sort of names he called them when he heard of these numerous defalcations. A great portion of the people, raised, however, by their eloquence and energy, said they were heroes, true men and good,

who wouldn't commit injustice even for their own good ; trumps and regular Britons, and many other endearing and vulgar familiarities of the same nature, quite opposed to the sacred and terrible superiority claimed and given by the officers of their old oppressors. The old feudal robber, however, swore a terrible oath that he'd soon bring them to their senses again, when began the same old system of fire and sword ; and although the poor fellows did all they could, yet the old man of the castle would probably have exterminated them, neck and crop, had not a sturdy, bull-headed, broad-shouldered man of his own, yclept Martin Luther, got up, and declared openly that whereas he, for his part, never could reconcile his calling quite to his conscience, he now abjured it altogether. "For," said he, "I have had quite enough, and know quite enough, to understand both the villany and the actual weakness of the old fellow, and all his generals and men, and, hang it, if I don't try a fall with any one of 'em, so as they'll settle the dispute by it." But, oh no ! Martin was an ugly sort of customer, known of old for his wrestling powers and indomitable pluck. So Martin walked off in disgust, and, being elected general of the rebels, to it they went ; and there was the old taking of God's name in vain, and cutting of throats, and burning ; and they all did things in the heat of their blood which are not easily to be palliated. But the old fellow and his crew certainly bore off the palm in everything except the victory, which, though for a moment doubtful, still remained with the insurgents. In this victory they were mainly aided by a race of odd fellows inhabiting a little island in a large lake, who were made of much such stuff as Martin himself ; and their monarch, who it would appear was a regular rascal, though a blunt, hot-headed, incautious one, having been hand-and-glove with the old robber prophet whilst they aided each other's evil doings, broke finally with him, because a rascally deed which he wanted the prophet to do for him was refused ; not because it was rascally, but because it was against the old feudal prophet's own schemes. "Zounds !" said the king, "I could have stood anything but that. What ! he won't act as pimp any longer, but stands on his honour, forsooth ! why I have enough to do to keep *my*

honour anything like from rusting: and as old Jack Falstaff used to say, in my great ancestor's time, to that rascal Pistol: 'You dare, with your unconfinable baseness, to talk of honour, do you? You won't carry the letter? Well, be off then, I am no gibbet for you to hang on.' So by fair means and foul, for he knew his foe well, all his dodges and tricks, he endeavoured to injure his old friend; which he succeeded in, and gained beside his own wishes. The printing press now had been some time invented, and after the deaths of Martin and many other brave champions of liberty, perhaps less energetic, and certainly less pugnacious in character; really good, quiet citizens; this printing press came into general use, and every day swelled the insurgents' ranks. For now the discontented of all parts could hold speedy and full communication with each other; and the case of the old robber chief became really serious, if not desperate. But as to giving way a jot to the rebels' demands, that was not to be thought of, though they were reasonable enough. But at last, forced by sheer numbers and necessity, it was agreed that the rebels, if they would desist from their impious struggle, should go on as they liked; and the old chief would only lord it over those who thought his protection reward enough for *his* favour and the love of God. "If you are contented to be damned," said the old gentleman, "be damned with all my heart, but keep quiet, and let me go on as usual." Now the rebels, who, though strong in courage, were the weakest numerically, agreed to this, very foolishly; and, hanging up their swords and guns, went each man to his business: for, generally speaking, they were really a quiet-loving, trader-like, set of fellows, and were, in fact, very glad to have got such good terms. But, confiding fools! one dark night, when they thought themselves all secure, the old chief's men set upon them, and committed fearful slaughter, sparing neither women nor children; in fact, they tried to exterminate them root and branch.

In some places they pretty well succeeded, in others partially failed, and again were altogether sold, like Guy Fawkes. About this time there rose up a fine fellow from the extreme verge of the land, who, with a small body of men, came forth as the hero of the insurgents, and gained

the noble title of the Lion of the North. War in all countries was again declared; no quarter was given or received. For thirty years, in the very heart of the land, a terrible and devastating struggle took place; whole cities were burnt and pillaged, the people slain and impoverished. The odd race of fellows, in the little island, did not escape their share of the troubles at different periods about this time; but, being an obstinate, hard-headed, and round-shouldered set, they, after many hard blows and words, thoroughly shook off the old fellow's power, and, their island being more out of the old chief's reach than any other place, and the people being more unanimous in their rising, it became the resort of fugitives, rebels from all quarters, and the great stronghold of their resistance. Here they determined to form a protesting and permanent opposition to all attacks, assaults, conspiracies, claims, or treaties the old robber should ever have resource to; to cut off all communication with him, to forget his name, his place, and morally to wipe him out of the land of the living. A small minority of the natives, however, still stuck up for their old leader; so, after passing new laws, or enforcing old ones, to disfranchise them as citizens, to forbid their meetings, to denounce their opinions—they shut them up, as it were, in a sort of religious, political, and civil *ghetto*, or prison quarter of the town, and very justly told them they might thank their stars they did not follow the example set them, and exterminate them in turn; for when men's evil passions are excited they are led by impulse, not by reason: oppression begets oppression; persecution persecution, and hate, hate. But for this the people are not so much to blame as the setter on; offences must needs come, but woe be to him through whom they come. So now behold this little island: in time got to set itself up as a successful antagonist to its old oppressor, and the people having thus put their few remaining enemies, as it were, under the hatches, returned each man to his ways, and for many years had a prosperous and happy time of it, and if any man talked of danger from the old foe, only smiled, they felt so secure. I have said they were a strange race of fellows—a stranger, indeed, it would be difficult to find. Amongst other strange opposing qualities, they have hard



heads and soft hearts. So, after a time, when their imprisoned fellow-countrymen began to think it very hard to be treated so severely, and to talk about humanity, and brotherly love, and justice—for they certainly had kept very quiet—John Bull, who was now become lord of the isle, actually began to get thin about it. "Poor fellows!" he said "why should they suffer for their fathers' sins? I can't bear to think of being unkind or unjust to anybody." And so he went on, and got the people to cry with him; but yet, having some prudence, and not being quite forgetful of the past, he made one condition, namely, that they should think as they liked, do what they liked, say what they liked, only they would give their word of honour never to endeavour to come over him or his people with the old system again, and even do their utmost to sustain and honour the existing state of things. This was all readily agreed to, and everybody was very glad and proud that every one, almost, in the land was as free as himself; and things went on very cordially between them, and might still have gone on so, as far as the old robber's admirers were concerned; but the old chief himself, having heard that there were internal dissensions in his foes' camp, and being still the same as before, ambitious and proud, thought that a good time was come for striking a heavy blow and serve out ancient grudges. His officers, colonels, majors, and captains, who had been all the time in the enemies' camp, under other names or titles, gave all necessary information, had worked secretly but heartily in his service, had cajoled numbers from their allegiance to the rebels' cause, and assured their prophet-king that the pear was ready to pluck—a bold shake, and down it would come. So at it they went, yet in a cunning, knowing way, and secretly beleaguered the isle, keeping, however, the great body of the army the other side of the water, and only sending an advanced guard, under a mongrel native general, to feel the way, so that, in case of failure, they should deny any serious attack. Quietly were the people going on, some playing and amusing themselves in all security, but the greater number hard at work, and thinking as much of their ancient foe as of the man in the moon; when, suddenly, a trumpet blast rang through the land—just such

an one as they had read, used to be blown by the old robber chief in his palmiest days. At first they hardly believed it, and were inclined to think it fancy, or some hoax; but after rubbing their eyes and feeling their ears a little, they all unanimously ran to arms, and in the same spirit as of old stood up to fight—what? Why the above mongrel general and some of his superior officers, for neither the subalterns nor the body of the army were to be seen, or, if seen, they only laughed, and thought it a good joke. However, the people did not think so, and were for taking summary measures with the trumpeter and his friends. But the general (who was trumpeter, too) had been well chosen; he was not a fellow easily to be frightened; his craftiness and impudence were the causes of his appointment. So he came boldly forward, for in fact he could not altogether retreat, and, trusting to the love of fair-play of his opposers, said, in an astonished way, "Dear, dear me! What is all this hubbub about? Who are you going to fight?" So the people said, "Why, the fact is, we don't see who we are to fight exactly; but didn't you blow a war-blast just now at our gates?" "Upon my life," said the general, "you labour under a great mistake. I blow a war-note! No, I wasn't such a fool as that," and whipping out a penny trumpet, he made a sort of squeak on it, and said "There, as I am a gentleman, that's all I did." "Then you didn't blow one at all?" said the people. "Very strange—we could have sworn you did." "Well," said the general, "if I did, egad, I didn't mean it, for I honour and respect you all as I do myself." "You really *did* not?" said the people. "Oh, on my honour!" said the general. This completely puzzled the odd set of fellows, who, although exceedingly prosperous in their commerce and trade, became so by always being honest dealers, till, in fact, their good faith became a proverb throughout all lands; and, although inclined to believe others as true as themselves, yet, from a dreadfully long experience of their old chief's doubleness, they determined to smoke their pipes over it before they decided on an answer, or saying more about it. So great meetings were called, and a great deal of palaver gone through, not without some impatience, however, and at last they decided on address-

ing the prophet king and his generals, in this wise :  
“Gentlemen, we are a homely, plain-speaking, plain-acting, industrious set of folks, who having an innate aversion to finery, gaudy trappings, pageants, and holidays, have always, as far as in us lies, discouraged the same, even for civil and political purposes, and denounced them for religious purposes among our own people. You know as well as any, how this feeling is carried to such an excess among us, that *all* outward assumption of tinselled finery is looked upon with no favourable eye, and, consequently, our very policemen and custom-house officers—certainly most important members of our community—lack the cocked-hat, sword, and braid, which adds so much to the picturesque charm of your own lands; we know our deficiency in this respect; yet, preferring use to ornament, still are likely to stick to it. It is clear, then, that we don't see the benefit of your proposed visitation to us, although you say you come in all friendship, and that your friends here really can't be happy without it. For some time we have all jogged on very happily together; we respecting their opinions, they respecting our prejudices, if you like to call them so; and, as we still intend to do the same, though much to the disapproval of some of us, we must beg you to do the same, though much against your grain, may be; and we hereby require you to let things go on as before. You must be aware that we have suffered much at your hands; that the covenant of our agreement to pursue this course, even straining a point in your favour, is written with the best blood of our fathers, and sanctified with their dying injunctions; you have sought to render the earth uninhabitable to us, and Heaven unattainable. For a cause which to us was, and is, holy and noble, we have ever suffered from you an implacable and violent persecution, which we have returned, late in the day, but still *have* returned with forgiveness, and have stretched out to you the hand of brotherly love. Does not this bring some compunction to your hearts? Will you still assail and offend us? For that a trumpet blast was blown, high and loud, intended to have awed us into submission, we feel well assured, spite of your production of the penny trumpet, and your humble denial. Still secure in our strength, we do

not deem it necessary, even if it were just, to reimpose the old stigma, under which your followers, and our whilom foes, laboured, though you have frightened some, and offended all by your conduct. We see no necessity to be harder with you than before, but certainly not to be more indulgent; as things were, so let them be. We do not approve of our old persecutor and foe forming a staff of his army in this land, regularly organised, disciplined, and at work. Keep to the old agreement, and let your followers be ordered by their old non-commissioned officers. The spirit of the people, and their good sense, rejects your proposed installation. We have for some time slept from over confidence in your good will; we now shall keep a sharp look-out on you; and, can only say that what harm you do shall not be, as it were, sanctioned by our allowing you titles and authority long since declared by us to be null and void. We feel very much annoyed at being called from our business to attend to you in this matter, and so beg you quickly to take yourselves off, and leave us, *all* of us, to get on as we can by ourselves. We would give you a hint in a friendly way before you leave, which is, that, though not required here, you are desperately needed in other lands, where your power, seeming secure, is undermined to the very citadel. Look to yourselves before thinking of us, and so, now, be off, and take your penny trumpet with you; we wish you well, and heartily pray that you will soon give up the errors and crimes of your old ways. Farewell!"

This was a serious check for the general, who had gone on his knees in the dirt to be allowed only just to get in; so off they went again; some, however, being content to remain, and go on with an untitled consideration as before. This incident, however, gave rise to a League between the insurgents of all countries, which ended in time by a peaceful but perfect overthrow of the old rapacious and proud chief's power, and, in after years, his extraordinary history—terrible in its crimes as the life of a Borgia: more sanguinary in its wars than the thirty years: more disgusting in its cruelty than the history of the Inquisition: more diversified in its fortunes than the life of Louis Philippe—became a story with which to astonish children of a winter's night.

## 103

If the plea of "necessary development" of the Papist religion is allowed, where does it end? for its necessary and true development, things are necessary which stink in the nostrils of Dissenters, and, where the Dissenters are the majority, it is their wishes that are to be consulted. Protectionists are a minority, and not a small one, but would they clamour for the development of their principles, and demand it as a right?

## 104

March the 1st, 1851, I read the absurd and anti-reason manifesto of the Irish bishops, wherein a divine right is ascribed to the Pope of instituting bishops. This religion is utterly incompatible with liberty. Wherever a *divine right* to do *anything* is claimed, temporal power is at once overthrown, if not in fact, yet in intention—above all in Protestant countries. To be true to itself the Roman Catholic Church cannot be tolerant—all who differ from it will not be tolerated, but be put down by force, when it has the power.

## 105

1851.

There can be no authority binding on man but his own conscience. Religion must be free to all, and by its own power of conviction must stand or fall. Legislation can do nothing but irritate. Even if not a Christian, it would be with no feeling of fear or perplexity that I placed myself nightly in sleep under the care, and subservient to the will, of my Creator. To have a holy, noble, and reasonable idea of Him is all I desire; and if that object is better obtained by what is called infidelity, I "embrace it as a bride." I may err, but I err in a sincere desire to think rightly of Him by whom all things subsist and exist, from whom I came, to whom may I return, and who, in my heart of hearts, is infinite goodness, love, wisdom, and blessedness, whose ways are not our ways, and who, through long travail, leads on His mighty and inconceivable works to perfection.

No religion can rightly be called catholic which requires a control of reason. A scientific fact is catholic, and when explained is as readily allowed in China as in France; but faith has many rivals in all lands, and a mere belief can never gain universal acknowledgment. I should like to know how many calling themselves Christians are really so, not in act, but in thought or wish. Those principles which Christ distinctly enunciates are to be found only among certain sects, and then even scattered; the Socialists, the Quakers, the Irvingites, and other sects, all preach certain of the undeniable inculcations of Christ, but none practise them altogether. These congregations, generally speaking, are, however, regarded as a compound of enthusiastic and foolish people.

The principles of Christianity which I hesitate to accept are almsgiving, non-resistance of evil, the efficacy of prayer in obtaining our requirements, the power of faith to work miracles, the abnegation of family ties and duties when opposed to its doctrines, damnation for unbelief, and others. For the first, I very much question whether its action has not produced and extended the very evil it sought to alleviate; and for the last, as actual belief, not grounded on proof positive, is out of every conscientious man's power, I cannot deem it damnable. As for the Old Testament, the mere fact alone of its pronouncing labour to be God's curse on man is enough to condemn it with me. It is this very labour which I regard as the *one* great inestimable blessing necessitated on our race for its welfare. The principles of Christianity I ardently accept are brotherly love, forgiveness, and humility, and the golden precept of Love the Lord with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself.

One reason why prayer seems to me unnecessary is, because I cannot but think that our Heavenly Father has a duty to perform to us, which He never ceases to attend to, which no misbehaviour on our part (owing to His infinite love) ever dulls. And to pray to Him is, in a measure, to be diffident of this love and duty which He owes and owns for us. If an earthly father owes a great and responsible duty

towards *his* child, how much more great and responsible must be the duty of the Heavenly Father of the human race; and in the discharge of this duty to suspect that He is ever neglectful or indifferent, is to wrong the infinite love and wisdom of His nature. In that species of prayer, then, which consists in praying the Deity to be mindful, favourable, kind to us, I cannot conscientiously join. There is another species less natural, but more reasonable, which consists in praying God for strength or grace to do *our* duty towards Him. But, however much in the hour of our anguish, our fall, our shortcomings, we earnestly pray for this, I do not see that a reasonable man could with justice expect a particular dispensation of extraordinary power for his particular favour. The prayer alone may soothe and comfort us, as proving to ourselves the extent of our sincerity, and an enthusiastic mind may feel strengthened, but *I* never did; for after all, what we ask and pray for as an extraordinary stretch of goodness, is, by the infinite and impartial mercy of the Creator, placed within the reach of even the most poor and uneducated person. Our duty to Him has, through various channels, but more particularly by Christianity, been clearly laid down, and the ways of performing that duty clearly exhibited. That duty is to love Him with all our hearts and souls, and our neighbour as ourselves. The means: justice, charity, temperance, humility, forbearance, chastity (by which I understand not celibacy), thanksgiving, mercy, hope, cleanliness, prudence, and other small but most important qualities; and, although not noted down in Christian means, yet almost before all, and amongst the most valid, *labour*, having for its aim use to our race as well as pleasure to ourselves. Under certain, and what we may consider normal conditions, in this duty to our great Creator, we should easily succeed; and yet, countless are the circumstances—though often not discoverable, even to ourselves—which prevent us, with every most devout wish so to do, from exercising them all, and they so hang together that where we fail in one we consequently are weak in others. Many and many cases might be too truly told of men who, to indulge one passion, one love, one desire, not in itself criminal, commit crimes, though originally they

were virtuously inclined, and even throughout their progressive fall, earnestly and with tears besought their Creator to aid them, nay, to free them from the snare into which they were fallen, and from which themselves were powerless to escape. He to whom all is known and nothing hid, can alone judge of their greater or less degree of guilt. . How many women, yielding to one minute's temptation, young, beautiful, and virtuous till then, yea, even as thy own sister, have fallen, and in falling been lost, and seek in drink release from their pains of conscience, until, drunken, diseased, and criminal, they end their days in the hospital or the gaol! Of these who perforce must end thus, who shall be the judge? Assuredly not a fellow-being.

Here, then, another consideration opens itself to our mind. The young man may be devoutly imbued with a love of innocence and virtue, and most anxious to live in that state which would be agreeable to his Creator, but he seeks in vain for a woman whom to make his wife, and knowing as well as a man may judge of himself that this would save him, prays earnestly for the obtainment of his wish, but without success. Here, the Christian would say, is his moment of trial, the triumph of his self-denial. But let us judge of the case by a human type. And how many fathers would be deaf to the entreaties of a son in a like case, for the mere purpose of calling forth their self-denial? If the son were to fall into misery from the inattention of his father, would you not as much blame the father as the son? The self-denial which commands moderation is a virtue; but the self-denial which commands abstinence is unnatural. In the case of the unsatisfied prayer to God, I can arrive then only at two conclusions: 1st, That it is heard, and will be in due time gratified, or that it is heard but will not be gratified, because the purposes of the Creator are beyond our ken. It may well be that some must suffer that more may be happier, and this without imputing to God the source of that suffering: for we can easily understand that where human suffering is the result of human evil, that evil and consequent suffering are only to be remedied by a slow and progressive decrease of it through human means. Did we, indeed, think of God as a magician, who could, by the wave of a wand and



a short spell, turn black white, and transform evil into good, make water earth, and turn poverty into riches, we might think otherwise; then, indeed, we might accuse God of evil, for He would have the power but not the will to make all things suddenly perfect, and would naturally do so, for to infinite perfection all imperfection must be painful. Nor does the argument that His justice must be satisfied, and that we most deservedly suffer *as a punishment* for our own and our forefathers' sins, lighten the case to me, for what judge on earth would demand imprisonment for a criminal, when it is in that judge's power to render him at once virtuous? To be hardened against forgiveness is then to perpetuate crime. Surely our ideas of God are generally unjust to Him and unworthy of ourselves. We consider Him an Omnipotent Deity, who made a sudden creation of earth and man, which he can as quickly destroy—a creation which he must either certainly love, hate, or be indifferent to. That He hates it, is a monstrous idea; that He is indifferent to it, is an unreasonable one; that He loves it, we must then be assured, and if He loves it and is omnipotent, allowing all freewill to man, we might all still be happy. Do I then deny the omnipotence of God? No, not at all, no more than I deny the power of thought because I refuse to believe a steam-engine to be the effect of the power of wishing. I only contend for His omnipotence that it is carried out by certain established laws, by progressive and eternal workings: omnipotence within a range of proceeding, orderly and immutable. To say that with God *all* things are possible is, to assert a paradox, for does it not imply the power of self-destruction, of universal annihilation, and, to use a still deeper absurdity of expression, the production of absolute nothing. If, instead of taking the Old Testament as the foundation of our ideas respecting our Creator, we had taken the results of facts, through His goodness known and manifested to us (clearly as that two and two make four), should we have held these confused and self-opposing ideas? I think not. Some such ideas as these would then have occupied us:—in the first place, and as the great groundwork of our knowledge, that creation is of to-day, as of ages ago, and will be as active, we may pre-

sume, ages to come; that creation is an imperfect and continual advance, leading to a perfect result, of which the world is an uncompleted example; that such a thing as the sudden perfection of an end by our Creator is unknown to us, but that all ends, many even imperfect in themselves, are the result of a regular serial development. Faith, also, is not an unconditional demand on our reason, but requires a lively belief in the ultimate perfecting of all God's works, and more certainly of his noblest work, man. This requires faith, not only in the power of God, but also in His goodness, and is a noble and rational belief—noble from the inspiration which originates it, and rational from the grounds on which it is based. Opposed to this, how wary should we be in accepting the tale that the world and man were made perfect, and by man's fall all nature suffered with him; for if this has happened once, why not twice? Why may not man's power to err, even when perfect, again plunge the whole universe into distress? Had he been perfect, could this have happened? or, if it can, must not Heaven itself be always on the brink of hell, and fear dog the footsteps even of angels? Besides, man is a compound being, of spirit and body, and it is pretty certain that only his spiritual happiness could have been perfect, not his bodily; or it is untrue that increase of civilisation adds to our actual happiness, yet it is pretty evident that the more our gratifications, bodily as mental, are extended, the more is our enjoyment of life, the more perfectly we live: the wider our range of delight, the more we appreciate existence: and we must trust entirely to tradition to believe that man, in that perfect state, perfectly enjoyed his existence by music such as Handel's, painting such as Titian's, science such as Newton's, quick locomotion such as the railroads, communication such as electricity, light such as gas, and the thousand mental and material developments of modern life, which we can scarcely be deemed rash in supposing render our existence of to-day more capable of affording pleasure, comfort, and satisfaction than the period even of the palmiest days of Greece or Rome. If we sincerely believe that these things add not only to our happiness, but to our well-being as men, and cannot imagine that the same things existed in

equal excellence at a time to which history affords no clue, we must suppose that our race was not so perfect then as it is now. This at once must shake our belief in an original state of perfection in man. Perfect the first men might have been, but only perfect savages. However, this, I know, would meet with violent abuse from those who hold civilisation to be a curse, and think that there really and truly is nothing new under the sun—not even sun-pictures. Happiness is of degrees; a peasant may be perfectly happy in his degree, but who would contend that his happiness equals that of the instructed and refined man of taste? He is happy who enjoys music, but more happy is he who enjoys music and painting. The boy is happy in his picture-book, but is he so happy as the appreciator of Raffaele? The more happy the more perfect.

We must remember this is not a question only of individual, but of general interest; and I think that where people are more generally capable of varied rational gratification, mental and sensual, and are of more general service in affording use and conferring pleasure on others, those people are in a state of advancement superior to others: and it is on these points which I think we of to-day may decidedly claim superiority over the past, except that supposed original state of perfection, against which, I think, everything militates except tradition. Well do I know the pious outcry which is raised against men who thus impiously reason on subjects which it is a sin to handle. From a Protestant this censure comes with a bad grace, for his own creed is the effect of thought and reason daring to oppose itself to the forced infallibility of Church doctrines—the right and duty of private judgment against implicit obedience; and private judgment, to be just, can only be effected by reflection and reason. A just judgment must be the effect of analysis, not of impulse. No limits evidently can be placed to the exercise of private judgment whilst it remains unsatisfied, the justness of the *principle* having once been allowed. We are then offered one of two alternatives: to proceed in our investigations, careless, for truth's sake, to *whatever* end they lead us, if we conscientiously proceed: or, frightened at the end they point out, scared by the word "infidelity," trembling under the denunciation

of eternal damnation to whoso denies the divinity of Christ, perplexed at the intricacy of the subject, and diffident of our own powers to solve it, to turn at once back to that Church from which our forefathers nobly and boldly seceded, and place our reflection and reason into the safe keeping of the Papist Church, which is an infallible and immutable refuge for all. To this end we must come at last, and many will they be who prefer the latter easy method of cutting the Gordian knot.

## 107

Of what use, I would ask, are the discoveries of astronomy, geology, and botany? Merely to know the extraordinary order and precision which reigns in the atmosphere; the long and laborious ages of the world before it became habitable land; the wonderful powers of the meanest plant for self-preservation; merely to know this, I say, cannot be the aim for which God has directed human intelligence and research to be thereto applied—no, a far deeper and nobler purpose we here discover, in opening to us ideas of our Creator, as far more rational and improving to our race—as the devotion of a Newton, or of a Galileo must be superior to the blind adoration of the shrine-bowing shepherd—worthy of themselves, and surely more pleasing to their Creator, for it must be in proportion to its foundation on conviction, more sincere, more deep, more ineffable, more secure. What is the enthusiasm of a blind and often misdirected devotion, to the devout, deep, and noble convictions of a religion such as this? Surely, the more we understand the wondrous works of our Creator, the more sincerely and deeply must we worship Him; and where the dogmas of all Churches fail to convince the reasoning man of the greatness and goodness of God, the mere examination of a plant's existence, may render him an earnest convert. This is beautifully shown in "Picciola."

## 108

PARIS, 1851.

Religion is generally supposed to be necessarily founded on a revealed creed, and it is not unusual to hear of men whose lives have been continuously wicked, nay, criminals

at the gallows, who are said to die full of religious devotion, because they have at the hour of death embraced a particular creed. But religion, to me, has no necessary connection with any Church, but is that which opens our minds to the existence and providence of a great and good Creator, and explains the duties which we are bound to perform towards Him; nor does the *knowledge* of these two make a man religious, nor his reception of their principles, though it is the ground-work of the edifice; but the love and admiration which must flow from the first, and a life proceeding on the principles of the last, can alone merit for a man the title of truly religious: this alone is a catholic and eternal belief, capable of infinite expansion as the mind expands—and all others are transient states of religious civilisation, adapted to the times in which they flourish, but one after the other broken and lost (as an entirety) with every progressive wave of advancement, which they seek to resist. This religion is contained in the grand germ of Christianity, "Love God, and thy neighbour as thyself." It is this injunction we are all bound to fulfil as our powers permit, and we must, in seeking the best method of arriving at that end, fear no secessions from conventional education, no terrors of impending condemnation, no authority which impedes our progress, no blame which our fellow creatures load us with; to this end we steadily adhere, and the attainment of it can confer nothing but happiness and glory on us and ours to the end of time. For the attainment of the first, it is to the discoveries of science I would turn; to the attainment of the last, we must turn to Christianity, to the moral philosopher, to the statist, to the historian, to reflection, observation, investigation; added to the injunction of loving thy neighbour as thyself, might be added, love thyself; for if we only loved our neighbour as ourselves—as we often do ourselves an infinity of harm, through want of a wisely directed love—so we do often injure them in the same way. It is because I see much in Christianity tending to this end that I hesitate to accept it, more especially since I find that Socialism, at any rate as propounded by Lamennais, is but a sincere and perfect carrying out of our Saviour's inculcations.

That riches are an evil and poverty a blessing is undeniably the spirit of Christ's teachings, but extreme poverty is surely a greater or as great a curse as extreme riches; *in mediis tutissimus ibis*. A Socialist is, in his way, a sincere Christian, and yet by Christians is reviled and condemned; and one great principle, namely the duty of almsgiving, the criminality of allowing one man to want whilst you are in affluence, and the immediate duty of an unconditional surrender of some of your wealth, is zealously combated by our own economists, and the principle when carried into a system by the Provisional Government of France, could not endure two years.

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Had the writer of the following pages been placed in the same position, socially and individually, as the great truth-seekers of old, he would have retired to the desert or the lonely cloister, in order to ponder more deeply on subjects of such vital importance to man's well-being; such could not, however, be; yet, have his avocations led him much into that solitude and silence which at times are so favourable to the development of our more serious nature, and it has been in the sweet retired nooks of lovely Italy, on the bleak moors of tawny Spain, by the side of ruined sepulchres, in the secluded monastery and echoing cloister, beneath the crumbling crucifix itself, that these reflections have taken so firm a hold on his spirit and have become rooted convictions. There, far from the strife and turmoil of a struggling and perplexed existence, he has beheld the world spread out like a broad plain beneath him, and observed, as far as the dust and smoke of the battle would permit, the track of the past, the state of the present, and the probable issue of the future. Still young, he has often thought to conceal these workings of his mind, until a maturer age should more sacredly approve them; but the uncertainty of life, the value of each moment in these quickly shifting times, and the apparent imminence

of a great struggle, have induced him to make them public,\* with this solemn engagement to himself, that if it should be God's will to give him timely notice of his departure from this nether life, he will, before his soul quits its mortal tenement for ever, either publicly abjure his opinions by name, or as publicly reassert them with that breath of a departing spirit which enforces attention "like deep harmony."

One great object of religion is to make evident to us the existence, nature, and providence of our Creator, and the immortality of our own souls. Farther than this it can do little, and it is probable that if it even could give us a true account of the Great Author of universal being, our understanding is so limited that we should never fully comprehend it. Eternity, infinity, the origin and end of the worlds, theology cannot define, and fails even in the attempt. We must allow that it is beyond us, our reach, our ken, at least during life on earth, and is a knowledge, may be, reserved for a nobler stage of our existence. Human life forms one portion of a progressive work, the issue of which we are profoundly ignorant of, "most ignorant" of what we are "most assured." Our race strives for a certain declared purpose which leads to a result wide from its intent. How is it possible for us to define the aims of our Creator, or explain His intentions? Religions presumptuously pretend to reveal all this to us, but how far do any of their systems tally, even with the few yet mighty truths which we do possess? We may conjecture and argue by analogy, from experience, from reason, that such or such is His aim: but we cannot in our present state of knowledge dare to assert a certain system, and religious creeds, least of all; being founded on baseless fancies and fallacious ideas, which stamp their theories at once as not being derived from the Divine source.

\* This formed the preface to what I wrote at Burgos in 1851, but those thoughts have remained unpublished till now.

## 111

BURGOS, 1851.

It is much the fashion at the present day amongst European philosophers and rampant Papists to decry the importance of the great Reformation. Even in the journals of European democrats it is treated as quite a puerile affair, and never advocated as a great principle. Was then that widespread, deep-seated, and violent struggle, the bloody footprints of which may yet be traced on the quiet earth, all to no purpose? Has that anathematised and persecuted movement been void of results? We may say that to Europe it was, indeed, of little benefit, and it now suffers from a stupid indifference to its greatest interests, or the indisputable power of its whilom despots. It was the path of progress which cut off from those who refused or were unable to enter it, all access to rational, sure, and steady advancement.

The whole animus of that movement was through various channels infused into the souls of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it is not too much to say, that its reception has placed us politically and religiously vastly in advance of all other nations. To us it has, indeed, been everything; to us it gave William the Third, religious toleration, free thought, a free press, spiritual and mental activity, and *liberty* in its wisest sense. Other nations who seek freedom yet retain the ascendancy of the Papal Church, would take a leap—which is not permitted in Nature, where all things progressively improve,—and will never attain their end, until the priestly power, as God-ordained, is annihilated. The Protestantism of that epoch must be gone through by all people before they can expect political and religious freedom. To us it has been gone through, and its ulterior effects are peacefully and surely on their march: we have gained much through its means, enough to be the admiration of all mankind: we shall gain yet more; and true religious science, one great end and aim of all societies, is likely to be formed among the Anglo-Saxon race by slow degrees, rather than result from the fevered or extravagant convulsions of a wholly infidel, or perfectly bigoted nation. Political progress in Spain has committed the fatal error of leaving its most determined foe free; whilst in France,



though not free, it is not expelled, and only waits its opportunity to act with power against its doctrinal enemies. The more we see, the more we hear, the more we know of the state of Europe at this day, the more must we be convinced that without the downfall of the Papal Church—not only from governmental support, but also from the estimation of the people,—the hopes of political freedom for Europe, and its natural consequences, are, to say the least, precarious, liable to constant obstruction, and in many cases actually impossible. Absolutism and Popery, let them deny it as they may, are close as two thieves. The present language of the Papal Church, in face of its history and acts, is mere hypocrisy, not new, but as heretofore, assumed when she seeks aggrandisement, and cast to the winds when in power to strike, offend, and punish. Is it possible that the poor human flies can still be entrapped by this big hungry spider? Let those be deceived who will: while the Anglo-Saxon race exists there exists also (let us hope) a spirit, neither to be flattered, cajoled, or conquered. Our forefathers showed it, and may it relive to eternity in their descendants; for in such a spirit lies our past progress, our present salvation, our future hopes.

I would ask if the state of France or Spain would be such as it is, if the Papal power had been overthrown in the sixteenth century? I would ask what progress theirs might now be, had the yoke been ever nationally discarded? I would ask what *assured* peace they can expect whilst that Church is nationally dominant? Is it not strange that so intelligent a people as the French should be blind to the real demonstrative foe from whom it has suffered, and may still have to suffer, so much? Could the Bourbons have acted as they did with a Protestant population? Protestantism and Louis XIV. were utterly incompatible. Under whose influence proceeded Charles X.?

What Church upholds and encourages the hopes of the Legitimists? What Church has sympathy with "Divine right?" Who intrigued for, obtained, and defended that fatal, cruel expedition to Rome? Who are ready to hail with rapture *any* absolute power which favours their ends? The

answer is not difficult :—The priestly army of the Papal Church. What seeks to keep the Spanish nation ignorant, bigoted, and proud ? What sets its face against all forward movement ? What produced the concordat with Rome, which hands over all education into priestly hands, and forbids under penalty secular instruction ? What prevents the introduction of works calculated to unsettle opinion ? What managed to send an army on an utterly useless expedition to Italy ? The Papal Church and its partisans. What, with the aid of Austrian and Neapolitan absolutism, murdered the fair hopes of reviving Italy ? What, having *used* the French army, sought by a diabolical policy to render its stay impossible, because it feared Republican soldiers ? What weighs like a heavy pall over a life only not yet extinct ? What renders all chance of Italy's peaceful regeneration a dream ? The Court of Rome ! What intrigued for and produced civil war in Switzerland ? What renders uncertain and full of peril the progress of Piedmont ? What indefatigably opposes the liberal purposes of the Belgian Government ? The policy of the Court of Rome. What endeavours to keep in constant inflammation, and hatred of Protestant England, the Irish people ; renders valueless the wisest measures of a well-disposed Government, and fosters prejudice, ignorance, and sedition amongst them ? The servants of the Papal Church. What, in a country where two influential creeds walked peaceably side by side, where bitter religious strife had, we hoped, been finally rendered impossible, sought to relight the dying sparks, and blow them into a flame ? What astutely evaded the law, yet obviously outraged it ? What through its machinations rendered the situation of any Government difficult for a time ? The aggressive Church of Rome.

These are but a few out of a host of cases in all parts of the world which place palpably before us the anti-progressive spirit of Rome and its unscrupulously dangerous means for evil. Talk not of calm toleration, liberal-minded indifference, philosophical contempt, with such facts patent to us all. Rather let us say our fathers were wise to oppose, restrain, and repudiate it, to obliterate its name and place from out the popular

recognition, and for evil or good to hold no parley, truce, or intercourse with it. And until other nations act likewise, it will rear itself up between the budding flowers of European life, and the blessed sun of civilisation, which would warm them into lovely flowers, interposing a shadow so vast and blighting that they will wither, fade, and die.

This may appear an exaggerated fear, yet those who have seen the present state of Europe, especially the southern portion of it, or have marked the course of events since 1848, must be only too assured of it. Papists themselves, a large body of all nations, are naturally unwilling to admit this, and there are ever a set of amiable Panglosses to whom every old institution is the "best of institutions in the best possible of worlds," who think kindly of all things, and are full of charity even for unmasked evil. Besides, the spirit of the times, they argue, puts Rome's old course entirely out of her power; nay, say some, she has not even the will. But those err woefully, or deceive themselves wilfully, who imagine that the Church of Rome will ever, can ever, recognise Protestants as Christians; *it cannot be*; the moment such is admitted by Rome it ceases to be the one, true, infallible holy faith, and abdicates its proudest claim: let it admit this and it ceases to be Popery. Logically and heartily it is strong on this point; here all its writers are of accord, from the earliest fathers down to its latest defenders. Their language on this point is strong, earnest, uncompromising, and, in the words of a French theologian (the Abbé Baudraud): "To assert that salvation is equally possible in all Christian sects is the last mental aberration to which a man can arrive." This is no individual opinion, capable of being repudiated by the Papist Church, but is merely a summary of all its most notable theologians, to whose authority he refers. It is "abominable, damnable, hateful to reason and to truth, to the unity and holiness of God, for the truth is one, single and indivisible, as its promulgator himself," and that truth dwells with the apostolical, miracle-working, saint-producing, inspired Catholic Church of Rome.

Let us be well assured that though the Church of Rome is forced to withdraw or conceal its claims, such claims are

the essence of its life, and *must* last as long as the Church itself. If she has the truth: if she is, as she believes herself to be, the true and only Church founded and ordained by the mouth and hands of Christ himself,—how, without a criminal lukewarmness, can she fail to advance and insist on those claims, before all mankind? As the legitimate spouse of the Deity himself, how allow, by her silence and submission, to be divorced from a marriage oath which is inexpressibly holy, binding, and eternal? That claim has long since been denied by a large portion of the human race, and with a shameful cowardice on her part been silently submitted to; but other days shine on her; awakening from her sinful torpor, she is prepared once more to demand her rights from the public courts, and with an aggressive zeal, force them on society.

The struggle has already commenced, and promises, such is the disorganised state of religious belief throughout Europe, to gain at least a partial success. This bold and well organised attempt should meet with a powerful antagonist in the combined league and union of all Protestant bodies in England, Europe, and America.

The extermination of heresy as a strict duty has been too well exposed for me to add proofs, yet Bossuet, who is generally cited as one of the ornaments of the admirable Church of Rome, applauded the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and advocated "punishment, even by death," for persistence in heresy, as conformable to the constant doctrine of the Catholic Church. "Oh," says the modern Jesuit, "all that is past; we now would convert you by gentle restraint, by argument only, with pity and brotherly love; believe me, those days are passed." Surely I well believe it, for *us*, but not for *you*; to the immutable Church of Rome *there is no past*, it knows neither error, decay, or change, and is the great emblem of steadfast truth. But what can be the result of this puerile persistence in error, when proved to be so? Do not the works of Galileo and Copernicus still figure on the list of prescribed books "as absurd in philosophy and heretical in faith?" What but ridicule can accrue to you for such stupid obstinacy? It is human to err, it is idiotic to persist in error; nay, not only persist, but, we may say, in the case of the Index

Expurgatorius, take all possible trouble that the world shall write you down "ass!" For that list of prohibited works is such a specimen of ignorant stupidity as the world cannot show; no, nor any man in his senses conceive. One of its last additions has been a work published in Lima, South America, by a Roman Catholic. The terms of the decree which excommunicates whoever prints, keeps, reads, or in any way uses this work, and commands all who possess it to give it up to the Ordinary, or to the "Inquisitors of Heretical Perversity," are as proud and overbearing as in the palmiest days of the Papacy; and this in 1851, 10th of June, "*apud Sanctum Petrum sub annulo Piscatoris*." The right which the Pope claims, and the language which he uses to his spiritual subjects in Lima, he might use to his English ones; and could any man of sense, of feeling, of education, of self-respect, be treated so without a blush of shame at his degradation? Are there gentlemen in England content to be voluntary slaves, with the power of freedom in their hands? schoolboys to be rod-ridden? fools to be compelled? slaves to be tyrannised over? Be Catholics, yet be free; rid yourselves of this disgraceful servitude, and if you cannot blush for yourselves, at least save us the blush it must cost us to own that you are Englishmen. But, may be, you are Jansenists; let us hope so, for it will then require more convincing arguers than poor Blaise Pascal, or immortal Arnauld, to satisfy us that you are still the most faithful of Papists.

The Church of Rome, with an astuteness peculiar to herself, now seeks to enter into the social movement, by declaring the opinions of the day to be those of the Gospel. We have seen addresses on the church doors in France enforcing on the people that the Gospel alone is the true advocate of "liberty, equality, fraternity," and proving it, too; whilst the Archbishop of Paris constantly issues circulars much to the same effect, and the good people applaud him to the skies. His arguments may be judged of by one specimen: "Those," he says, "who accuse the Church, the Gospel, of lauding poverty, are entirely wrong, for we pray daily to be delivered from evil; now poverty is an evil, therefore we pray to be delivered from poverty." What miserable sophistry! How does that invalidate the express,

patent, constantly asserted and practised principle of Christ and the Church, that poverty is a blessing, and the poor the express wards of God?

A nation which can be gulled by such sentimental nonsense and chop-logic as these circulars contained is much to be pitied. In Spain the clergy are publishing a cheap people's edition of the Bible, which they wish spread for the knowledge of what a true, holy Church theirs is, and because the only other cheap edition is that of the English Bible Society, a work, they add, "incomplete, full of errors, and entirely deficient in those notes without which it ought never to be read." I believe the Puseyites are at one with the learned Spanish clergy on this point. There is a visible movement in action, an assured belief everywhere, that Protestantism is going to pieces, and we have new works utterly confuting Luther and Calvin. Poor priests! they do not see their real enemies; it is not Luther, nor Voltaire, nor George Sand—neither Protestantism nor Infidelity—they should attack, but set vigorously to work to destroy all civilisation, all those new inventions of each day, which are sprung from the devil surely; and above all, science, which, with an amiable condescension, they even pat kindly on the back, but which will rise majestically in their place, and seat itself, the rightful sovereign, on the throne of an usurping religion, as surely as the sun shines when clouds are driven away.

Whilst the Archbishop of Paris wrote in the before-mentioned strain about poverty, a different doctrine echoed through the aisles of Notre Dame. "Blessed are the poor," shouts out the celebrated Père Lacordaire, in a strain of magniloquent eloquence, "blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven: blessed are their earthly wants, for they predicate of Heavenly riches." Then the preacher's eyes fill with tears, as he expatiates on all the terrible struggles of the poor, and turning to all the quarters of the earth, solemnly, *nominê Dei*, blesses them! Then comes the pause, the angelic smile, the upturned eye, the kindling flush, the confident gesture, as he dwells on their future happiness in the world of spirits, and in the presence of that Deity, who is essentially the lover of the poor. But come now; let us descend from this blind Pegasus, and

look without glasses on the truth. To be poor, we shall then find, is to be badly lodged, badly fed, badly instructed; to be urged on to sin, lost to ambition, desperate of hope, envious of wealth, dissatisfied with God. Ask the poor themselves wherein they find their state so excellent. Does it breed in them gentleness, generosity, resignation? or is it not rather crushing in every way during life? And why, by what analogy of good sense, do you think it will benefit them hereafter? The spirit sunk, degraded, and miserable *here*, is, perhaps, in a fitter state to enter Heaven hereafter? Oh, what perverse folly, founded on a false idea that the Creator will change the souls of men as soon as they die! Let us recognise poverty as a great evil of man's own make, by man himself to be alleviated and rooted out, if possible. May we not suppose—nay, must we not—that this is one of those evils which originally sprung from an inconsiderate benevolence, and which has been finally systematised, unfortunately for us all, by Christianity? Let us transport ourselves to a time when poverty was yet young in the world; let us, on the banks of the Euphrates, figure to ourselves an agricultural village or a pastoral camp. A man, with his family, through some misfortune, is thrown on the charity of his neighbours. What is done? Let us suppose that he receives relief from one or all the community, and becomes dependent on them for existence. It is a bad habit to many men: wants are more pleasantly satisfied without than with labour. The idea has gained ground: it is known that the well off will feed the poor, and idleness flourishes on the receipts of benevolence. If the village becomes a city, the habit increases and becomes a business, and many born without means, rather than work, are so degraded as to beg the leavings from the rich man's table. In time, men arise who claim this as a right, and that the rich should feed the poor is regarded a God-ordained duty. Thus the original misdirected benevolence increases with progressive ages, and carries a curse with it, which is handed down from generation to generation, until, like that of Cain, it is greater than we can bear.

Let us, however, suppose another method of aid. The unfortunate man applies for charity, and the other replies:

“What is necessary for life, I offer you ; no more ; and that no longer than is absolutely necessary. Your trade is that of a husbandman ; behold, I give you working tools, and before you lies the unworked earth. Commence again, not for me, but for yourself ; raise up a spirit of energetic activity in your family, see to quickly release thee from thy poverty, and repay me the value of the things given to thee at a time when thy immediate wants are satisfied.” Which of these two plans, think you, would lead to the happiest result ? We do not quarrel about the necessity of aid to the unfortunate, but the wisdom of the course to be pursued ; and it may be remarked that we advocate almsgiving, and much more. The demand of repayment is enforced that the man may become independent ; for, certes, there is in the great mass of people no greater enemy to gratitude than the feeling of lying under an unrequited favour. Had this plan been pursued from the first, should we have the misery and poverty we have now ? The first case is like that of the schoolboy, who gets his task done for him by another’s good nature—a most mistaken kindness, pleasant to the boy receiver, but which, as a man, he will have cause to regret. Naturally, we suppose employment can be given, which, now a-days, is not the case. “There are so many of us,” says the poor artisan, “that I cannot find employment.” If the business employs sufficient for the demand, no man or Government can create a fictitious increase. Here, then, we can only say, “Those who make are more numerous than those who want. Other lands lie open to you, where it is our duty to provide you means to go.” And hence it is that, to such a population as that of Great Britain, colonies are an actual necessity. One class, however, remains which we must support, which no exertions of its own can—the very aged, the idiot, the sick, the maimed ; these are coheirs to our wealth, and to neglect these is surely a heavy sin. But, wherever it is possible, the plainest justice requires some return for a kindness ; otherwise it wearies the giver and rankles with the receiver. Mutual aid is the law of the universe. Earth nourishes man, and man cultivates the earth in turn. All Nature, all life, is an interchange of benefits, in which, as with the rich and the poor, many



things give largely and receive but little, yet each helps the other in its degree, and this is all that is required.

The same principle which we recognise between God and man we advocate between man and man. God has given us instruments with which to insure our own well-being, viz., the virtues. "Use these," He tells us, "and you will work out your happiness and mine also. The riches of my wealth I do not pour out as a favour to some few poor, but give you all, the means of attaining riches, both for soul and body." So with man and man: "Here," we should say, "are the means necessary for your work; that you succeed in it, mainly depends on qualities which are given to you as to us all, if you choose to exercise them—labour, perseverance, temperance, economy, hope. Go, now, and begin thy task."

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## 112

BURGOS, 1851.

One very general mistake, both of priests and poets, is that of treating man as either a god or a beast, half angel, half brute, as a being made up of two systems of qualities, neither of which properly belong to him, and which are unavoidably adverse in their nature and effects. It is true that there are these two opposite poles in the microcosm, man—one of heat, the other of cold, which, in their extreme developments, become uninhabitable. The spirit and the flesh alone are on earth equally barren; the scorched and the frozen ground bring forth no fruit. The most productive parts of the earth are those which enjoy an atmosphere which essentially distinguishes this earth, and prevents the possibility of fancying that we are either in Mercury or the moon. So it is with man, and he is in his perfection as such, who, neither angel or beast, is eminently *man*, a being perfectly distinct from either, though he has it in his power to aspire to the one and degrade himself to the other; composed of a complex series of thoughts, hopes, powers, and desires, which are nothing more or less than human, which are the general prompters of his actions and signs of his existence, but which are unrecognised by

religion even as existing, or, if recognised, only to be condemned as infernal. Yet these are the qualities which, in No. 49 of the "Guardian," are justly advocated as forming the principal happiness of man, and the objects of their activity as being provided by the benevolence and wisdom of the Deity, who has "made nothing in vain," and these pleasurable qualities, it goes on to state, are not only rational, or those which satisfy the reason, but also those which satisfy the senses. Yes, these, with a hundred little unnoticed occupations and amusements, often utterly disregarded by religious theories, are the essential characteristics of a human being, the legitimate field of his actions, the just source of his desires; and any religion which bans them as carnal, infernal, evil, and degrading, places itself in opposition to that very Creator from whom it professes to emanate, lays itself open to a just suspicion of its divine origin, and *cannot* be suited to the interests and happiness of the human race. Is it too much to say that, in becoming a perfect Christian, as understood by the earliest and most earnest Churches, as understood by the Apostles, the Fathers, and the very devout of all periods, you cease to be a man? No, it is not too much to say so; nor will any Church shrink from the assertion, for they glory in the idea that Christianity leads us to something much nobler than humanity, and would, if sincerely carried out, form angels upon earth. Angels! It may be so, yet earth was doubtless meant for men, another world for angels. On earth, made for men, let us live as men, let us be contented with that state. In the other world, of angels, the same power which has so admirably formed us here for this transient state of imperfect enjoyment, will assuredly provide us for its higher stage of existence; but man—blind, presumptuous, ungrateful man, flings away the treasures placed within his reach, to pluck at forbidden fruit. Heir presumptive to a crown which death alone makes him of age to receive, he moves about, the restless, dissatisfied creature of a gnawing ambition, crying because his hour arrives not yet.

"And what, now, is to live as man?" I hear the devout sneeringly enquire. "To eat, drink, play, seek wealth, forget God in sensual enjoyments, and pass through life a

degraded animal?" Not so; this is not man, but a libel on humanity, as frequent among Christians as savages. This is manhood diseased, perverted, destroyed. In so far as religious rectify this, they are good; but the moment they would destroy the minutest pleasure which man can lawfully and conscientiously enjoy, that moment they become noxious, unwise, *irreligious*; at that moment they limit life—nay, commence to destroy it, and act in direct opposition to the great illimitable source of life itself. Where, then, is their divinity? Oh, there is something deeper in this than a sane mind can fathom. It is pitiful, most sad, that man should so be led into beginnings, the logical result of which is to render null the works of the Creator, to immolate himself at the shrine of a proud and ungrateful ambition, recognising in the world and his own wonderful body two objects only calculated to raise hate, disgust, and terror; wilfully closing his eyes to the great goodness, the infinite benevolence, the unerring wisdom of the great Creator of each, and stolidly refusing to enjoy the pleasures, loves, delights, and beauties with which a wisely-regulated soul finds its earthly course replete, and which the common duties and necessities of life lead it inevitably to enjoy.

If man, educated and civilised, is horrified at the bodily sacrifices of the heathen—if he cannot sufficiently condemn, and, when possible, severely forbid the immolation of the bodily man to his supposed God—what language is strong enough to denounce and hold up to execration the immolation of the more delicate, more noble, more complex soul? what language vehement enough to attack those doctrines which would induce us, in order to seek perfection, to extirpate that divinest feeling of our hearts, that dearest bond of human life, that very source of our existence—human love! Oh, that I could reveal to you that innermost, secret, mysterious holiness which an earnest and pure love—human though it be—possesses; that I could shew you how it is the golden key to wisdom and happiness inconceivable; that I could fill your souls with reverence for it, as the one great crowning gift of a Creator, who, even without it, has rendered our existence here so possibly blessed. Oh, hear them not! believe them not! who hold forth to you the greater virtue, the happier lot of a selfish

sterility, who preach the inhuman glories of a lonely virginity, and, with words and examples which you deem holy, seek to drive you into a defiance of self, of Nature, and of God! "But," say they, "it is to form something more perfect than man, to add a beauty to the human soul." Be bold; assert at once that a fruit-tree is better without fruit, that the ocean would be purer without fish, the earth more perfect without plants, the sky more divine without worlds; that God has given us desires, and means wherewith to gratify them, whose only effect is to separate us or withdraw us from Him. Be bold; accuse all Nature as the enemy of God, as you must—nay, as you do; not openly, it is true, nor even to yourselves; the monstrous conclusions of your ideas on God, the world, and man, are too terribly absurd for you even to acknowledge, and, indeed, are constantly and earnestly repudiated by you; yet they are not the less yours because you disown them; and the moment any religion disallows, as adverse to God and man, the rational enjoyment of one pleasure, however slight—say the delights of the ear or of the taste, for example—that moment it is on the track of what is truly, terribly irreligion; for, from one such principle we are led to a final system of war between God and man, as certainly as mathematical truths from the first axioms of Euclid; and it becomes the foundation of a building which is capped with a Simon Stylites.

All this, I well know, is called by you profane, sensual, animal, grovelling, earthy. In your sublimer moods you cannot sufficiently pity, despise, detest such feelings. Shall I defend them? No—it is for you to defend and write apologies. Who ever heard of an apology for being a man? The truth needs no explanations of why and wherefore. Strong in its native power, humanity drives on to victory, over the ruins of your creeds. It is for you to defend your Theresas and Anthonys, your primitive Churches, communism, and confessionals, your indulgencies and Divine authority, your Calvins and Pascals, your Port Royal brethren, your Puseyites, your puritans, anchorites, cenobites, seers, enthusiasts, fanatics; it is for you to write apologies for truth opposed and persecuted, humanity sunk, deformed, destroyed, ignorance fostered and fed, sin

compounded for, the peace of homes for ever lost and gone, society disorganised and full of strife. In fine, it is you who are to be called to account for civilisation retarded and religion brought into disrepute. Yes, it is for you to excuse, to resist, to fall; it is ours to accuse, to attack, to conquer. Struck with a judicial blindness, you alone among men see not the ruin which threatens you from every quarter. Where, let me ask, is that bulwark of Protestantism, the Anglican Church? Where, indeed, Protestantism, as of old, understood at all? Is it active, progressive, vital? The Protestantism of England, and still more of Europe, has taken a far wider scope than its progenitor, placing more value on the principle than the creed. Neither need we look forward to the triumph of your principles, either as shewn in Rome, Germany, and England, in religion: or as systematised in France by social reformers; on the contrary, we cannot but perceive beyond the superficial success of to-day, that these are the very means by which Christianity will fall into still deeper disrepute with mankind. Spite of Concordats with the "renowned and Christian Spanish nation," Archbishops of Westminster, Nuncios in Mexico, Cardinals in Toledo, Primates of New York, and the Papal Chair re-established by orthodox powder and shot—spite of all this, and more, we cannot believe in the future success of your aims without believing in the backward course of the world, which now for ever, except from some inconceivable revulsion and destruction, we must hold to be impossible. No, in all this, the revived spirit of Rome, the enthusiasm for the early Church in England, and the attempt to revive Christ's social system in France and elsewhere, we see only the principles of sincere, honest Christianity necessary to be placed before the eyes of the world in their best perfected organisation, that society may distinguish its most dangerous foe, and, in thwarting its aims and rendering vain its efforts, throw off for once and for ever what is an intolerable yoke when purporting to be laid on us by the express intention and command of our Divine Creator. Christianity has three powerful foes to overcome: civilisation, commerce, and good sense, known to it as earthly vanity, worldly grandeur, and presumptuous human

reason, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Cast your eyes around you now, especially on those parts of the earth cultivated by the Anglo-Saxon race, and tell me, Have these three foes of yours advanced or retrograded of late ? Tell me, Do you see signs of their stagnation or destruction ? Do you see them looked on with suspicion, or admired as the greatest good a people can obtain ?

That they are your enemies, needs not our assertion, you yourselves declare it aloud ; it is proclaimed in the Evangelists, evolved by the fathers, practically recognised by the early Churches, and in every other outburst of an earnest Christian spirit, down to our own times. We do not mention the Protestant movement of the sixteenth century, because it was then that man's prison doors were unbarred, and an impulse given to that hearty love of life, that individual energy, and sound common sense which so signally marked our great benefactor, Luther. Since that time you have silently given way to a young spirit, too powerful for your strength ; and, think you that you will succeed, now that its power is mightily increased, in opposing it ? You must be blinded by an ambitious bigotry, and dream of this in your darkened cells. Do you act prudently in provoking the combat ? Is it wise to join issue with foes before whom your final destruction is certain ? Is it grateful to attack those who would have allowed you in the confidence of their might to die of old age in a quiet bed ? But driven on by a higher impulse than your own, you will force mankind to pause and scan minutely the principles inscribed upon your banners : Inspiration and Absolutism, Democracy and Communism. And it is then we do firmly believe that you will find your power and hopes irretrievably lost.

We have just said that any doctrines which pretend to limit the rational, moderate, and sensual enjoyments of life are irreligious, as tending neither to our own benefit, nor the glory of God. That pure Christianity leads to this result, the reader need only be referred to the "History of the Primitive Churches," the "Lives of the Port Royal Brethren," the works of our modern ascetics, and the "History of Puritanism ;" but, as objections may be made to some of these cases as merely sectarian, and

others may not be well known, we will take some passages from the "Confessions of St. Augustine," a man revered wherever Christianity is professed as a model not of mad fanaticism, but of quiet, unobtrusive fervour. After thanking the Lord for having counselled him to, and strengthened him in, that continency which is better and more perfect than marriage, which is only permitted to man, he goes on to state the temptations of the palate he was subject to: "But at present this hunger and need (of food) is agreeable and delicious, and I have to root out this agreeableness and delight in order not to be led captive by it, and this combat occurs daily through fasting. Since fasting frequently to reduce my body to subjection and slavery, it so happens that the very painfulness of it renders food more than ever agreeable and delicious." And so "The appetite in this way has its snares ready laid for me. . . . And many times one does not know with certainty whether it is the necessary care of our body which requires food, or whether it is the deceptive delight of the appetite which itches for something superfluous, and the poor, unhappy soul is pleased with this uncertainty, and exactly in that obtains its excuse or defence. . . . These are temptations, which I seek to resist daily, and I invoke your powerful hand (O Lord) that it may lead me safely forth. . . . That which I fear is not the uncleanness of eating, but the appetite. . . . Of the attractions of odours I am not so particular; when not present to my sense, I neither seek nor want them, neither on the other hand do I refuse them, when they present themselves to me. . . . More strongly was I attached and subject to the touching delights of hearing. . . . When I hear in your church those chaunts and animated hymns of your words (O Lord), I confess that if they sing with gentleness, skill, and harmoniously, they do some little affect me." After some reflections he continues: "I am bound to acknowledge that this custom of the Church is very improving and of great utility, so that I stand wavering between the harm which this delight of hearing singing may lead to, and the advantage which I know from experience may be derived from it. . . . This does not hinder my knowing and confessing that I sin and merit punishment when

it happens, that the music moves me more than the words, and then I would rather not listen. Behold here the state in which I find myself as regards this; weep with me, and weep for me, all you who hold in your hearts something of the spirit, and of virtue." He then passes on to the pleasures of the sight and "groans" in this prison of his body, sighing for the celestial mansion. "This other earthly light, however, which I was speaking of, with a deliciousness as attractive as it is dangerous, renders relishable and pleasant this world's life to its blinded lovers. . . . How innumerable are the attractions which men have lately invented to catch the attention of our eyes with an infinity of artificial ornaments, with various kinds of garments, sandals, vases, and other ware, and all kinds of ornaments and curiosities, made in a thousand fashions, and also by means of painting, &c., so that they love and follow the outward semblance themselves do make, and abandon internally Him who made them. . . . You, Lord, took me out of these snares and rendered me free from them, because I always regard your mercy. . . . At other times you liberated me so that I felt some pain, because my heart still adhered to some of these pleasures and was attached to them." Then speaking of the temptation of curiosity, he says: "There is another species of concupiscence, vain and inquisitive, disguised as knowledge or science. . . . As this concupiscence of the soul appertains to the appetite for knowledge, and as the eyes are the principal means in the knowledge of perceivable things, the Sacred Scriptures call this, 'the lust of the eyes.'" Then comes pride, "to be desired, to be feared or loved of men, for nothing else than to have a pleasure which is no pleasure, is the misery of human life. . . . and here I see principally the cause why men do not love you alone." This pride which is so connected, however, with love of praise, to which he is evidently tender, brings him only to this conclusion, that pleasure in it is sinful only whilst we praise the thing and not the giver.\* We are sorely tempted to translate also the exercises and customs of the Port Royal Solitaires; suffice it, however, to say that, express followers of this same saint and of all the earnest Christians of the

\* From the Spanish of Zebullos, according to the edition of San Mauro



primitive Churches, they rendered themselves voluntarily poor, refused all the pleasures of life, prayed at all hours of the night and day, condemned players as "horrible in the sight of any Christian," and authors as "spiritual homicides." We have selected these people, whose types are to be found, however, in all classes and all sects of Christians, because they are the representatives of a devout Church, and reckoned among themselves some of the wealthiest, most intellectual, and most noble of the times in which they flourished; and because the sincerity, the truth of their creed, as purely Christian, cannot be gainsaid. But suppose now these principles were to gain ground; suppose the mass of mankind, in a fit of enthusiastic piety, were to forswear itself and turn thus normally devout;—what would become of human life, and the world itself?

I do not ask this question of devotees, for they may urge, to use the words of Lady Lambert in "The Hypocrite:" "My heart is now set on nothing sublunary, and I thank Heaven I am so insensible to everything in this vain world, that I could see you, my sons, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me, and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candles."

This is no caricature; nor is Orgon, in *Tartuffe*, when he says, in the same strain, "*Je verrais mourir frère enfants, mère et femme. Que je m'en soucie rais autant que de cela*" (snapping his fingers).

This is the sincere Christian's certain fate. You may deny it, yet, more seriously expressed, we find the same ideas in almost all religious works; aspirations after the life, the kingdom, the love which is not of this world. Let us take a passage, as most sweeping, from a saint of the Papist Church, Alfonso Liguori, "on the practice of the love of Christ." "Lord, I prefer thee to all things, health, riches, dignities, honours, praise, science, hopes, desires, even to the very benefits and kindnesses I receive from thee, oh my God; all that thou canst give me, *which is not Thyself*, is insufficient. 'Tis Thee alone, oh my God, I desire, and nothing more or less. . . . To be perfectly God's it is necessary to be withdrawn totally from all created things,

and particularly from excessive love to parents and relations." Then follows the well-known enunciation of Christ, and numerous instances as proofs. Amongst them we find that so benevolent a man as San Carlo Borromeo says that whenever he visited his relations he felt his piety decrease. In addition to this we have the received doctrine of both Papist and Protestant Churches, that we are meant to meet misery here, in order that we may turn to God alone, thus freely rendered from the works of Pastor de Granada: "He has encircled us here with doubts, pains, terrors, misfortunes, evil, in fine, of every kind, that we may, disgusted with the vanity and torment of all earthly things, turn us to Him solely; for this we have hurricanes, lightning, earthquakes, burning mountains, and all the catalogue of woes, spiritual, mental, physical, internal and external, that we may finally turn to Him alone." Turn to Him! where? To an abstract and barren contemplation? or rather to a great and beneficent Creator, present everywhere; who, in one sense actually an earthly father to us, has placed before us innumerable material sources of pleasure, fitted for matter-dwelling spirits. In enjoying such wisely, we surely apply them to their intended use, and delight in the benevolence of His love. It would be as absurd for a child to refuse all the gifts of a kind parent, alleging that he was absorbed in an inexpressible love for him, as for us ungratefully and wickedly to revile the gifts of our beneficent Father on the pretext of living in Him alone. These doctrines, and more formidable still, are founded generally in the spirit, and always on the letter of the New Testament; and if we have refrained from going directly to that source for confirmation of them, it is because we do not wish to hurt feelings which we respect. Again, then, we beg of you to reflect, and in a spirit of earnest sincerity, say, if these are not intended by Christianity to be the doctrines of all men; and then, seeing the pitiable fate to which they would reduce mankind, judge righteous judgment as to their divine inspiration. But to do this we must be careful to avoid the impulses of sentiment and eloquence; the one falsifies, the other exaggerates, and both are very powerful; they are two of the most dangerous enemies possible in

arriving at the truth, which demands coolness, steadiness, investigation, reflection ; there is nothing which we should receive with greater wariness than opinions, which the writer urges on us with an inspired sentiment or a fervid eloquence, a custom very much the fashion now-a-days, for it requires only a weak head and a warm heart, and produces a feeling very gratifying and self-imposing to the favoured author. In their place none admire or delight in them more than ourselves ; nay, at times, they carry all before them. Still, we should not finally determine from these motives, but, in a soberer mood, analyze carefully the facts of the case ; besides, they may serve, and have often served, to forward an unworthy cause, whereas facts forward no pre-received cause, are impartial and immovable, leading only to one result, the discovery of a governing fact, which is the truth. That religion is a science cannot be too much insisted on ; that the great truths of life, the only foundation of a durable creed, are to be elaborated by the whole range of experimental philosophy, and are not to be found elsewhere ; that the soul of man is an organisation, like all other created things, formed on a regular unvarying plan, and differing only in degree, and that it exists an individual and perfect creation, *per sé*, as man, however short that state may be ; moreover, that the science which pertains to a knowledge of himself, his relation to his fellows and to his Creator, is merely in its infancy, and that as it treats of the most complex, hidden, and variable of created things, so will it require a range of observation proportionately vast, searching, and prolonged. But the principles which should guide such investigations are few and simple (and are to be found in the faith and doctrine of the Universal Church.—J. B. W., 1873).

## 113

Those numerous and sentimental works which place all human progress to the account of Christianity are the mere effusions of a vain bigotry, for from where did the great artists of old receive their inspiration ? Had art continued to find its masters in the cloister, how long might the race of pre-Raffaellites have flourished, ending in its perfection with an Overbeck ? The great source from which learning,

science, and art is derived, is a period and a race to which Christianity was unknown. The Christian age, *par excellence*, is known as the "dark age," and the light which illumined it was kindled at the lamps of the Ciceros, Virgils, Virtruvii, and Phidiases of a heathen period. These and others were the spirits which warmed into fruitful life the genius of a Petrarch, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Raffaele—nay, not they alone, but the souls of all Europe. That Christianity afforded them subjects was necessitated in a great measure by the pre-eminence of the Church; yet their grandest efforts were by no means confined to it, and some of their noblest works are illustrations of the heathen mythology and literature. Architecture forms a grand exception, but it would be out of place here to enter into a disquisition as to the reason. Suffice it, we admit it in a great measure as a fact, yet most of the great cathedrals are due to Mariolatry. What, then, has Christianity done for society to render it so insufferably arrogant? Commerce, newspapers, railroads, electricity, printing, free trade—are these the results of Christianity? When the mind is satisfied of the divinity of Christ, where is the practical benefit to our fellow-beings? Is it necessary that we should hold that belief in order to be firm adherents to his doctrines? Are other nations, to whom the Bible is unknown, so utterly destitute of what are called Christian qualities? Do they not exist in the heart of man throughout the world? Are they not to be found more or less perfect in all creeds, in all systems of morality, according to their degree of enlightenment? Are men to be condemned eternally because they will not believe that a child, by being baptized, becomes necessarily an inheritor of the Kingdom of God? If they did believe so, how would that affect them or mankind? Where is that charity, so boasted of among Christians, in the doctrine of damnation out of the Church? Where the benefit to man of this concentration of holiness in a temple? Instead of mediocre pictures, statues, music, eloquence, solemnity there, commerce brings the same things, in a vastly higher degree of perfection, to our hearths. Can they humanise only in the temple? The heart of man is the temple of the Lord; home is the temple of man.

Priests and soldiers are bad signs in a nation, as emblems of the two worst governments men can have : Ecclesiastical and Military. In a former state of society they served their end, now they are merely out of place ; but their organisation is complete, and they cling to society like starfish on a vessel, limpets on a rock : they are burrs ; they will stick. The Church of old thought to stifle progress, and persecuted infamously science, printing, free thought ; it has become wiser now, and would fain enter into a movement which it cannot combat, but hopes to control ; but between it and us there should be no peace. We speak more particularly of the Church of Rome. It may come to us under false colours, but let us not be deceived ; its vital principle is the same, and it must be now, as ever, the inveterate enemy of progress. There is but one just divine power on earth for human affairs : civil government ; representing the wishes of the people at large ; its servant, not its master ; its steward, not its tyrant ; its friend, and not its gaoler ; voluntarily allowed and voluntarily acting. But we will return to this in another part. Such works as those of Chateaubriand and Gioberti, asserting all progress to be owing to Christianity—or rather to the Papal Church—are merely the old story of Tenterden Steeple causing the Goodwin Sands. The great changers and benefactors of society have in truth been poor, despised, mechanical inventions—printing, coaches, steam, electricity, chemistry, gas ; literature spread by printing, art spread by engraving and stamping in manufactures, science gained by mechanical advancements, commerce by the same—by the compass and steam. A thousand and one minutiae, now happily of every-day birth, all aid in changing and ameliorating our social condition. The more our wants increase, the more civilised do we become ; the luxury of the last century is the necessity of this ; to increase the measure of our needs is to forward our progress. Christianity would limit, denounce, destroy them. Christianity and civilisation are two spirits utterly opposed. The one says, "Strive to advance," the other, "Strive to retrograde ;"

the one directs us to be poor, the other to be rich; the one to be satisfied, the other to be ambitious; the one to regret the past, the other to hope for the future; the one to think of the life to come, the other to think of this life; the one to neglect, the other to have regard to self. And which, now, is reasonable, excellent, and admirable in its results? A labourer who is taught to be cleanly and seek good nutriment has gained more benefit, physically and morally, than all the "credos" in the world can afford him. Christianity can dispense with Sunday clothes, civilisation cannot, and even seeks in that respect to make all days Sundays. A well-built, drained, and cleanly street is more likely to improve its inhabitants than the wisdom of all the theologians put together.

## 115

It is very much the fashion at the present day to lament the fallen state of Christianity among us, and point to the glorious foundations of the past as a proof—of what? That man was better for his firm creed? Were our ancestors truly better men because more devoutly Churchmen? Can history tell no tales? David would hardly shine as an ornament in modern society. Jacob would certainly be looked coolly on. But let us come nearer home. Louis XI. and James II. were extremely devout: religious Catholics, and good were the Gonzagas, Viscontis, Cellinis of mediæval Italy; so, doubtless, were Louis XIV., Francis I., and the Spanish adventurers. The extension of Christianity was one great object with Charles V. As to the Popes, the less said about them the better. But it is said, look how Christianity opens the mind and enlarges the heart. Verily, glorious is the army of Christian benefactors to society; but was it because he was a Christian that Columbus discovered the New World? Does the history of Heathenism hand down to us no names yet equal to and towering above all competitors for intellect, sense, and goodness? For the spheres in which the great ones of old moved, and for the power they wielded, where is that extraordinary difference of head or heart qualities that we can say, "Behold, now, none but a Christian could have so acted?" Hospitals, almshouses, and charities of

various kinds are cited as proofs of Christian impulsion, and with much truth; for if Christianity teaches one thing more than any other, it is the duty of aiding our poorer brothers. Yet, although hospitals and almshouses were cognate with Christianity, they were only for Christians, and arose from the communism of a new sect. The diseases produced by the crusades caused their institution on a wider scale; yet up to the last century they were synonymous with all that is abhorrent to humanity, and the 'spital was more dreaded than the dungeon.

A social state such as ours has been and is, inevitably produces such institutions under any creed. The heart of a Coram moves of itself at visible distress, and the satiric spirit of a Swift receives little impulse from Christianity in its deathbed bequests. Surely, were we Brahmins we should act the same; and not to act so we must not be men. Is it among Christians alone that the poor are cared for? if, indeed, it is not a bitter jest to call such attention as the mass of Christians give to the poor "care," which, according to the directions of Christ, consists in destroying poverty by the two-handed gifts of the rich, who tells us that we are yet faulty unless we sell all we have and give it to the poor. Christianity, up to a certain point, must always do much good, but a great portion of modern society demands other ideas, and will have them, though it makes them. Instead, then, of wild theories and presumptuous self-conceit, let us seek diligently, reason justly, choose carefully. Let us find good in all things, and, above all, in the heart of man. Let us hear no more of Romanism claiming present and future salvation as the effect of its doctrines, and out of them, trouble and damnation; of Protestantism claiming certain local progress as the result of the Reformation alone. Let the despised trader, mechanic, inventor, and merchant come in for his just share of the world's gratitude. Let us know from experience that because a man is a sincere Christian he does not necessarily observe the common duties of life, and that the man who is cleanly, orderly, and diligent mounts the path which will lead him certainly in the way of moral and religious advancement. Let us not invert the order by which alone social progress can steadily march, and, for the sake of a vain, and often pernicious, theory, shut our

eyes to the actual wants and hopes of the full-wombed present. Let us rest assured that unperfected truths are more likely to advantage us than perfected falsities, such as there is good reason to believe have been the doctrines of all those Churches, which only hope that we may yet be saved in spite of our want of conviction.

The great fundamental principle on which Christian morality is raised, is the fall of man from an original state of perfection. Strike at this, succeed in uprooting it from men's minds, and the whole system falls to the ground. Its source is what the Church calls a history, what scoffers term a fable. It is another fundamental falsity of Christian morals that we cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon: that it is impossible to obey both. Now, by what means have we possibly arrived at such a conclusion? The answer is to be found by reverting to the fall of Adam, and the old Oriental theory of the innate evil of matter. The Church of Rome has steadily worked on this doctrine; all Churches uphold it; even Swedenborg, whose views of Christianity are generally so elevated, so sensible, so wise, distinctly and unbendingly holds up the love of the world as utterly incompatible with love of God, and love of self with love of one's neighbour. What to us are traditions of the past, apocryphal and unproveable, prophecies of the future, sanguine, and only not impossible? Is it not better to deal with facts than fancy? To trust to what we are sure of rather than what we may imagine? If so, whatever is beyond the power of history to inform us of, or the confused present to descry, must give way to one assured truth, which is, that from the earliest period of authentic history, nay, we may well suppose, at the very moment itself of Adam's supposed fall, man has been actuated, by mixed motives. Refuse to accept that tradition of an original state of perfection, and man is found created with mixed motives, and if created so, intentionally, and with a beneficent intention, for his use—*his* use! the use and benefit of all. With regard to the universe, it is thus the Creator has always acted for the advancement of a great and good end up to the present, and if unchangeable, as the Church asserts, will consequently always act. Mixed



means produce the desired results from the humblest herb that blows up to the regulation of the universe, and who shall dare to call them evil? Where is that man? Who, in his miserable egoism and self conceit, will thus revile the work of his Creator? Does such a man stand forth? We say that he at once denies the infinite wisdom and goodness of that God, to doubt whose providence is misery and despair. If then, in this case, none would be so wickedly bold as to pronounce evil, the cloud that dulls, the rain which floods, the storm which destroys, the lightning which blasts, how shall we denounce as evils these analogous fructifiers in man, the microcosm? Who, because he cannot recognise their utility, or see only mischief arise from them, in the narrow furrow of his petty life, will dare to call them evils? What are the deadly vices denounced by Christianity? Let us consider one or two. Lust: Well, without this feeling properly regulated, what would propagate the human race? Affection, nay, the most intense spiritual love, is in this respect barren: as animals, all men have it more or less, fortunately for us. The most virtuous, in his degree, as the most abandoned; and its end is then useful, when it is applied to its intended purpose, the procreation of issue. This holds good in any state of society, but is more perfectly utilised in that state which binds man by marriage to a single wife.

Hatred: Where now would society be but for the active hatred with which men of intellectual and physical power have combated what they considered to be adverse to their interests, or noxious to society? What carried the Church in triumph through her trials? What overthrew the despotisms of a James or a Louis? What fosters the Protestant spirit of all dissent? What overthrew the mighty power of Napoleon? Hatred of the most hostile nature, suffering even to death, and what is the cause of that feeling but a sense of injustice, of oppression, of evil? Malice, which is named as something different, is but the hatred of a small spirit shown in a small way, from small and unfounded causes.

Envy: All progress is founded on envy—that envy which wishes no farther ill to the possessor of what you desire than that you may go beyond him in his possessions

and out-rival his acquirements—that envy which is shown by emulation, but which is not the less envy, or admiration of certain attributes or powers which you yourself seek to obtain, or to surpass. Envy must precede emulation. Envy, emulation, and ambition are one and the same feeling, only different in degree.

Pride: The man without it is on the road to utter ruin. If by pride angels fell, by want of pride have fallen thousands of our fellow-creatures.

Anger: Well has an old divine said, that “Anger is one of the sinews of the soul.” Let us be wise. Qualities which we find so useful to man, and which have existed ever as now, are not likely to be hell-born. We most of us agree probably in these common-place remarks, but should they be needed? Should not the teacher be explicit, and prevent any misapprehension of his doctrine? If he really meant that only when applied to bad purposes, or arising from a bad motive, these qualities were pernicious, why not state so clearly? For it would be easy in the same manner to condemn equally rashness, prodigality, timidity, and excessive love, these are as much evils in their way, and yet only the mal-direction of qualities not more necessary to man than the first cited. Let the noblest, the most virtuous, honestly examine their hearts, and then own to one only sole unworldly acting principle; can they do so? They are more or less than men; but it is not necessary to take these extreme cases. To come to a just conclusion on these points, we must speak of the mass, not of individuals, and yet even with the great of this world, could we see into their hearts, the hearts of our greatest benefactors, what little unnoticed feelings should we find aiding the production of a grand result, often the very scaffolding which sustained the artificer whilst working on a noble building! Could any man, think you, be more sincere in his love of country than Pitt? in his convictions of the benefit of free-trade than Peel? in his sense of injustice than Washington? in his aspirations for liberty than Mirabeau or Rienzi? in his assurance of the truth than Columbus? and yet how many little, secret, worldly and selfish promptings aided the final success of all and each? Was there no applause of man—no admiration at home—no

stake of worldly prosperity, no love of notoriety, no hope of confusing enemies, no numberless self-centered hopes and fears, to aid, may be to produce, the happy results of each ?

Pugnacity : I need not say what place man's universal pugnacity takes in that system of morals which is typified by the lamb ; that necessity of combat which makes a wise man a hero, a foolish one an ascetic.

With what hearty and sounding thumps did Christianity assault poor tottering Heathenism ! Christianity, in fact, more than any creed we know of, is essentially combative, and from a short period after its infancy has lived always stripped for the fight, or, when most quiescent, with its shirt-sleeves tucked up to the elbow. I do not blame it, it is inconsistent, but very natural. Man is, indeed, the great destroyer. Life withers under his foot, and flies from his busy hives. From the innocent spade up to the murderous axe ranges death, the destroyer. Death perches like a favourite falcon on man's wrist, yet do we disquiet ourselves for this ? To be active is man's life, and he cannot be active without combating something. He cannot live without destruction. This is equally true in his spiritual as his material formation, and the period has now arrived when he begins to sniff the breeze of battle.

Why will we go about to render incomprehensible and full of perplexity that which the Creator has made simple and patent to all observers ? Is it sensible to prefer tradition to history, paradox to clearness, confusion to simplicity, exaggeration to reality, misery to content, falseness, in fine—to truth ? How much of this arises from man's swelling importance ! He likes to be wondered at ; to be simply anatomised and clearly known is grievous to him—he must be a mystery ; he would be quite unhappy at finding that life can be made easy : to please him, he must be born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward ; he *will* be a martyr here, and he moans out, may be for ever.\*

To be a sinner is his fate. It is in the stars. Surely it is a hard thing to suffer for another man's fault, and so long ago, too ; yet he will be virtuous and resigned ; he

\* To such an extent is this feeling carried by the devout, that Sta. Magdalena de' Pazzi was anxious not to die, because she *could not suffer* in Heaven, and Sta. Theresa regretted nothing on earth except the sufferings which death would deprive her of.

cannot understand, doubtless he deserves it all ; he feels he is such a sinner, even as St. Augustine, when a child, was greedy of milk, still it is not his fault ; he is an eternal Mrs. Nickleby, whose miseries all date from poor, foolish departed Mr. Nickleby's failings. He is the fat giant of the show, leading a miserable life, yet proud of being such a monster ; and if some sensible beings declare themselves perfectly happy : the orthodox, more cognisant of the offended Creator's justice, say 'tis a bad sign, and that misfortune will come sooner or later, here or hereafter. Thus do they comfort each other in a fictitious wretchedness : madmen who clutch at stinging nettles for sweet flowers. Enough of this, however ; though if one thing may move the spleen and ridicule of man more than another, it is the laboured wretchedness of so many fellow-creatures.

But do not be alarmed. We cannot tell you where happiness is to be found on earth, can point out no royal road to bliss. Life is no spiritual Holland, where you step into a passage-boat, quietly recline in the shade, and smoke your pipe till you arrive at your happy, snug little home. Fair is the earth and lovely in smiles and in tears ; nor is man so desperately ugly in body or soul that we shudder at him ; yet hard is it to keep that winding path which, clouded, steep, and stony, can alone conduct us in calmness to the brink of that abyss in which flows the dark, eternal, unknown river, spanned to all who will it, by the glorious, sun-illumined arch of steadfast faith.

No, the way is not easy ; were we gifted with the serene dignity and immoveable virtue of a Sir Charles Grandison, we surely should not have so blessed an end. There are troubles out of ourselves which we cannot ward off, which, in our blindness, we often clasp when seeking to avoid Xantippes, Juliets, Regans, Edmunds, Iagos, diseases, misfortunes, deaths. But even if perfect and happy as that model Christian, could a man of heart and reflection look abroad—could he free himself from his selfish and narrow joys, and dip his gaze into the waters of life around his island home, his isolated retreat—could he do this, we ask, without sorrow, horror, almost despair ? Can angels be happy whilst hell exists ?

But few of us *are* Grandisons. As a race we have enough to do in the sphere of our souls; enough evil to combat, trials to bear, temptations to resist, despair to encounter—simply stated, they are enough—require no exaggeration, should not be veiled over. Night is not favourable to the traveller,—the precipice and the robber are hidden from him, whilst fancied ghosts and meteors frighten and mislead him.

It seems not difficult to understand why man clings wilfully to this state: the fact is, it is one full of excuses for sins of commission and omission; his line of conduct is not clearly marked. Churches, like doctors, differ. He is not over anxious to condemn himself. His miseries, follies, wretchedness, and crimes, he seeks to lay on any shoulders, so as they are not his own. "It was not I," he says, "but Adam." "It was not I," murmurs Adam, "but the woman." "Not I," says the woman, "but the serpent." "Not I," retorts the serpent, "but God." And this, indeed, is the inevitable circle described by Christian theology. Never could a system be devised so full of cowardly excuse as this. If some few are honest enough to see and own their own handiwork, it is but in a secondary light, and primæval Adam props up the trembling mass of all European sin. But if man naturally shuns a course which would bring the condemnation entirely on himself, or his forefathers, education aids his desire. He is taught languages, stuffed with mathematics, and trimmed with arts and sciences, spending years in learning everything but what relates to himself; is made to read and re-read sacred works, so called, and has this system of man's nature sedulously inculcated in him from early youth: but the great and universal dangers of life are withheld from him; he is exercised systematically neither in self-restraint nor in self-denial; his most important future changes, or transitions are left to chance. Youths are taught to look on as a deformity that which, if fortunate, they may enjoy; to consider as faults qualities which are the abettors of virtues, and girls with affected insincerity, are made to appear ashamed of the very object of their existence; but through all these drawbacks, it is wonderful to see how man extricates himself from many difficulties, and

smooths others. If he steadily pursues a line of conduct which advantages himself and society, it surely is not through the aid of theoretical religion, but in spite of a faulty education and an abnormal social state.

Let the past have been what it might, we must allow that mixed motives actuate all men, even the best, and, so far from a certain class being evil, they are generally the inciters and sustainers of one preponderating desire, leading a man to perform some unusual labour, which, when done, affords him the one delightful feeling of having been useful, which is called love of his neighbour, which arises rather as the effect, than fruitful as the cause, of many actions. Is love of praise sinful? It is undoubtedly selfish, beginning and ending in its purity with your own heart. Cut off this universal prompter of action, and of how many advantages will you have deprived society? I do not say that there are not nobler motives for the self-sustained soul, but surely to desire that you should be held in esteem by your fellow-townsmen, countrymen, creatures, is at worst, an amiable weakness. Yet this quality in the Christian view of human nature is decidedly of evil origin. How ridiculous does that man become who in this, as in a hundred other useful qualities which the Creator has given him for his use, says with Tartuffe, at the first shadow of gratification they must necessarily afford him, "Cover that up, I must not look on it?" But Tartuffe is no exaggeration, and the much-admired Pascal would not allow children to caress each other before him, as there was no telling what *evil feelings* they might excite. Pah! "an ounce of civet, good apothecary!" and this is the necessary result of such a system. Pascal's intellect was clear, mathematical, precise, and his reasonings sequent and inevitable, and we would recommend every one to read his "*Pensées*," as a proof how pure Christianity ruined a fine mind. Conscientiously, honestly carry out Christian morality, founded on this view of human nature, on the supposed existence of two sets of qualities, one hell, the other heaven-born, one set necessarily evil in every grade, and to be mercilessly uprooted—do this, I say, and man lies before you, not the active, useful, vigorous, adventurous, and investigating leader of modern society, married, with a

family, which he supports, and will leave in competence, but prostrate, lonely, unmated, useless, feeble, and essentially selfish,—the monk in the desert, the fanatic on the pillar, the hermit in the cave, the visionary in his cell, having lost all that which renders man a human hero, and having gained nothing which renders him a diviner spirit,—he becomes a spiritual cannibal, who has eaten up half his own soul; a lover of civil war, who has pitted one part of his God-created spirit against the other, and, with one party of his household set against the other, falls into a ruinous uselessness—utter decay. The time, we thought, was past, to notice these aberrations, but the spirit of the Romish Church, let us hope, in its dying activity, once more appeals to the souls of men, and our families; our friends, lie open to the insidious pleadings of this pernicious system. The fear with which we observe its spread is not great, for to succeed even partially, it has to stem the current of human thought and life of many centuries. It is needless to add that we are strong in faith of God's aid in our efforts for progress; each side as confidently cries, "God with us;" we will leave that subject untouched. The rock on which we stand is not a pun upon a name, but faith in the intelligence, good sense, love of freedom and civilisation of the whole human race; slow indeed, and often foiled, yet, evident, progressive, active, and full of hope.

For these reasons we should be careful how we inculcate such a doctrine, if we consider it of any importance to hold the truth. Is it true, we would even ask, that any qualities are necessarily evil?—love of money, love of self, love of the world, sexual desire, anger, pride, &c. One is the propagator of the human race, and the other are the very bonds of social life. It is good that a tight rein should be kept on all these motives, but their destruction implies the destruction of mankind. A Christian is obliged to believe that in a perfect man none of these feelings exist, that they are evil passions engendered by the fall. The old Adam of the fanatic, which he seeks utterly to extirpate; excrescences on a nature originally perfect without them, but as far as history, sacred or profane, can help us, we find that these motives always have existed, and can

see also how they work much good when kept in due bounds, being only evil when excessive, or unrul'd, as are also recognised virtues, such as courage in foolhardiness, love in maudlin sentiment, or madness; charity in neglect of family, generosity in prodigality, gentleness in weakness, prudence in timidity; but the received theory extends not only to man, but to the whole world. By his misconduct the entire work of the Creator has been spoilt; the face of the earth is cursed on his account, and, enormous folly! labour is the punishment awarded to his crime. Labour! Why, what rivers are to the sea, the atmosphere to the world, the seasons to vegetation, labour is to life; labour, bodily or mental, is the great blessing, the *sine quâ non* of existence; and idleness, the curse, even the destroyer of vitality. Two states we always find the great Creator to appear in: action and opposition. These two states we know are also necessary for our happiness here, and we may well believe for our happiness hereafter. Take these away, and man becomes a lump of dull clay, a spiritual annihilation. We positively cannot exist without them; not an action, not a thought, not a calling in life in which a difficulty to be overcome is not the great impulse to action; a transitory state to human beings, arising from their material formation, is also required; holidays and sleep are necessary to poor clay-formed man, whose very thoughts themselves act through the medium of material mechanism.

But the Creator never sleeps. Creation is inactive not for one moment; let us remember that, and then reflect on the probability of that Heaven of eternal rest which the Church holds out to us. We are told to be perfect, even as God is perfect. Glorious irony! To be so, know we must work even as that same Creator works: unceasingly, and to eternity. Mighty, indeed, was his pride who spake that sentence: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Let us not dwell too much on this exhortation. These words were addressed to man on earth, however, that much is certain, and to those who, in the confidence of a strong and presumptuous youth, have sought their accomplishment, dreadful has been the effect, for they are like the boastful waves of the powerful ocean, which measure



strength with the towering rock, and, bursting in the shock, fall back with a rebound, scattered and lost in wild destruction. Alas, how many human beings have fallen into earthly hopelessness, degradation, and despair, by the frustration of their unreasonable desires! How is society strewn with the wrecks of those who, entering thus ambitiously into life, have, by a false estimation of human powers, been driven by defeat into despair! And these, too, the noblest, the most sensitive of our race, whose spirits were indeed willing but whose flesh was weak,—victims to the false struggle between the body and the soul. Through ages long past their shrieks still pierce our unwilling ears. “Who will deliver me from the body of this death?” cries one, in his hopeless combat with a false idea. Groans and tears resound through the echoing rocks, and water the barren wastes. Behold man, to whom a good God has given all that which might render him happy in an inferior and transient state, torturing himself with chains, scourging his flesh until the red blood flows; festering with sores, fainting in his agony, and reviving only to renew the horrible strife; marring the fair mansion of his spirit; discontented, repining, unjust to his God and to himself; filthy, degraded, useless; behold him there, I say, the man who has struggled to the utmost to overcome his carnal life, and sought the perfection of God, and tell us again to follow his example. Do not jest so cruelly with us, we are not gods but human beings; on earth we must be what we are; for the precept you give us, it must be cherished in our hearts as the possible reward of an eternal after earth-life. But for you on earth, who live and move body-bound, seek means more sensible to better yourself and your fellow creatures, to please your Creator; hold precepts more humble, more possible, more homely. Perfect, not as God is perfect, but perfect as man may be perfect; attain this and you will have attained all, perhaps more, than is known to old earth. Obedience and attention in youth, industry in manhood, marriage, duty to your family, and a death full of trust in God. For yourself: respect, moderation, foresight, humility, independence. For your neighbour: good-will, perfect sincerity, aid, justice, respect, unswerving opposition to evil of all kinds, spiritual and physical. To God: adoration,

faith, hope, without the shadow of a doubt in His eternal care of you and all His created works. Attain this, and you need not cry for the moon; few, indeed, of us can expect thus much, but let us, in our weak way, aim at this, and we shall have a mark sufficiently high for the most aspiring spirits; a mark rational in its object, and possible of accomplishment. To the body we are joined, and to the body we must attend. Let us use well the noblest image of life which the Creator has deigned to make manifest to human eyes.

## 116

Some of the principles of Christianity which we hesitate to accept are almsgiving, non-resistance of evil, the efficacy of prayer in obtaining our requirements, the power of faith to work miracles, the abnegation of family duties and ties when opposed to its doctrines, damnation for unbelief, and others which we will name afterwards. As for the first, it may well be questioned whether its action has not in a great measure produced and extended the very evil it sought to alleviate. And for the last, as actual belief in a supernatural theory is out of every conscientious man's power, can we deem it damnatory? As for the Old Testament, the mere fact alone of its pronouncing labour to be God's curse on man for his disobedience, is enough to condemn it; whilst its gross stories, read in our temples, are a disgrace to the age, and simply wicked. The principles of Christianity which we ardently accept are brotherly love, forgiveness, humility, and the golden precept of "Love the Lord with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself." Or rather we should say, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," for there is a vast difference between the two, the first being an Utopian exaggeration of a possible good-will. We may rest perfectly satisfied if we can induce men to act up to the latter precept; let us first teach that, and then see about the possibility of carrying out the other. Yet, which does man prefer most? The one is a line of action, the other is merely a sentiment. Need we ask which is most taking to a being who thinks that belief, rather than uprightness, opens Heaven's portals?

The one is a steady, unbending motive, the other is a

sentiment, which as such acts only by fits, and then if allowed its full run leads to the most extravagant results. The one doctrine is a single, unreasoning impulse, the heart severed from the head; the other a precept which, founded on a sympathising heart, yet will act from the understanding, calling to its aid as counsellors, justice, good sense, prudence, and reflection. The one doctrine, in fine, is Communism, whatever name it may assume; the other means aid, not alms, largely afforded and wisely regulated. It may well be asked how facts so evident should have lain hid for centuries. But they never have been hid. From the time of the promulgation of "Love thy neighbour as thyself," the mind of man has, at various periods, brought it into momentary prominence. But the great body of the people, bound by interest, pride, a timid fear or indifference, have covered over the sore, glossed the bare truth with sophisms, and hurried, with averted eyes, past a law which it did not wish too curiously to observe. Those days, however, are past, thousands have gathered round the mummy, and, fold by fold, exposed the corpse beneath; we cannot, if we would, now controvert a fact so widely recognised. Millions of the miserable of all nations, with glaring eyes and clenched hands, call on you to act up to your divinely-spoken doctrines. You cannot argue them away: hunger has no ears, the mischief is done, and Europe has yet to see the result, consequent on centuries, if not of hypocrisy, at least of insincerity. There is but one remedy, one hope, to wit, that reflection will show to these now infatuated men how impossible, and if even possible for a time, how impossible for a continuance, any system of human welfare founded on this principle, the Christian principle, the principle of all Churches. But if that happy end is attained, it will carry with it, at the same time, a vital wound to the social doctrines of Christ throughout the world. We have not that firm conviction of their final triumph which its eloquent partizans profess: we see no proofs which justify it, no view of society which encourages it. Far more probable seems to us the other result: not to-day, nor widely, may be, in our time, yet not far distant, when the eyes of men will be open to the light; when the principles of our social happiness will no

longer be the overwrought impulses of a warm heart, contradictory and perplexing, or of a weak and theoretic mind, but from a clear, simple, consistent, proveable, or at least reasonable system, wherein with much to suffer, destroy, learn, and do, we shall yet be saved the possibility of a return to Christian communism, now called Socialism, monkish asceticism, saintly ecstasy, and popular ignorance. True science, though it may have tediously to work out its results, is at least immoveably centred on facts, by the accumulation of which, and by observation, reflection, and judgment, we steer, as with a compass, towards a new world.

Do not imagine that we look forward to any actual and evident overthrow of Christianity. All we desire is that it will flow with the stream, not resist it. Whichever way it happens, we may be sure that its customs, habits, learning, and doctrines will enter largely into any new state of change, but under other names and for another purpose, just as heathenism never was destroyed but exists visibly to this day even in the very Churches themselves; just as the ringing of bells have become notes of joy or woe, though one of their original uses, that of driving away evil spirits, never enters into the mind of man.

Neither do we suppose that with Christianity would die mystery and faith. The mystery, which is nonsense, and the faith, which is superstition, we do hope will die in time; but we must not be envious of time, we live in a patient hope. God is a mystery, which neither Christianity nor science can resolve. The origin and end of the world, the whereabouts of futurity are beyond man's perception; such will always, mayhap, exist. The faith which holds firmly the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Creator, His unerring, unceasing providence, the immortality of the soul, the final good of all things, is a faith as likely to exist to the end of the world as man himself, and also of no easy attainment. But a mystery such as that of the Athanasian Creed, which, by its own admission, is incomprehensible, yet damnation to doubt; and a faith such as of that in baptism, redemption, the origin of evil, and the future state, are mere follies of endless perplexity, the more considered, the more doubtful and embarrassing.

A mystery is that which cannot be explained, which is beyond possible comprehension. The Churches based on these hidden foundations are not satisfied with simply declaring them, but are foolish enough to contradict their own assertions by going about to explain them; write long and learned works to show how God created the world out of nothing; what the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity is; the origin of evil; the nature of Transubstantiation, and in place, consequently, of giving us simple mystery, render it to us with compound interest, making "confusion worse confounded." The great question we have to decide is whether Christianity is the truth. Can the truth, when known, drive men mad? Can the carrying out of its dictates form useless citizens? Would its end be to stop the complete mechanism of man? Can it have two meanings? can it be doubtful, self-contradicting? Where truth is, will these be also? That which leads to such results, can it be truth? Yes, but you say, these were misguided enthusiasts, over zealous adorers, too punctilious disciples in the past, and now men of weak and diseased minds are those who imitate them. Yet these misconceiving zealots were among the finest, most logical, and greatest intellects of their time. It is certain that the Gospel was then what it is now, and the consequences of following out implicitly, honestly, thoroughly, its precepts, having formed such men as the heroes of the early Churches must produce the same effect now. You say, "Yes, but it is not meant for men to carry out over much those doctrines." How! can man be too good, too wise? If not for a guide on earth to men, why given out to men? Really it is hard to conceive how, when your Creator has, according to your belief, given you a simple command from His own lips, you can dare to say, "Yes, it is very true, and is a mark to which we may aspire in our weak way, but it is not meant to be carried out practically." Who, pray, told you that? Did the same lips so modify it to you? It is utterly impossible for a conscientious man to speak or act thus. Experience informs us that a literal sequence of many Gospel precepts leads, in individuals, to self-immolation, and would, if applied by society to itself, lead to its destruction; yet you insist on their divinity at the same time that you

oppose their application. Surely there is something wrong here. Christianity is divine or it is not. If divine, there is one plain duty—to follow out its doctrines, without reserve and without fear; not to reason on the command, but obey it.

If not divine, the course to be pursued is to take what seems good to us of it, and reject all that which we cannot approve of. This is the hidden rock of Protestantism; the grand point of divergence between the old and new Churches. The first insists on the divinity of the Christian religion being received without comment or dispute, the last requires to think about it.

This truth is what we seek to be assured of, and how now are we to decide the point? One party says, "Believe and then act on those doctrines; believe, not because you understand, for that you never can fully; you may imagine it possible, conceive it to be the truth, but 'how' is beyond your poor human comprehension. Believe, then, at once, heartily, firmly, ungrudgingly. Believe as St. Paul once expresses himself, 'Lord! I believe, help thou my unbelief.' Hold fast this grand principle, the assured divinity of Christ, and then take all his doctrines as granted, necessary, divine. The seeker for truth, sincere and courageous, will say, "I am not unwilling to believe; nay, am anxious to; but my belief must rest on the evident divinity of the doctrine, and that doctrine must be taken from the lips of Christ alone, its immutable truth, its use to man: not on miracles, mysteries, and rhetorical argument." This is the true and only course to pursue in order to arrive at a just judgment: put all idea of the divinity of the author out of your mind, sure, that if emanating from a more than human source it will lead you up to the divine fount, expound incontrovertible truths, and addressing man for his welfare on earth as in heaven, speak plainly wholesome wisdom to him, perfect both in practice and theory. Having found this to be the case, the miracle, the mystery, and history confirm your conclusions, and the whole bears the impress of its divine founder. It is this scrutiny which we do not find that Christianity can bear. We must remember, also, that in recognising the divinity of Christ, we acknowledge as emanating immediately from the Deity all the moral and religious doctrine of the Old Testament

of which his advent was the grand culmen, the last act of a progressive system of which the bodily presence of the Deity himself, promulgating laws for man's reception, and maxims for his conduct, is the crowning consummation, fulfilling and not destroying. Neither mystery nor miracle should deter us from receiving Christ as such, could we but accede to his doctrines; and though at this time they were hopelessly impracticable, yet if at some future period and with society in a better state, they promised to act usefully as rules of universal life and principles of truly catholic adaptability, we might still receive them as divine; but so far is this from being the case, we do believe that the more society advances, the better it knows its own interests, the more scientifically it is systematised, so much the more will some of the very first maxims of that religion be found incompatible with its welfare.

We do not know a more forcible example of the unsoundness of Christian truth, as it is called, than the daily conversions to Rome. The leaders of the Tractarian movement were, doubtless, conscientious seekers after the truth, but they were priests, and from their education, reading, dispositions, and prejudices, utterly unable to believe in its existence out of a Church. Frightened at the bare word "Infidelity" (for to this result the prior doubts and reflections of some of the most intellectual had led them), scared at the mere shadow of an unseen form, a spiritual Brocken giant, there was but one course left for them, the implicit, unquestioning obedience of the Infallible Church, whose system, if an absurdity, is yet a coherent one, and sequent in all its parts. Sooner or later this is the fate of all men who seek the truth, and are forced, as matters now stand, to push their opinions to the utmost limit. We cannot now, as at the first Reformation, stop half-way, for our opponents drive us, will we or not, to the final result of our opinions, and we will equally drive them to the logical conclusions of theirs. Ours is: religion declared free, and man's own conscience his spiritual compass, intact and sacred; respect for all creeds, one as another, by the State, so long as they can keep themselves out of temporal and political meddling. This is all the religious reform we seek, being well content to enter in the race on these terms, and gain it through our own exertions.

Theirs is one divinely ordained and inspired Church, infallible in its decisions, demanding the blindest obedience, superior to the civil power which it permits to men for their worldly purposes, but which it retains the right of always controlling or changing, on all points at least, which affect man as man immortal, and that is on every point; but why describe it? It is the Church of history, the promoter and sustainer of all moral, spiritual, and temporal progress! The spouse of Christ, this it was alone, but these latter times have heard the claims of a rival, and whether the English or Roman Church is the real spouse we know not.

We want religion placed on the footing it is in the United States, less perfectly in England, and still less so in France.

They want religion based as it is in Italy, Austria, Spain, and Portugal, and more despotically still if possible.

Will it take you long to decide under which banner to range yourselves? But if religion does not touch you—for it is not now-a-days in very good repute—the State, mayhap, will arouse you more energetically.

Politically, then, you have to choose between absolutism and freedom, between the authority which compels a nation and the authority which is in accord with it—between divine right and national right, between the public council and the oligarchic conclave, between inspired despots and uninspired deputies, between James II. and William III. Our fathers chose nobly, manfully, boldly, and are we become so degenerate as to undo their holy work?—to deny our parentage, the unflinching courage, the earnest good sense, the native piety, simple and pure, of those who have made us what we are, and who should be to us inexpressibly dear and revered? We will never believe it; we do not fear it. No, no, the same spirit still exists active and sensible in the nation, and will yet lead to greater ends. For through the mists of the future we may see a great struggle preparing in Europe, in which our country for its own very life will be forced sometime to enter, and will then, let us firmly hope, decide the issue of the contest.



BURGOS, 1851.

As we were sauntering through an ancient cathedral, a statue of Christ over the doorway, holding the globe in his hand, struck us as very pretentious and foolish : surely such a representation is a mere caricature in these days. The world never was in his grasp and becomes daily less so. Just as in the statue, one portion of the world only is covered by his hand. That Christianity has widely influenced both for good and evil the march of a portion of mankind is unquestionable, and, as its hold on our race has been widely spread and deeply rooted, so, without doubt, it will be with difficulty loosened. If Paganism was long in giving up the ghost, and died but after violent struggles, so much the longer and more violent may we expect will be the efforts of a mightier power to hold its dying grasp on man. In both cases this remarkable similitude occurs : that each as its end approached, divided into two parties, one, tolerant, reasonable, enlightened, and anxious to accommodate itself to the growing advancement of the human mind ; the other more violent, more unforgiving, more uncompromising than ever, and both, by the very efforts which they exerted to retain power, only rendering the inevitable change more rapid and easy.

How many who, if they have patience to read these words, will smile with calm pity at such an idea ! For say they, "Where are the signs of our decay ? Is not Protestant England being daily studded with new churches ? are not her priests in power and generally in esteem ? here ecclesiastical writers read, admired, and followed ? Is not our pure faith a tower of strength impregnable ?" May not the Papist say, "Fall ! Decay ! Die ! What madness ! Have we not a Pope earnest and devout ? Have we not the protection of the great European Governments ? Do they not all look to us as the bulwark of European order ? Have we not a new life, new vigour, new Church, converts innumerable, and a popular estimation only equalled by our brightest days ? With such men for defenders as Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Gioberti, Schlegel, Balmes, indeed, most of the chief political and literary men of Europe, who talks of our downfall ? For our part, we

see only advancement, increase, power, universality; and, let Protestantism tremble, for she must be destroyed, since the world is becoming inevitably ours, inevitably Christ's."

Let us own that argument is not our forte, there is no power which man possesses which excites in us more admiration and contempt. A well-educated priest can prove anything; these word-jugglers, are our abhorrence. Pray spare your arguments; the causes of opinions are interesting, and these we wish to know; but your arguments to uphold your own and demolish ours, though very clever, are nothing to the purpose; and when you weary us over and over again with Noah's Ark and the Deluge, another proof that in the Church alone is safety, you may be eloquent, but you certainly are very foolish. There is only one thing more insufferable than your chop logic and unending powers of refutation, and that is your sentiment.

The sentiment which adorns a truth is sweet and noble, but sentiment which supplants the truth false and sickening; thus Chateaubriand and Lamartine are to us unreadable, except for meditating on the structure of their minds. Who can quietly read through the genius of Christianity without indignant vexation at the eloquence and sentiment which are so prostituted to the most glaring falsehoods? And the same with the curé of Lamartine. It is neither Christianity nor the curé which are described, but some imaginary descriptions of a creed and of a man utterly at variance with the real facts.

For we can assert on the authority of the Church's own writers, and by the direct evidence of every man's own perception, that Christianity never has flourished, not only in its purity, for any length of time at once, but not in a partial integrity at any time, save in the case, perhaps, of the Primitive Church of Jerusalem, and among the earlier fanatics who sought the Desert to live in communism or asceticism. That which is called Christianity now is much what the model French Republic of 1851 was, to wit, something utterly at variance with its rules. A form without a soul, Hamlet too; a marriage in which the husband and wife keep up all

appearances before the world, but live in reality apart; a theory, not a fact; propelled, and not propelling; an imitation, a poor copy, and not the thing itself. Christian! When one looks around after reading the discourses of Jesus and the history of the early Church, one may well ask, Where are his followers? where the Christian community? We can see no signs of such a body of men. Partially all are Christians, perhaps; but in the full meaning of those doctrines we face a blank; and were those principles fully carried out we should look in vain, for the world would be unpeopled, or, if not in vain, with indignation, for we should see a world of universal internecine war between man and his own soul, calling that evil which was made good, and withstanding the plainest duties, the most evident meanings of his creation.

The Christianity of Southern Europe is a mere *pot-pourri* of Paganism, Heathenism, and Christianity, the natural consequence of tribe amalgamation, in Italy especially; and is well illustrated by Perret's researches in the Catacombs, where the subject of the art is Christian, the forms and attributes Heathen. The Abbé Fleury expressly says that the Romans could never be induced to desist altogether from their rites, and the Pagans were never able perfectly to comprehend Christianity: in fact, "The world in becoming Christian did not cease to be the world." This truth has been well treated of by various writers and historians, and to this day the streets of Paris resound with the confused echoes of the Roman Saturnalia. In Southern Europe that which we understand by superstition has entered largely into the formation and practice of Christianity; whilst in the North, and especially with the Anglo-Saxon race, although existing in different small sects with more or less truth, yet, among the great mass of the community, it has ceased to be a moving power at all, and remains a venerable and picturesque centre, round which are grouped the new wings and fresh dwellings, and which they are unwilling to destroy, not so much from fear of its fall injuring the modern parts, as from sentiments of love and reverence for the antique and venerable: of a certain affection, kindly and to be cherished, for those places where our forefathers dwelt, for the cradles over which the good

angels of humanity watched, and, let us add, from a certain undefined fear of a ghost (for the place is haunted) which is to pursue to a terrible death here, and with torments hereafter, all sacrilegious offenders.

The sects among whom Christianity was and is most conscientiously carried out are regarded as fanatical, and often noxious to the community: from the Roman Catholic Church, with its inspired infallibility, down to those who pray with firm faith for present temporal, substantial gifts, or those who still receive the gift of unknown tongues—all these, say the modern educated Christian, attend over much to the letter, rest too literally on the very words of God, and forget the spirit in so doing, adding, in the words of the Apostle, that “the letter killeth,” &c., although Luther says “the literal meaning of Scripture is the whole foundation of faith,” however, spite of Luther, Melancthon, and Hooker, we fully agree with him, and deem this actual contradiction of the spirit and the letter of the acts and the doctrine as one of the heaviest arguments against the divinity of the author. The heart which dictated was tender, far surpassing in its power of love all other men, and, indeed, we may well say divine; but the understanding which expressed its impulses was limited, imperfect, often intolerant, self-satisfied, and weak. The one is the spirit of Christ, the other his doctrines; and from their inequality—nay, dissimilitude—are produced the most conflicting results. The one is replete with pity for poverty, the other propounds communism as the way to destroy it; the one proclaims fraternity among men, the other spreads confusion and strife; the one preaches absolute equality, the other commands obedience to all authority; the one begs forgiveness for its ruthless enemies, even with its expiring sighs, and the other declares that his deniers shall be denied by him before the Great Judge; the one is, and will continue to be, a great humanising spirit among all men and all times, the other is often a worthless counsellor, and not unfrequently a dangerous enemy, for, through it, we rest exposed to all the various fanaticisms, religious and social, which have afflicted Europe since the *Æra*. Our families are liable to continual inroads from the Churches, utterly regardless of all domestic duties, and our

state to the far wider and more dangerous revolutions of organised and fanatical communism.

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BURGOS, 1851.

"Love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself" is the simple yet compendious doctrine of Jesus, which time past failed to place in so strong and striking a light, which time to come will fail probably of seeing fully perfected, even in its modified form of "Love the Lord above all things, and do unto thy neighbour as you would he should do unto you." The way of attaining this end is all we quarrel about. You say "Through the historic and poetic Scriptures, and the precepts of our Saviour." We say, "Through science and social statistics." Not that, on this account, we would put aside the other, or destroy any helps to devotional feeling and knowledge. In the deep, tender, noble love of suffering humankind which pervades most of the discourses of Christ we are at once lost in admiration, sympathy, gratitude, adoration, and then truly may the warm tear flow from the full heart, the head be lowly bent, the book pressed fervently to your bosom, whilst from the purest sense of human nature springs forth the worship of a tender love, and the heart, in the ecstasy of its recognition, whispers to itself, "My Lord and my God." Ah, would that it could end here; would that the understanding could be satisfied as surely as the heart—nay, would even that this spirit pervaded all the discourses of Christ, but it does not. Christ is, indeed, a respecter of persons—he respects the poor alone, he has no sympathy for the rich; he never, acknowledging the involuntary carelessness which riches produce, speaks calmly and kindly to the wealthy, owning how their wealth stands between them and sympathy with practical suffering, and pointing out the way in which their heedlessness and heartlessness may be remedied, and their riches put to good use. They are to him pariahs; with them he has no peace, no word of consolation, of hope, of excuse; on earth they are happy (false idea!), in Heaven there is hardly place for them. It is never once even so much as hinted that riches, by proper application, are a great blessing to the possessor and to the

world; there is nothing but fierce, blind denunciation of the whole class, whose only expiation can be to render themselves poor as quickly as possible; nothing less will serve. Poverty is a virtue pleasing to God, the proper state of the holy man, the passport to Heaven! But how much justice, how much sense, is there in such doctrines? Can we be surprised at the stubborn unbelief of the richer Jews? How do you treat the Socialists of to-day, you Christians, who hold somewhat the same principles? Do you not hunt, persecute, and revile them, because you think they wish to alleviate the misery of the very poor by despoiling the very rich? Do you not deride them as Utopians, and hate them as levellers? And yet their principles are really the same as those of Christ; his precepts form the foundation of their systems; and you thus oppose, in fact, the very doctrines you profess. There is another point which was among the first to raise doubts in us as to the confident reception of Christ's doctrines—that was, the unconditionally-declared everlasting damnation of whosoever denied Christ to be the Son of God. Do not attempt to explain it away; be honest. It is there—plain, concise, determined, from his own lips. From the earliest period of budding thought we stopped here, and from hence date many and thick-coming after doubts. Is God more cruel than man? Are we to be punished for that which is out of our power to control? With all the will in the world to believe, man cannot do so if his understanding is not convinced; belief must rest on a cause, and, in such a case, belief is beyond control. Not all the wish and all the tortures of a weak body can make Galileo believe what he has good cause to consider as false.

There was one especial case which always moved our pity; it was that of Shelley. The vindication of his life has yet to be written; it would be the vindication of a principle. May he be now free from that persecution which hunted him on earth, and rest in that perfect love, happiness, and devotion which his soul, tender, warm, and pure above those of other less-gifted men, was so capable of appreciating.

But to return to the point. Man must believe, or expect eternal torture. Well, we will not discuss in our weak human way the apparent injustice of this alternative, and

should, perhaps, if a Roman Catholic, be silent, and force superstition to save us from punishment, resting satisfied that God, who searches the innermost thoughts of man, his heart, and veins, will be content with this formal profession. The priest, we should say, told us it was a mystery to believe, not to discuss, and so we have received it. But the Protestant Church has entered boldly into the arena, and challenges—nay, demands—investigation. There can only be two guiding principles in religious faith—unquestioning obedience or free thought; for the moment that we are taught obedience, but up to a certain point—as, for instance, unqualified belief in the divinity of Christ, yet, free judgment on the doctrines commanded by him—we fall sequently into universal freedom of thought, for we cannot discuss the one without coming to a decision on the other. It is a case of axiom and demonstration; we are told to hold firmly to the axiom, and prove it by the demonstration. Now, if that demonstration is unsatisfactory, the axiom is so likewise. It is a simple case, and which side to choose we cannot for a moment doubt; for it was long an axiom that the sun went round the earth, but the proofs did not satisfy certain inquirers, and, by laborious thought and investigation, they finally proved the very contrary. This is the great inconsistency of the Protestant Churches; we are commanded, on pain of eternal torture, to believe in Christ's divinity, and are given a demonstration, which to many is unsatisfactory. Either there must be blind obedience, which is truly slavish superstition, to all the dogmas and doctrines of the Gospel, or free permission to doubt all without penalty.

Educated, then, as Protestants, we are permitted to think for ourselves, and we seek not for the proof of that divinity in mystery, prophecy, miracle, or any after defences, but in the very doctrines themselves. If those doctrines were alone incomprehensible or contradictory, still we might hold the belief before described; but if we find in them the foundations of many creeds, not merely repugnant to the commonest justice and sense, but actually baneful to humankind, can we still profess ourselves believers in the divinity of the preacher? Assuredly not. We have mentioned many of the points on which we dissent be-

fore; there are yet others, viz., that poverty is a good state for man; that riches are a curse. If riches tempt a man to sin one way, surely poverty tempts man in another way, and not less terribly. Is not poverty an unmitigated misfortune alike to the soul as to the body of man; to himself and to others? Depend on it, the beauty of poverty is apocryphal.

That man is necessarily wicked from the original fall, and that only one way is open to him for salvation—belief—(*vide* Article xviii. Anglican Church Creed). It is, indeed, a wonder that man is no worse than he is, after the unwearied constancy with which his diabolism has been dinned into him; right and left he gets it: “a mass of corruption,” “desperately wicked,” “born in sin,” “the child of wrath,” “hell-born;” if he has not fully believed this it has been from no want of zeal in the preachers; you cannot be wicked enough to please them. Sinners are the elect of God; from such are the picked men. The greater the sinner the greater the saint. As for the merely moral man, the man who obeys his religion and law, such as it is, and walks uprightly by his natural light, he is very well in his way, poor man; may be the Lord will open his eyes after death; if not, why such a state of self-satisfied morality in an unbeliever is a desperate hardener of the heart; but God is merciful. This is a liberal Christian’s feeling; but for the rigid Churchman, the model priest, has the man been married, but not at Church; has he died unbaptized, has he failed in attending the sacraments, has he dared to be a Socialist, a Quaker, an Unitarian, a Dissenter of any style, a Rationalist, an Infidel, the ground of the Church shall not be defiled with his wretched corpse; the gates of Heaven are declared utterly closed against him. Do we exaggerate? Instances occur daily of these scandalous outrages on the good sense and good heart of man; on the infinite love of the Deity.

Thus a premium has been put on poverty, sin, and superstition, and a ban pronounced against riches, morality, and reason. When will this state of things change as a widely-spread principle? When will it be allowed that man does naturally prefer good to evil? that he is not so anxious to tread the wrong path? that there is that in the heart of the mass of men which is called among them—



selves honour and honesty, which is known throughout the universe as truth? that all germs of all good lie there in the root, and that the way to nurse them into fruitful life is not by showing how wicked, but how good he may be? that a righteous life is not painful? that sin and poverty do not receive the special sympathy of the Creator?—in fine, that the method by which man is to be raised and kept in spiritual, mental, and bodily progress is not by burdening him with a sense of the depths of degradation to which he may fall, but by inspiring him with a view of the excellence to which he may attain; not as a being who exists only in the theories of Churchmen, but as a being who is here on earth, with earthly wants, desires, and hopes, all favourable to himself and to his fellow-creatures when guided by the love of God, by reason, and moderation? When, in fact, will common sense triumph as a system over the vainest and most pernicious of fantasies which perhaps has been ever thrown in the way of man? How long must we wait for this? Distant, may be, is yet the hour, for man clings with a more than Chinese obstinacy to old ideas; and in the Basque provinces, with ploughs on each side, the earth is still upturned by the hand-worked prong! You will say that Christianity is here attacked, yet that is not exactly the case. The words of Christ himself, the excellent epistles of some of his Apostles we would wish in every man's hand; there is that in them which the best and wisest among us may well meditate on and love, and what there is of evil, history informs us is devoid of irresistible power in working mischief. A few individuals suffer, but the great mass of men shut their eyes to what they do not wish to see, fortunately for the progress and happiness of our race. Who, in differing from such doctrines, can differ but reverently and with awe? Bad of heart must he be who can scoff at those sublime discourses, which if, evidently founded on false theories, yet are, as evidently, dictated by the purest, holiest feelings. It is not, then, the work so much that we attack, as its development through the Churches, which seem to have picked out all the worst portions as the most prominent features of their creeds, which rise among and above us, self-satisfied, God-ordained, intolerant corporations, and only too

powerful, even at this day, claiming precedence over all mankind, presuming to stand between man and his Maker; nay, assuming at times the prerogative of the Deity himself, saving and damning as their blindness directs; preaching love, yet practising hate and aversion to each other; poverty, yet greedy of wealth; humility, yet mad with pride.

Hard would it be to point out the practical services of any established Church, or, if any, one in which that same service is not rendered a hundredfold more serviceable by laymen.

Is it in the spread of knowledge? Where is the Church's library for the people? Throughout Europe the authors read are laymen, the publishers laymen. The Church has reason to be proud of its literary men, but it is a literature for individuals, and certainly works very little on the masses. The literature which attracts them, the Churches, however, will not approve of, and not unfrequently, more especially on the Continent, with reason. Well! who, then, have sent out among millions of the poor throughout Europe those almanacks and cheap tracts which bring the doctor, the chemist, the astronomer, the Church itself, everything, in fact, connected with daily life, to the humblest homes? It certainly is not in the printing department that any Church shines, except for party purposes. The Anglican Church can point to its cheap Bibles: the comparative value between a work commencing with an actual falsity or unmeaning allegory and ending with a brain-distracting vision, and the simple, useful directions of a good almanack or one of those cheap periodicals, which are an honour to their compilers, may well be a matter of opinion. The spread of the Bible is quite distinct from the spread of knowledge. Something they have done for education, and prevented more. Those things which are generally considered as the great advantages of the day—railroads, newspapers, reform bills, cemeteries, drainage, baths, gas, mechanics' institutes, reading and lecture rooms, museums, galleries, rational amusements, did these rise from the efforts, under the direction, at the expense of any Church? It may be very wicked, but we would rather see these things in a nation, minus an established Church,

than see an established Church, minus these things. Certainly the present is preferable to the past. But if the Churches of to-day fail in spreading knowledge and welfare, at any rate they profess to humanise through the heart. It is useless our discussing the perversity and wilful folly of the world, yet the fact is that all Europe is moved by lay writers of its own, and there can be little doubt that works of fiction, so far from being unimportant, are unfailing formers of national and individual character, the more popularly spread the more evident their effect; and the tear which falls on Nelly's grave, the mirth which rises at Pickwick's adventures nurse a germ in every heart, which will spring up very widely into kindly life. Is the effect of our literature past and present unmarked on us as a nation? And in France do we not see Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau, Dumas, Sue, Sand, Balzac, and De Kock actively moving through the national life? But why pursue this subject farther? The leaders of society to-day are not popes, bishops, or priests, yet society, with a blind love for them because they are ancient and respectable, treats them with a deference which hard-working, honest servants of the public in vain may expect; nay, the civil power itself in the person of its chief, condescends to a mutual treaty of respect with them. "Anoint me," says the sovereign, "and I will uphold you;" and all this notwithstanding the utter negation of almost all men, from the Government itself downwards, of an inherent sacredness in any religious priesthood. Thus an example is set of deference, not for religion, but for a Church, by that very power which should be foremost to attack its enemy, for that is the real character of every great established Church before a popular Government.

Let us, however, own to a vast difference in the degrees of evil between the two principal Churches in Great Britain. Protestantism has many claims on our consideration, and, if pure, as the advocate of individual belief, would be, perhaps, desirable, but the Anglican Church, in its present form, is but a miserable, timid, and bungling attempt at an opposition to the Romish system, without inspiration or discipline, and pretty sure in time to fall from its own inherent want of coherence, holding it knows not

what, some say inspiration, others free thought, others, again, both or neither, and which profess to have a claim to catholicity, by being all things to all men, asserting Gorham and Exeter, Hampden and Pusey, Low Churchmen and High, to be equally its adherents and followers. One thing, however, is certain, there is a strong and pure Protestant spirit of the right sort in the nation, and even in a great body of the Church, which allays much of our anxiety.

But for a great portion of the Continent what can be more galling, more hopeless, more pitiable, than to see how Popery has entered into the very life-blood of the people? How difficult it is, even for the most intelligent, to escape its influence! to refuse recognition of its power! A man may become an infidel, but not the less dislikes Protestantism, and leans towards his old tutors. Governments without faith yet have faith in the Church. It is forbidden to speak or write against it; it is in power and in favour; it is the last hope of those wicked Governments which clutch wildly at straws to save themselves from destruction; it is heralded in the streets, it catches the ear, the eye of the poor; it enters into the movement it cannot resist; it breathes from the Throne; it acts in the State; it preaches in the pulpits; it is fortified in the greatest cities; it pierces to the remotest hut; it has, in fine, the one great powerful feature, which all movements of progression are devoid of—a complete, universal, and worldly-wise organisation, and it would seem that society in Europe may beat wildly against the bars of its cage, only to die in exhausted despair. And yet not so; no, no; we have a faith in God, and in man, too, which assures us of the final, and, perhaps, not distant, annihilation of this terrible system—the most fearfully complete, perhaps, the world has ever seen. Force is unavailing against it, violence it derides. Those who think the deposal of a Roman Pope would destroy that system, or even inconvenience it, mightily mistake the nature of the power they attack. Before it is overcome the ideas of religion and human nature which now pervade Europe must be held up to ridicule and contempt, or the great principle of Protestantism, the right of private judgment, be enforced. Yet, as far as we can solve the difficulty,

we must and do conclude that it is only through a prior state of infidelity that European society can enter with assurance into that path of goodness, progress, and liberty which men are now beginning to perceive through the faint, misty, and trembling light of a new dawn. Many will exclaim at this, "What impious wickedness! What an awful perversion of mind! Universal infidelity! Why, rather than that, we would clutch the grossest fable that superstition can offer—anything rather than have that aching, wretched void of unbelief." Thus has written Wordsworth, thus Bacon.\* But does what you understand by infidelity involve an utter want of belief? and of what? Why, you may as well tell a man that because he has thrown aside his old clothing and wears new he walks naked. Surely if we give up your faith, we may have found a better, and we trust we have. But this is digressing. The language just made use of would, no doubt, be very general. It is this feeling which drives so many to the Papal pill. And yet it is a fact that thousands, nay, millions probably, who attend their churches and profess themselves believers, are very lukewarm adherents, even among Protestants, whilst the mass of utter and mischievous infidelity in Roman Catholic countries is enormous, and daily increasing. The evil, if you deem it one, exists, and it is a wise object to place bounds to unbelief, and restrain that violence which generally succeeds too sudden a revulsion of ideas.

It surely is not good that, in rejecting that which makes us infidels, namely, the divinity of Christ, we should reject everything connected with his doctrines, or disbelieve the inspiration which dictated all that is evidently good. Inspiration does not imply divinity. The meanest man lives and thinks but by inspiration; but all ages have seen some individuals chosen above others as the channels of communication between man and his Maker; they have been the instruments of a certain purpose, which, when fulfilled, are replaced by others. All history shows us this, and the world seems now to have entered on a career of vigorous progress, where no longer one man, or one

\* Bacon, however, in his essay on Superstition, says justly, "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him." The whole essay well deserves attention in these times.

principle, directs its steps, but where the whole series of human labour, thought, and experience, in a palpable and practical form, leads the way to an ulterior amelioration of the human race, reaching beyond even the power of the most wise to foretel. Among these means we cannot recognise revealed religion as the prime moving power. It neither enlarges the mind, like the discoveries of science, touches the feelings, or adjusts morality, like the works of our most valued authors, nor aids our material welfare, like the efforts of invention, or the laws of a wise Legislature.

We may well ask what is it doing then? Its utmost reply, even from friends, can be that, if well conducted, it aids the development of all these benefits; from its enemies you will find it held up as an impediment to advancement, and with history too often to confirm the charge.

In place, then, of forming man on Christianity alone, we would wish to see him collecting all good from all sources, giving most honour to that which is of most service to his noblest faculties, keeping his seventh day of rest or pleasure as he chooses, but never forgetting on that day especially to honour that Deity under whose will and direction he hopes to do good here, and to be rendered more perfect hereafter; then let thanksgiving and adoration arise with the notes of the full-toned organ and sonorous choir. Then let him rest before the statues of the great and good; receive impressions and instruction from the coloured canvas, telling of noble deeds and heroic sufferings, of all the joys and trials incident to his nature. Then let the words of the preacher be replete with knowledge for the mind, and with kindness to the heart—holding forth with a manly and reasonable devoutness, not ranting, maudlin, or careless, the wonderful ways, the noble ends, the eternal love and providence of Him through whom not we alone, but the entire and unknown universe lives, moves, and has its being.

There are some who "will not serve God though the devil bid them," who will receive no benefit, learn no wisdom, if it is to be derived from what they call an enemy. It was thus the Spaniards, not satisfied with extirpating the Arabs,

destroyed their literature, their science, their art. What a blind passion is this, through which all mankind is wounded! Spain is, indeed, a standing lesson for bigots of all classes. Compare the Spain of the Moors, the Spain of Charles V., with the Spain of to-day, and what a falling off is there! The cause: a blind bigotry, which first destroyed or exiled its best benefactors, which did no good with its wealth, but spread in pompous language the puissance and divinity of the Papal faith, which held its own belief to be the test of civilization and to form the only claim on its consideration. But do you differently; learn even from your foes, and use your wealth, not for the endowment of religious power, the extension of theoretic belief, but for the diminution of human evil and misery. Do this, and the blessing of God, the blessings of men will dwell with increase in your habitations. Do this, let the clear head regulate what the good heart dictates, and blessings shall nestle like swallows under the very eaves of your meanest huts.

Had Spain acted thus what might she not now have been! and how did the extravagant appliance of wealth to Papal purposes end? Has it produced wealth, education, or strength? Before the invasion of the French, how had the nation benefited by its enormously rich establishments? And what now is the state of a Spanish cathedral? A description of the building describes equally the state of its proprietors. The cloisters, once the pleasant walk for thoughtful and studious priests, is now the sauntering place of idlers, if not utterly deserted. The rich tracery is filled in; the garden a heap of weeds and rubbish. The building itself, blocked up with ornament in the style of ancient Greece or Rome, is half-whitewashed or defaced. The place itself, no longer the daily temple of the wealthy and enlightened, serves only for the heartless service of a hurrying priest, for the mumbled devotion of some old crones, who pray equally before mutilated statues, miserable paintings, and tawdry altars. The priests come to perform a ceremony which they themselves are the last to be affected by, and with the garb is cast off the character of an awful power: actors in the worst sense of the word, they have lost even a pride in their vocation. The seats of the choir are not half filled; the ancient missals, ornamented with

laborious love, have many pages lost, many replaced by a barbarous and puerile imitation, whilst the blank spaces are covered with the profane scribbings of an idle mind. All appreciation of what there was in art, learning, and devotion is lost. A living is to be obtained and a duty is to be performed, and that is all. The preacher, who once, in an age of ignorance, was the great promulgator of thought to the otherwise uninstructed people, now thunders forth hatred of heretics, the divinity of his Church, the wickedness of all progress out of her pale, or abstruse and metaphysical perplexities comprehended by none less than himself. Here no longer is a sanctuary from sudden vengeance for untried crime. The law is now vindicated by the civil power with justice, or pretends to be so, and that purpose is past, as is every one which in a prior age rendered the Church a benefactor to the nation. And whilst society is on the broad ocean, working gallantly its way with sails, rigging, rudder, and compass, the followers of those who, with a noble zeal first launched the bark successfully on the waves, still stand on the shore invoking its return to the dry strand, or are vainly engaged, like lunatics, in fatuous efforts to move what is no longer there, which far from their sight stems the swelling waters of a stormy sea. A cathedral is now the dreamer's palace of bliss. Nowhere does he feel so quieted, so taught, but not through the smell of frankincense, the frequent prostration, the heavy tapestry, the procession and gaudy vestments; when these are in their glory he shuns the place. It is the silence, the sunlight on the broken statue, the weeds on the crumbling cross, the cloister garden, now deserted, and its fountain—like the Church of which it is a type—now dried up and useless. It is the charm of a ruin, every stone of which is pregnant with thought; and in admiring its art, and listening to the sound of the now swelling, now sinking choir, he experiences an emotion irrespective of all creeds—the eternal religion of the senses and of the heart—by no means the highest grade of devotion, yet tender, soothing, and universal.

The Roman Catholic Church has promoted no good in Spain, but has been and is the source of great evil and unvarying oppression. It might now have a task, should



it desire it, in the reformation of the Spanish peasant. At his best, this member of the great human family is bold, open, merry, sharp, and industrious—we allude more particularly to the northern half of Spain—at his worst, he is about as bad as a man of strong passions, confirmed laziness, dense ignorance, and hopeless poverty can be. There is a common character, however, which belongs to each. In both cases beyond the spheres they move in they know literally nothing; newspapers and cheap tracts do not flourish on their barren moors. To them there are only two countries in the world, Spain and France; what is not Spanish is French, and hated. They have heard of the English and may have seen them, but their ideas are very vague as to who they are. The possibility of being anything but a Papist is inconceivable to them, and yet, beneath the lowest state of callous ignorance and discomfort to which man can well arrive in Europe there is much that is sterling, manly, and teachable, and when Spain is regenerate her country people will take a high place. But how is that end to be effected? How is this mass of dross-covered gold to be converted into current metal? Will their religion, will any religion, produce the desired change? No, such a thought, such a belief would be more than foolish. Commerce here, as in so many other cases, will be the means of raising man to a better state, and no political, no religious revolutions will materially affect the great bulk of the people; with them especially it is a fact of sad experience. But let them see other nations, let them unlearn their ridiculous pride, let them once desire what are luxuries to them, but what are the mere comforts of other people in the same class, and the good work is begun. The more their wants increase the more will they advance, the more interest will they take in a policy which furthers their desires, the more distrustful will they become of a creed which condemns to eternal torture those from whom they receive so much good, on whom their domestic comforts so materially depend. It is thus from small beginnings they will be led on to great results. The true and successful missionaries in this case will be engineers, merchants, and sailors; and the moment our trade with them is opened on a free, extended, and

progressive base, from that moment will commence a great political and religious change in the character of the Spanish people.

120

BURGOS, 1851.

The attempts of modern times to revive the enthusiastic Christianity of old is the mere galvanism of a dead body, an Eglintoun Tournament, similar in all respects to its ancient model, but incapable, from the form of men's minds and lives, loves and wants of to-day, of taking a general hold on society. These grown-up babes who cry "Come, let us play at saints and hermits!" are merely to be pitied. Some few sincere imitators will, doubtless, always arise whilst such things are read of, but only to receive from henceforward the secret contempt or open jest of their more sensible brethren. "Going about with a candle in midday to look for yesterday" is a foolish amusement, and would soon be given over were it not that it hides a far, far deeper feeling—the love of power. But we are not deceived; an undue assumption of authority, coming under any guise, will meet with no success now. "That time is past and gone, my child." Society will not be content to take up and use its cast-off clothes. Still, a good deal of time and money are wasted very provokingly.

We have all heard of young ladies spending years in painting a window of holy subjects for some parish church, of men who build churches, with pretty crucifixes over the gables, and tablets requesting the faithful to pray for their poor souls. Ragged schools, wash-houses, hospitals, would seem to a common-place mind a more useful way of expending wealth, more useful to the receiver, and more likely to excite to heartfelt and grateful prayer for the giver, if he is fond of that plan of besieging Heaven. We know well the solemn reproof such unbelieving worldliness merits. The poor we have always with us, and, therefore, can put off their case indefinitely; besides, we should first seek to save souls by creed offering, and all the rest will follow to the worthy as naturally as thunder to lightning. Let us own we never could understand this building of cathedrals and decorations of temples for the honour and glory of God. If built so finely, in order, as it were, to offer a return

present, it surely is very slight for the great good you have received, and in very dubious taste or meaning. It is not the return which is asked for exactly. Is it done to spread God's honour and glory among men? We never knew that the greatness of God was measured by the grandeur of our temples: but then the poor need churches. Well, well, it may be so. Why should we strive together? Yet it does strike us that God demands the human heart, and the poor man cries for bread, and that you do, literally, present to each—a stone.

But, however much we may disbelieve in the efficacy of the past as a panacea for the present, do not therefore totally excommunicate us, nor suppose that we do not recognise the great service those ancient institutions and ideas rendered in their day to man. So with the monastic system. In modern Europe, in commercial countries, it is worse than useless. Yet, bodies of such men, stationed on the frontiers of civilization, as pioneers to the new-comers and protectors of the lonely travellers, might well be established in many of our numerous colonies. We only seek to extract, like the chemist, nutriment even from putrefaction. There is a living spirit in all things which outlives the decaying forms which enclosed it. Thus religion will never die, though Christianity should fall to pieces, like Nebuchadnezzar's statue; chivalry will never be extinct whilst men have hearts, and is now, as ever, loudly called for. The distressed damosel is poor Human Nature, shut up in the castle of Giant Ignorance, charmed into a deadly torpor by the witch Drunkenness, ready to be devoured by the fiery dragon Crime. All the evil spirits and demons of the old tale-book still preserve an energetic and horrible life, spitting out fire and fury at the valorous knight who opposes and would destroy them. But, alas! the seven heroes have sadly lost heart; two only have signal existence—one, St. Denis of France, roughly awakened from a long sleep, strikes wildly at phantoms, or sinks again to lethal repose under a mighty magician's spell. The other, St. George of England, alone combats manfully—ay, and hopefully—against redoubled enemies.

Now, may God in Heaven bless thee, good and brave knight! Stay not for mass, await not the priestly bene-

diction, for the danger is imminent, the king's daughter fainting, and almost beyond hope. On! forward! quickly forward, with a strong arm, a bold heart, and a firm trust in God; and, as of old, mayst thou render nations happy, and free thy friends from terrors more dreadful than weak fiction could ever devise.

## 121

BURGOS, 1851.

In our choice of a creed we should do anything rather than force, cajole, or lull reason. Nothing should induce us to pat good sense on the back, and say "Down, boy! down! so-oh." We must throw no sop to our watch-dog, but, when he barks, should certainly look sharply about us. But, in using this reason—this impertinent, inquisitive, presumptuous egotism, as some call it—we should do so, as with all the other faculties we possess, in sincere acknowledgment of its gracious Giver, and even on that very account be more determined to put it to use. Nor can we say with you, "Nothing is ours, nothing mine; but all proceeds from the Lord, and is His." No, this false negation of individual, free, and perfect existence as man finds no echo in our hearts, for we see here the hidden source of a desperate evil. So long as this idea is prevalent, so long will Communism from its tower of refuge menace all society. For if we do not recognise—nay, earnestly insist on "mine," we have no resource but "thine," or anybody's. If a faculty or a material advantage is not essentially mine (allowing it to be the gift of God, yet a gift perfect and without reserve, a gift to me personally), then it is as much my Creator's as mine; and as He is the common Father of us all, all have a common right to the benefit of such faculties and advantages. And this principle is the grand foundation of Socialism, Communism, and all the forms of that system which, in producing a miserable equality, would, were it to succeed, destroy a great (certainly) but partial evil by a lesser but universal one.

But there is a tortoise still to this world of Communism, which is the doctrine of the Churches, that the Creator, in giving us these faculties, has rendered their use unsatisfactory and dull, that we may turn ourselves to Him, for

He created us for His gratification, and demands that "all thoughts, all feelings, all delights" shall conclude in Him. God, then, did not create us for ourselves, but for Himself; and we, consequently, have no distinctive existence. All that we have is from the Creator, for the Creator, to the Creator; in fine, nothing positively ours, but our Creator's, and as His, to be shared equally with all our fellow-creatures. We do not know where Christianity gained all its theological theories, but conclude that they are derived from the general tenor of the Scriptures. One might well ask, otherwise, how ideas so strange as many one might else could find a place in the doctrines of a Church in these times; such as that Purgatory is in the centre of the earth, that the Heaven of heavens is above all the worlds (the R. C. Catechism explained), and the extraordinary views of our after-life, as curious in their way as any we could mention, and not so natural, for we remember nothing so droll as bodiless and winged heads.\*

But all religion which is merely taught us by rote, or enforced on us by miracles, by custom, by fear of the world, against our inmost conviction of its truth, is dull and heavy as lead, a tree that can bear little if any fruit. But true religion, that which is willingly received, which is an active principle of life, and is consonant with our reason and inmost soul: such genuine religion "is spiritual, living, lucid, and joyful; spiritual, because there is spirit from the Lord in it; living, because there is life from the Lord in it; lucid, because there is wisdom from the Lord in it; and joyful because there is Heaven from the Lord in it."†

## 122

BURGOS, 1851.

Christianity taunts those who doubt its creed with opening the floodgates of unlicensed crime, and freeing from all restraint the worst impulses of a wicked heart. But may we not return the taunt of a Heaven purchased and a Hell escaped through the medium of an opinion? so agreeable to bad men, as they touch the fatal turning-

\* "El Catecismo de la Doctrina Christiano Explicado," cen las licencias necesarias.—Valladolid, 1846.

† Swedenborg's "Divine Providence," p. 121.

point. What! may not a man commit murders, adulteries, and thefts? May he not lie, deceive, slander, commit all the crimes, sins, and follies possible? And yet if he will but hold a certain belief, conform to a mere opinion, are not the gates of Heaven then, and only then, open to him? Where could we find a pleasanter path for the wicked? Sin, till you are too old to sin more, then repent, and become a good Christian—a Rochester's life, a Rochester's death, and a Church proud of him.

Good men in black urge on the trembling, despairing criminal—the grace of God to those who believe in a certain creed, and the wretch who would catch at any hope to escape that future punishment which he feels is due to him, swings from the gibbet, reformed and saved! Miserable deceit; no, nor here, nor hereafter, shall we escape, any of us, that hell which we inevitably bring on ourselves, by our own evil. Here, or hereafter, be sure we shall pay deeply, dearly, mayhap eternally, for ungoverned lives, for folly, sin, and crime. It will come home; your hell is in you, burning, dark, torturing: and the only escape—no, not escape—the only return to quietness and peace, to virtue, goodness, and to Heaven, is by repentance, deep and sincere, by a reformed life, by the subjection to complete authority of those passions and qualities which have dragged you into misery to their proper subordination. Do you deem this easy? Is this calculated to slide you quietly down the incline of sin? Let that man who has fought against the fearful odds of an extravagant passion, desire, or habit, tell us if hell can have more terrible tortures, nay, so terrible; often so desperate is the struggle, that man has for this invented the grace of God to snatch him suddenly from the strife into the house of His refuge. But surely the grace of God is with us always, aiding us to fight our way from out the foes of our own household. And He has also given us the weapons with which it is for us to save ourselves by a steady, long, and sore-pressed contest, not here, alone, but we may well believe in many cases hereafter; nor is any other road possibly open to us. Election is a doctrine fraught with injustice to the Creator and danger to ourselves, and the creed which propounds salvation through belief alone to a life of sin, absurd in

principle, noxious in practice, and meriting only a constant denunciation. One evident source of this belief is the doctrine of some sudden and strange transformation in the souls of men after death. Never believe it, you cannot be more a spirit, though you will surely be less a man. That spirit of complex make which marks you now will mark you for ever, or your identity is gone. In one sense transformed you may be, the same shape, but goodlier, or the contrary, lost, never.

What! you will have your good separated from your evil? One part of you in Heaven the other in Hell, which pray is you? The separation has destroyed you, and in which portion of the two beings, if not destroyed, do you deserve, do you expect to dwell? What compound senselessness! what confusion, dire, of sense and of life! what strange unfounded ideas! What does this separation imply but hell eternal, unchangeable, and hopeless? A positive impossibility with a perfect Creator, a gratuitous perpetuation of evil, a loss of all individuality, an escape from our worser selves, by ceasing to be ourselves, the power of Satan co-eternal with that of God? Might we not have more reasonable ideas on this point? Might we not feel and know that we are beings of eternal make, capable of change but not of destruction, and capable of that change only in degree, not in quality. That as individual spirits we could not be so altered without ceasing to be ourselves, which is, in fact, destruction to us? As individual entities might we not imagine from instinct, even as from reflection, that we are formed of various qualities and powers, none evil in their place, but mischievous and criminal when acting out of order? And that beings so diseased or perverted cannot enter into the immediate presence of a perfect Creator and a sinless Heaven, until by trials and combats, commensurate with the nature of the evil, we reduce the disordered spirit to its proper equipoise? That none can enter Heaven who have not passed through this hell; that some, happier than others, taste the joys of Heaven in a measure on earth; but that all have, or will have, to go through much before they arrive at that state, which will go on increasing in a blessed purity to eternity? What extraneous punishment do you seek? You really do not need it; it seems enough

penance to undergo for our sins in the necessity of triumphing over them, for bad habits in escaping from their thrall—sins and habits which, when we at last come to abhor and shun, we find have fixed themselves with a deadly and apparently eternal strength on our hearts, in parting with which we lose the very essence of our life, our nature, yes, existence itself: as when a venomous serpent fastens its fangs on some nobler animal, the latter is often maimed before being freed from its undying hold, fixed even in death. It is thus in mere bodily evils that excess brings with it its own sting, and the deeper we have indulged the more we feel the hell of slow, and often vain, endeavours to regain the long lost delight of moderation. In this one sense, indeed, does your Creator punish you, that is, by having formed you so, that every inch you wander from the perfect plan He has laid out for you leads you to misery, discontent, tortures, contests, madness and hell; that every misdirected ungoverned passion, every unapproved habit, every unrepressed evil, will turn on you, and punish, with its life and energy, the existence into which you have wickedly called it, and which you will, by combats long continued and fearful, be forced to subdue or destroy. Is there something comforting in that? does it render flowery and full of pleasure the path which leads down to the infernal regions? Does it bait you on to sin, and seduce you with easy penalties, or a happy escape? For a hell there is, eternal may be not, but surely of duration enough to make you weep bitter, scalding tears of agony, and pay a fearful penalty for crimes which no belief, not the blessed truth itself, clearly seen and sincerely owned, will ever remit to you.

And what is sin? What will call out these tortures and combats, will put in force this bill of spiritual pains and penalties? Ask your own soul: consult sincerely, even in trivial matters, your approving conscience; and if that does not instruct you, attend to the impressive language of the Scriptures. Search the writings of philosophers, mark the teachings of the world's most gifted authors, respect the decisions of society, the laws of your country—in all you will find unmistakeably something which will not only show you what is evil, but which will even mark the degrees



of that evil, and the punishment, in many cases, you must expect to incur by acting in opposition to them.

## 123

BURGOS, 1851.

There are three duties which we must all seek to fulfil: to God, to ourselves, to our neighbours.

The first consists in faith in His existence, infinite goodness, and wisdom; reliance on His providence or foresight exercised for the benefit of the entire universe, reverence, love, praise, gratitude, thanksgiving, prayer.

The second consists in temperance, cleanliness, self-restraint, economy, prudence, ambition, knowledge, labour, marriage.

The third consists in good-will, forbearance, aid with love where possible, sincerity, justice, instruction, and resistance to known evil and falsehood under all shapes and in all ways.

A man perfect in all these requisites is a perfect man.

Many men fulfil especially the first, and, like David, have a strong, enthusiastic religious feeling, but fail in almost all their other duties: others, again, without any deep religious fervour, nay, who are even atheists, devoutly fulfil the third class of duties, and exercise self-denial in order more zealously to aid their fellow-creatures; and some, utterly careless of the first and notoriously deficient in the second also, act well, or, at least when it does not demand self-denial, are thoughtful for and loving of their neighbours: whilst another and a large class, again, attend to their personal duties alone, excellent as individual citizens, but cold in their neighbourly duties and indifferent to their highest interests. Whether the first or the last is the best starting-point to improvement is a matter of opinion, but one thing is pretty sure, that they all hang together, and none can be fully carried out with intention and understanding without the aid of the others, for a man in hurting himself does unwittingly hurt his neighbour also, and in hurting himself and his neighbour, hurts, so to speak, his Creator, and *vice versa*.

## 124

*From an Arabian Poet, by SIR W. JONES.*

"On parent's lap, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;  
So live, that sinking into death's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep."

## 125

BURGOS, 1851.

There is a state of mind which we can hardly call diseased, but which is clearly unhealthy—a state of excitement, "ecstasies," spiritual ferment—in which we see not so much what is, as what we hope, wish, fear, conceive. In individuals this leads to misconceptions, dislikes, &c., and, on a wider scale, to exaggerations, romances, fables. This state we find to accompany all truths, and falsities also, when first actively working on the mind of man; the most prudent are affected by it, many it leads to downright madness. Thus it was with the early voyagers. A great fact was discovered, which has come down to us a country such as our own, busy, matter-of-fact, commercial: but which to them was the land of the fountain of perpetual youth, there demons yelled and held their Saturnalia, there were monsters, men of gigantic stature, palaces of pure gold. Thus, too, with science. To what wild chimeras did their first important discoveries lead philosophers! It is the same in religion. Great truths probably are to be found in most creeds, and the first recognition of such threw men into an ecstasy of sudden delight and enthusiastic admiration, tingeing everything they heard and saw with its own colour. It is this state which leads men to proclaim and to believe "more than cool reason ever comprehends," inducing so grave a personage as an Apostle to assert that if all the discourses and miracles of Christ were written the world itself could not contain them!

## 126

BURGOS, 1851.

To what extent will not credulity proceed!  
Swear to a divine commission and a man might raise,  
we do believe, thousands of pounds to be applied to some

purpose hereafter to be revealed. By credulity men follow Joe Smith through no easy trials; pray round the diseased body of a mad woman (Johanna Southcote) in the firm belief of her revivification; defend to the death (as Jesus) a handsome lunatic (Courtenay); are convinced that there is a heavy tomb suspended somewhere between heaven and earth, and that Alexander, "dead and turned to clay," will appear in person at the last indefinite judgment.

"Incredulity," said the imaginative traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, "is the wit of fools," a wit, doubtless, often exercised at the expense of those wild stories which many of his class fabricated. Incredulity may be the only wit of fools, but it is also the undoubted duty of prudent men; not the incredulity of the Infallible Church, however, which tortured Galileo and burnt the manuscript of Copernicus, but that incredulity which sustains us in impartiality until the heart, however inclined to believe, receives the assent of the understanding. One of your model devotees, absorbed in the contemplation and love of God, is like a traveller by night, who, with his eyes upturned to the exceeding loveliness of the moon and stars, loses his road, falls into ditches, and finally, mayhap, tumbles over a precipice to death.

Were Christ to preach the same doctrines now-a-days in full air as he did aforetime, we are much inclined to think that society would emulate the hate and persecution of the Jews; nay, putting aside his divinity, such actually is the case at this day, and so have been ridiculed, mocked, and punished those who logically would carry out Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, words which have become the laughing-stock of some, the abomination of others, the dread of a few: which exist, however, in spirit and in letter throughout most of Christ's discourses, which address the heart rather than the head, appeal to impulse rather than to reason, to sentiment rather than to understanding; excellent in themselves may be, but sadly deficient in good sense as regards the way in which they are propounded.

## 128

BURGOS, 1851.

To the modified Christianity of a liberal Protestant there is nothing to be objected, and we, for one, look on the much-prized gentleman of that class with sincere respect and admiration, asking only in return that he will be considerate to opinions which have inevitably forced themselves on us. But to those men, be they of what Church they may, who hold the latch of Heaven's gate with one hand, and in the other a symbol which they command us to bow to, or else, with a vain presumption, declare the entrance to our Creator's presence irrevocably barred, we have nothing but indignation and scorn, and whilst we have pen and paper will never cease to write against them, whilst breath to form words never cease to resist, ridicule, and denounce them, whilst the means of action will do all in our power to oppose, thwart, and counteract them. To the sincere seekers after truth and lovers of the Source of universal life we may be sure the gates of Heaven will never be closed, though their reflections should have led them far astray.

## 129

BURGOS, 1851.

That we are on the eve of great events, or that such are actually in progress among us is the suspicion of most, the conviction of many, and there is every strong reason to deem it true.

We see a Church, supposed by us to be dead and embalmed, spring into sudden and active life; another Church, supposed to be firmly grounded, split to perdition; society upturned, religion inextricably mixed up with political events; a popular indifference to all sects; infidelity rife; Pantheism, Rationalism, sentimental devotion, and dull, hard Atheism progressing; members of the same household embracing the grossest form of a spurious creed, or rushing to the other extreme of utter negation; we have had *Latter Day Pamphlets*, a *New Nemesis*, *Phases of Faith*, and numerous works of a similar character, some hard to comprehend, but all evidently dissatisfied with the present state of things, and longing for a better knowledge of man and God. Men of education and genius actually believe

the Millennium to be near; the whole mass of foreseers and thinkers await a something; the breath is drawn in, the eye quickened, the murmur of anxious voices deep and confused; it is felt that the past is past, that the present is full-wombed and in labour. We all have some idea of this, even the most indifferent, nor shall we be disappointed; but let us not look for some single and mighty event, let us not expect, as heretofore, one outstanding and inspired teacher; such may, indeed, yet be, but a scrutiny of the character and events of this century lead to no such conclusion: rather let us recognise that this change has been active for years past, is working in us now at this hour, and promises to strengthen with the future; that change is the amelioration of man's condition spiritually and physically, by his own exertions, by the productions of his own genius and ingenuity, by the spread, as well as the progression, of all that benefits the human race. This faith is our strength, our hope, our life.

## 130

BURGOS, 1851.

Much that I have written has been more clearly and completely expressed in many writings of the day; but, in justice to myself, I must say that the knowledge of such works being in existence arrived after, and not before, I had come to these conclusions: they have served, consequently, not to inspire but to confirm me in my progress. So strangely similar have often been the ideas I have read published by others that for a moment I have thought there must be an electric chain running through all spirit and touching it with the same feeling in divers points; yet rather may we suppose that education, observation, reflection, society itself, the stirring times we live in, with a thousand little unnoticed influences, lead men to the same conclusions, and make them fellow-workers in the cause of progress and truth.

## 131

BURGOS, 1851.

Progress is an expression of such general use, and appears so frequently in this work, that its needs some definite

explanation to prevent its becoming a mere vague platitude. It is not progress towards anarchy, irreligion, and immorality, as our enemies assert it to be, but noble in its hopes, rational in its means, and excellent in its proposed ends. As before long we must all range ourselves under a banner, the one of progress, spiritual and material, the other of conservatism, even of retrogression, it may not be useless to explain what we mean by that "Progress," and the results to which it will conduct us.

Progress, spiritual, mental, and material, is nothing more nor less than civilisation; change the word to this, and we see all nations, almost all men, aspiring to it, and proud to be leaders in the onward march.

In religion it tends to that state in which science, dogma, and the life of man work harmoniously together.

Toleration for all religions; and if the State deems it necessary to sustain one in particular, yet that at least those who differ from it shall be exempt from a tax to spread its principles or support its dignity. The supervision of all religious corporations by the State in matters which affect the laity, such as persecutions, bequests, and vexatious refusals to marry, bury, christen, &c., and their acknowledged subjection to the civil power.

In politics, the recognition of the people as the sole legitimate source of power, which arises from its suffrage, not necessarily universal, but as widely based as is prudent, and as equitable as is possible.

The absolute illegality of a Government in any way interfering with the political crises of another nation, and the recognition of the right which every nation has to choose its own form of government unrestrained by external force. The absolute negation of hereditary rights to power, whether of kings or nobles, such, when existing, being well understood to be through the permission of the nation. The sovereign the incarnation of the entire nation, and bound to consult the interests of all according to their importance and pressing necessity.

Government to be carried on by any set of men who are practical politicians without regard to wealth or titles, if enjoying the approval of the majority.

In society, the recognition of labour, manual and mental,

as dignifying to man; discouragement of idleness, however titled or monied, and its appreciation as an evil in every way; a high sense of the sacredness and importance of the married state, its duties and self-denials; the impossibility of too extended a population; emigration, its natural end and a positive duty; the necessity of material advancement for the humbler class in cleanliness, comfort, and intelligence; encouragement for those who seek to rise higher in their social position; the pressing duty of national secular education; the better provision for rational public amusements, and their application to holidays.

The attainment of all this, and more, is what few will deny to be national progress, and is nothing more or less than increased civilisation.

This is what we desire, and may look forward to, through many oscillations and even retrograde movements for all Europe. Much of it has been already obtained by our own country, and more by our offshoots, and it is a happy hope for all.

But for our own land we, in one point, may have views infinitely more glorious. To her a better and a more important part would seem to be assigned; and we may, through the dim ages of the future, spread over the entire earth a living, mighty, and unconquerable power of and for good, the leading cultivators of now wild lands, and the chief promoters of that commercial intercourse which binds together by a common interest the whole human race. An immortality is promised her through her children; and States powerful as herself, owning a common language, a common lineage, a common good will, may yet rise on all parts of the globe. There is not a nation, save herself alone, but may perish: but may, by the fortune of war, by intestine strife, by the fluctuations of commerce, be destroyed, displaced, or degraded like the great names of the past; but for her, such a fate would appear no longer possible, and were she at this moment conquered by a European league, and to become the mere province of a mightier Power, still she might rise equally glorious and equally strong, under another name may be, but still the same in spirit, in other lands. Nations can beget children like individuals, and re-live even mightier in their descendants;

and it may be said that Great Britain alone, of all nations, has comprehended this truth and its importance, so that, were we now driven forcibly from our homes, we should still find refuge, resources, and power, with our fellow-countrymen. Emigration has thus a motive beyond necessity, a meaning beyond the mere battle for life; and a day may come when, in place of affording protection, we shall need aid; for that reason, selfish as it may be, it is wise to deal justly, liberally, and as equals, with our colonies; to attend to their counsels, consult their wishes, respect their demands, and keep up by increased communication a constant and friendly intercourse between a separated but a single family.

## 132

BURGOS, 1851.

When the people of the earth are laid low: when the silence of despair broods over some, whilst from others sweeps on the heavy wind, the sound of wailing and of woe, the shrieks of the tortured and the groan of the prisoner; when the earth is sodden with the blood of our fellow-creatures, and the fields watered with the tears of the widow and orphan; when the sky is overshadowed by a death-like pall of black clouds; when the rain and snow, and the damp, chilling blasts, try the stoutest trees of the forest, and destroy the tenderer plants of the meadow; when one mighty, universal grief seems to weigh upon all created things; when the sun is hid, and the song of the bird hushed, might we not well wish to be rid of this burdensome life, of this defeated and despairing existence, but for the one hope, the one faith, strong as love or death, that above all is a Guardian Power, to whom the success of our desires is a necessity, who will never utterly forsake His wretched children; and who, in their due season appoints the thunder, the earthquake, the storm, the blue sky, the sun, and the shower: the winter as the autumn, the sowing time as the harvest time, and to whom we undoubtingly trust for the progress and happiness of the whole human race, without which divine hope and faith we might die despairing and heart-broken.



Protestantism was but the commencement of that great progressive movement which, not long after its rise in religious dissent, took a more material form and has continued fitfully to advance down to our times; glad to conclude a truce on spiritual matters with a powerful adversary, it may be said to have shamefully slept during the last century, and, were it not for God's good help, might by this time have become a name alone.

The chance was much more imminent, perhaps, than we dream of. Let us ask if Napoleon had gained the object of his ambition—and it was the turn of a hair which prevented it—which principle do you think he would have organised as his religious fulcrum, Protestantism or Romanism? Which is the despot's best friend? which best calculated to enforce obedience and silence dispute? To a man in whose eyes all religion was a mere political machine, to be used for personal and family ascendancy, which would be most serviceable? He himself avows, in his Memoirs, that to establish religion was always his object, since man will have something, such is his desire after the supernatural; and he thought it better to establish the old and respectable, than to encourage the frenzied fancies of modern enthusiasts. From this possible result we were saved, not by a leagued Protestantism, as we ought to have been, but by a wise Providence, acting on us through temporal motives. Certainly, if there was anything more hateful to this ambitious man than another, it was a protest of any kind.

At the conclusion of the great European war, England unwisely joined with the despotic and Papist Powers in concluding a treaty, in forming a peace, which was to render the state of Europe one utterly inconsistent with its professed Protestantism, with its own precedent and example, a state of *statu quo*—sacred and not to be violated. The sanguine hopes entertained by that congress have not been realised. Society will think, in spite of parchment, the world moves, though potentates say "No." Canute has no power over the waves, and a second struggle has commenced. I say commenced, for such a lull as

Europe now enjoys is but the dead oppressive calm of a Southern sea, after the first burst of a hurricane.\* What peace can there be with national rights invaded and destroyed, sacred promises unblushingly broken through, popular discontent bayoneted, the Church of Rome aggressive, and society disordered? None: as soon will winter endure for ever as that thus the buds of European progress should be eternally blighted. This progress is essentially Protestantism, and, with a more comprehensive range, corresponds to the great movement of the sixteenth century. It is now not only religious, but political and social; Italy being its centre of action, as Germany was in former times. Does the Protestantism of earlier birth repulse it?—it denies its own origin, and commits a fratricide which will retard its own advancement; not that the right need fear, though it suffer much; for though Banquo be foully murdered, a Fleance will yet escape and pluck the crown from the usurper's brow.

Is it not something monstrous that a nation which is what it is through repeated revolutions, religious and political, should produce men and journals which revile, calumniate, and condemn those people to whom their own history is a guide and an encouragement? How explain this anomaly without serious disgrace (were it national, as it happily is not) to the national character? Do not imagine that we advocate any of the wild theories of the day. No, we only ask that the popular will shall be recognised as the popular right; that we do not condemn ourselves in condemning others. But the advocates of the past do not dare to rest on popular approval; force and not freedom is their god; silence, and not harmony; death, and not life; inaction, and not progress; solitude, and not peace, their ends. But their success, let us hope, is far distant; the struggle will not end until one power or the other falls for ever. Their power in religion is typified by the Papal Church: in politics by absolutism; but it is yet within our hopes to see the entire Anglo-Saxon race in union against them, and final conquerors over an aggressive and insidious foe.

\* This was written when poets and people sung and talked about the Great Exhibition of 1851, as inaugurating an era of universal peace.

It may be deemed a mere fancy to point out Italy as the probable theatre of a future war for the final decision of this struggle between the past and the future; but if reasons influence us we must admit it as very likely. A country yielding to none in Europe or the world for its natural advantages, yet more unhappy than any other; society degraded and corrupt, yet fermenting into good. Politically deposed, she who was once the mistress of Europe, more late its pride, and the birthplace of our greatest intellects; governed by utter foreigners partly, and in part by mongrel native tyrannical princes; groaning under a cruel, dull, and powerful theocracy; burdened with a conglomeration of ills—every way she is to be pitied, every way she has cause to seek advancement. That all these miseries are the results of the people's own past supineness and little jealousies in no way detracts from her present claim to rise from the slough into which she is fallen. The sinner who seeks salvation should be aided, not repulsed; ay, and though thrust back into hell and misery by her fellow-creatures, she *will* rise, and yet struggle up to the light from out the darkness of that iron cage in which she was imprisoned and then cast into the mire.

What scrolls of parchment, signed by all the powers of the world, can render up a people to governors whom it execrates, and give, as a fee, the finest portion of a country to a foreign power, foreign in habits, language, disposition, history? It is repellant to the commonest justice and good sense. With much more right could a congress assign Portugal to Spain. Why rake up dusty papers as credentials of title? Imagine England by such means claiming her ancient French provinces! But then possession is undoubtedly nine points of the law; yes, and it may now be deemed by some almost a case of hope against hope. Yet a time *may* come. "*Pazienza*" is a word in every Italian's mouth—it should now be engraven on their hearts; and if not this, yet the next race, more vigorous and earnest, may reap the harvest. As Italy was the first to rise in '48, so may she be the last to succumb. There is, in the meantime, much to do for the present to improve the moral social state. Rear children in a secret Protestantism, by which we mean opposition to the Infallible Church and the

divine rights of kings : inculcate irreconcilable enmity to injustice of all kinds, and organise the spirit of the people, overcoming those miserable little jealousies which are Italy's bane : and in time, as her wrongs are deeper, politically and religiously, than those of any other people, so may her reparation be more complete. Moreover, her children should be educated in a sterner and more serious spirit. Do not inculcate contempt of the foe, but make known fearlessly the nature of the great struggle, its dangers and consequences. But why should we advise ? Experience is the best teacher.

None entered more heartily in the hopes of Italy's first struggles for freedom than the writer ; yet really the vain-glory, the stupid conceit, the puerile *fêtes*, the bombast, and subsequent despondency, were enough to disgust all serious men—redeemed, however, by much heroic courage in battle and the besieged city. It was a natural result of the torpor from which she rose. Having now received a terrible and severe lesson, let her next time combat in silence, nor raise the hymn of victory until Italy, united as one nation, sits triumphant and acknowledged on the monarch's throne or the president's chair, as she deems most comfortable to herself, shewing to the world Dante's vision in a warm, incarnate form, and then shall the spirit of Fillicaia bound with a sympathising joy, even among the glories of an other world.

Never despond. As to the present it is nothing ; throughout Europe the wind merely blows back ripples on the surface of the stream, whilst, beneath, the current flows steadily and surely on to the great end of all progress : the recognition of nations and not families as rulers ; the advancement of liberty, political, religious, social ; the destruction of an Infallible Church. That much evil, troubles, war, and crime, should be mixed up with this course, is no argument against its final benefit. These are mere soldiers and mercenaries who fight the battle and are killed in the struggle, out of which the great principle, like a victorious chief, rises, living, powerful, and triumphant. No history will explain my meaning in this better than that of England from the time of Henry VIII. to that of William III. ; or the history of the Reformation, from its

first rise to its final organisation, especially in England. Why, the opinions and doctrines of many of the most active promoters of that Reform, even of Luther and Calvin themselves, would now be scouted as horrible and inimical to God's goodness and man's welfare; but they are forgotten; we never even hear them mentioned, unless raked up by the Papal Church as weapons of offence.

No, as Europe now exists there can be no peace, no treaty, no compromise, but what is false and valueless, and a true peace can only be obtained through war. As there was and is a Holy Alliance to repress all efforts of nations in their progressive changes: so should there be a real Holy Alliance of the great liberal Governments to agree in forbearance with the internal disputes of their neighbours, to enforce the plainest rights of international duty, to sustain a wise liberty. But at present we could count on few Governments favourable to this object; still, we can count on the aid of the people themselves. Before such an alliance of nations wicked kings would disappear like evil spirits before Divine rebuke.

Would it not sound absurd and laughable, if we were told that in the moon, nations paid and kept up expensive Governments to do the exact reverse to what they desired, and large armies to destroy themselves? Ridiculous as it may appear, on earth it is a fact and truly a monstrous one. It may be well for England and the United States to retain a selfish indifference on this point. "Perish the world," they say, "so we glide quietly and prosperously through life." Fatal shortsightedness! Miserable egotism! Have you no duty before God to fulfil? to help the afflicted, to succour the distressed, to resist the unjust, to aid the right, to combat the wrong? Once more, is this not a crying wrong, a mid-day crime, that Governments should subsist on the people and against the people?

What! shall new-born humanity be stifled in its cradle by the cruel hands of a few malignant spirits? God is there, watching and knowing, and that which you seek to murder, learn that it is immortal, intangible, beyond earthly power to kill.\*

\* This was in allusion to Louis Napoleon and his fellow conspirators' intrigues to destroy the Republic of France, which he had sworn to protect.

We need not place much reliance on peace congresses ; they serve a purpose, but not the purpose. War, long and bloody, must occur before our desire is gained, they are mere Johns in the wilderness. The great event of "Peace on earth and goodwill amongst men" is not of them, nor with them ; yet do they bring good tidings unto us, and we receive them as precursors of a coming fact.

## 134

BURGOS, 1851.

Our words may displease you, but never let opinions afford scope for personal enmity ; rather let them be pitted, as it were, against time, and the winner be crowned. That which you think, we well believe is from your heart and because you deem it for the general good, heartily we believe so. Give us, then, the credit for the same disinterestedness. For what are we to gain by our cause ? Not personal aggrandisement, no, nor personal ease : but persecution, and loss of the world's esteem. Let us, then, mutually respect each other, and fight fairly with the enmity only of honourable adversaries. We seek for the wellbeing of all men, and contend for the common advantage ; be sure you do the same. Our methods differ, yet believe us sincerely good ; erring we may be, the future alone can adjudge the reward of success. Let us, then, learn that in the inevitable opposition in which we are placed, we are called on to exercise those virtues which figure first in the calendar : brotherly affection, charity, forbearance, humility, and forgiveness.

## 135

BURGOS, 1851.

Society now consists of two distinct classes. The type of one, is a man who has an easy competence, gained mostly, it is probable, by his own exertions, who has a home, comfortable—nay, luxurious ; who performs most of the duties of a good citizen ; and what harm he does is rather of a negative kind. His leisure hours are passed happily with his family ; if he has a taste for music or art, science or literature, he has the time and means to render them the amusements of his leisure hours ; and, allowing for the ills necessarily attendant on humanity, his existence ought

to be contented, and even happy. The other is exemplified by the man who works hard and gains the mere necessities of life; who, from sunrise to sunset, is engaged in manual labour; whose way of living is poor and hurried; whose hours of recreation are few, his amusements limited, and generally gross; of his family he sees little, and that little when he only looks forward to slumber. Art, science, music, literature, conversation, all the amenities of life are unknown to him, or snatched at hastily and questionably in the newspaper, the cheap tract, the public-house concert-room, or the print shop. Even among the superior of this class—the world is not their friend, nor the world's law—habitual cleanliness and economy are rare. This describes the largest portion alone of the labouring class; far different are the amusements of a great and worse portion, whose weekly earnings go in the most pernicious excesses. There is yet another class hanging on to these two great bodies, of whom we can only say that their situation is terrible for themselves and vitally dangerous to internal peace; a class which rises daily from a casual resting-place, a cave, a dry arch, a barn, an ash-heap; without occupation, without instruction, brutally ignorant, and bred depraved; to whom theft is a necessity, and deception a trade; ripe for all mischief, at war with society, habitual scorers of law; born, as it were, like noxious reptiles, in ditches and amongst filth, and dying a violent or unnatural death, to be cast on a dunghill. Yes, the difference between the lower steps of modern society and the higher is the difference between a man and a wild beast; between what man can rise to, and what man may fall to; a difference, so vast, so hopeless, that we may well say, "Between you and me there is a gulf which cannot be traversed." And yet it must be crossed. For its own peace, welfare, and duty before God, must society find means to span this terrible void, to raise our wretched brethren from the involuntary hell in which, truly, for want even of a crust, there is gnawing and gnashing of teeth, in which all that is fair in man is marred; where even the human form itself is disfigured and defaced, and a monster is born whose existence must strike terror even into the most careless observer, a Frankenstein of man's own make, with the feelings and desires of a Caliban.

To alter this state of things is the great work which lies before modern society, a labour to which that of cleansing the Augean stables was easy. And nobly has the task been commenced in England; but the efforts are scattered and pell-mell. We want a system carried out on a vast, unstinting, and national scale, before we can hope for steady and corresponding results. We then shall need the destruction of whole streets and alleys; the building of vast homes; drainage; light, artificial and natural; water; cheap food; education of the simplest kind; amusements comparatively harmless and rational; missions—not for questionable doctrines, but the plainest moral truths; emigration, gratuitous and aided; hospitals, enlarged and better organised; charity, not of direct almsgiving, but which gives largely, demanding only some service in return; and printing, with all hindrances taken off it, carrying daily and weekly the words of good and truth to the meanest hovels. Encourage all that is good, free it from all trammels; but tax heavily the permission, the spread of all that is noxious to the body and the mind of man. All this must be done by society itself, encouraged by Government, not by isolated gifts alone of munificent encouragement, but by all, according to their means; not at their death, nor now and then, but monthly, annually, constantly; not here and there, but throughout the kingdom. This should be our great, our primary object, for the appliance of our individual wealth, our national overplus. Before the heathen missions, before slave-trade grants, before keeping up an imposing establishment by sea, by land, at home or abroad, from vain pride or for possible events, comes this first and most pressing demand, which, if we do not comply with, our progress, our happiness, our life, is like that of the convict in the lazaretto who worked still chained to the heavy and infectious corpse of his dead companion.

Among the means of somewhat diminishing the amount of evil which now is active, it seems to me that a slight change in the application of Sunday would tell much. It is a statistical fact that the period between Saturday night and Sunday morning sees more popular idleness and debauchery than any other week time. I have no desire



that church service should be interrupted; only that, in the afternoon, between the hours of two and six, at least, the British Museum, the Tower, the National Gallery, music-halls, and all such establishments, should be opened gratuitously to the public, and private or co-operative exhibitions at a nominal entry fee. It is very certain that the great mass of the labouring class do not attend church service regularly, not once a Sunday, nor even at all. Very few are the places of amusement open to them. The day must be passed somehow. Actual idleness, without mischief, is impossible. They have some resources, certainly; all the inns and gin-shops in town and the suburbs are that day in their glory; tobacco-shops and taprooms have a continual influx of visitors. A trip into what they call the country lies before them. O, blessed day, if the sun shines; there is Greenwich, or Hampstead, or Hampton in view. Those who can afford it cram the shay, or hire a waggon; others crowd the steamboat and omnibus; they get there in time to dine on the grass; they see the Palace, have a donkey ride, or a race down and up hill; there are young men and pretty girls; much laughter, singing, romping; they become merry and uproarious. The afternoon passed, they adjourn to the inn and the tea-garden. Here, as the evening advances, the evil comes on; drink, smoking, and freedom, with the unusual excitement, produce a natural result, and the party return, their money spent, all what is termed jolly, many drunk, and not a few of the young women, from this day, can count the commencement of their misfortunes.

What is to be said of this? Where lies the blame? You give them few alternatives: the gin-palace or the church, a home, not such as yours is, furnished with all the means for passing sixteen hours, but a poor man's home, or a ride into the fresh air, such as we have described. And on all this the devout Churchman looks with sullen apathy or indignant horror, and yet will not condescend to the simplest way of altering it. It is his old maxim: be a Christian, or I will not have you educated; attend church, or you shall not be instructed or amused; "Get thee to church on Sunday, or never after look me in the face"

(Capulet). Are we to wait till the whole working populations of our great towns will attend church? I rather expect we should be surprised on inquiry at the negation of the Church, its authority and doctrines, among that class; that the motive which deters many from attendance is not ignorance, but dissent. An Englishman is essentially a thinker; and in no class of men would you find a greater number who will not hold any opinions which their common sense cannot approve, or their understanding comprehend. It is then not likely that you will ever get them to be so devout as to attend three services a day. If they attend one it is much, and you may well give them some rational recreation for those hours, which now are spent with the worst results.\* On this point we may well take an example from France. Who that has seen the Louvre on Sunday can have refrained from a pleasant thought in the admiration, the curiosity, the intelligence of the numerous groups, their contentment, and cleanliness? What but good can come of their visit to this place? How much better this than the smoky taproom, the boisterous fun at home? It is because I wish Sunday to be a day of rest, of recreation, in its just sense, to the artizan, that I advocate the opening of such places; for it is a notorious fact that the country trip, far from recreating, fatigues; unusual exercise and excessive indulgence, so far from refreshing the body or mind, act on it even more wearily than the daily labour, and on no day does the workman feel less inclined to return to his duty than Monday.

I well know the arguments adduced against this change. The religious grounds are too evidently untenable to demand attention, for we can press its advocates into utter inaction. The persuasion that this is opening a floodgate for all public amusements seems utterly inconclusive: there is a clear and defined limit between those which are actually useful to man and those which hold any possible mixture of evil, a mark which we shall act wisely to observe. Were the Theatre what it should be, we might well name it among the most useful, but neither in its hours, nor in its programmes, as customary to-day, is there much that

\* "There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours."—J. LEED.

has not an evidently bad tendency. Folly, crimes, late hours, and the ballet afford no hold for the philanthropist to stand up for that which, under proper direction, becomes one of the most powerful movers of the human soul. Yet, before this change occurs, much time must probably elapse. If there is a large body who would not even allow letters to be received on Sunday, how much larger must be that body who would look on this change as downright desecration! But, as the pious lady observed, when she saw her donkey boy spelling a tract, "We will not despair: there is hope for England yet." To the Roman Church we may well turn as a model, however, in many things, especially in her organisation and discipline, and the farsighted manner in which she has in former times pressed the Arts into her service, recognising their importance as accessories, by which to touch the sentimental and imaginative, to attract the ignorant and overpower the weak. It is useless to pretend to despise their influence: it is patent and recognised. All these and more, the organisation of any future system which seeks catholicity, will be wise in attending to. A higher purpose it is impossible to find for them, and when that time arrives, we or our descendants may see the statues of the greatest and noblest of our race adorning the temple, in place of bishops with their heads carried under their arms, of SS. Peters and Pauls without end, and paintings which, in place of depicting foolish legends, horrible tortures, and bodiless cherubims, will commemorate the finest passages of universal history; in fact, all that is capable of affecting the feelings as well as satisfying the understanding. Nothing is further from my thoughts than those temples of godless Reason which France once proclaimed, but temples which, recognising the necessity of public worship for the great mass of men, will be founded and kept up from an earnest and zealous devotion to the Creator and for the use of man. The Roman Catholic service errs in over-attention to the senses and sentiment. The Protestant sects, on the other hand, rely too solely on the understanding: *that* is certainly the true rock on which Faith is to be built, but the senses may be usefully employed as accessories.

## 136

BURGOS, 1851.

It seems to me that Christianity, honestly and logically carried out, leads in religion to Roman Catholicism, or Puseyism at least; no Church, it seems to me, can be truly Christian which is not based on present inspiration. In morals, or the idea of the nature and duty of man, it upholds the old Bible view, and adds qualities such as distinguish the Fathers—Pascal, many monks, and Quakers, in their yea and nay, and views of peace. In Social Science it leads to Socialism, by which I understand not this or that man's view of it, but the broad word fraternity, and consequent communism. As I am inclined utterly to repudiate all three principles, how can I call myself a Christian?

## 137

BURGOS, 1851.

What the principle is which has guided the Protestant as the Catholic Church in national education, Capulet's savage words will declare—"An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; an you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets, for, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, nor what is mine shall never do thee good."

## 138

BURGOS, 1851.

Association and common wealth may be the state of angels, and competition and individual wealth a state for brutes and egotists. Man, being placed between the two, society will always practise both systems.

## 139

BURGOS, 1851.

Among the first of God's most earnest priests, of man's best friends and guides, let us revere and love the name of Shakspeare. Who can calmly read through the pitiful end of Lear? Who with undimmed eyes pass by Cordelia's love and tenderness? To those who have hearts, tears must bar the further progress of the story, tears, holy tears watering the fairest plants that germ within the soul, pity and love, compassion, sympathy, and purity. Yes, thus

is it that thy spirit works in us of this day; to thee we owe a fervent admiration for what is noble, of love for what is good and gentle, of hatred for what is false and evil; blessed the people from among whom thou sprangest, and blessed art thou who can so touch the careless souls of thy poor fellow-men. Hard and ungrateful to the kindly heart is the necessity to work destruction, and doubly happy he who, gifted with more than mortal power, builds up within the soul of man so fair an edifice as Shakspeare does. Still, every one to his task, grateful to aid humanity in any way.

## 140

BURGOS, 1851.

Who has not remarked that new feeling—or so improved as to render it new—which has sprung up in modern society? I speak of that sentiment which appreciates and enjoys nature with a truly religious devotion. That it has existed ever pre-eminently in the English race needs no proofs, it is a notable fact; but that it should take the development which it has, is of entirely recent date. Passionate, tender, deep-seated, full of knowledge as of love, it is a remarkable, and, I believe, spreading power among us all, and is, indeed, become essentially a religion, of which Wordsworth is one of the highest priests, and, although it may grate on the feelings of many, we must also place Shelley by his side, if not above him, for warmth, power of language, and noble poetry. The one is happy, calm, self-governed, reflecting, and sympathising; yet the other, though less amiable as a man, is more powerful, enthusiastic, and rich in poetic coin, and, allowing for the passions of a feverish youth, more aspiringly spiritual in his soul.

## 141

BURGOS, 1851.

Men are waiting in anxiety; a general feeling declares the past religion to have run its course; the whole world of reflecting men await something, a revelation, a hero, a convulsion. That system is felt to have been tried on all points which can produce Popery at the one extreme and Socialism at the other, and the seers of nations ask what will save us from utter confusion? Not armies nor absolute authority. Force may retard but can never conquer

thought. Freedom is too surely planted to fear the fight with power. Our hope is in the commencement of a reign of a more widely diffused sound sense; let us hope that the coming period will be distinguished by this very homely quality. We have had ages of great men, poets, philosophers, conquerors, authors; let us hope to have our age of common sense. She may be a very humble fairy, but not all the brilliants which decked Cleopatra would render her so pure. The footsteps of the new revolution are clearly to be traced, and the progress which it makes is not the work of one man, of one people, as before, but is universal and active.

## 142

BURGOS, 1851.

The situation of a sensible man is that of one who dwells among a people who hang their doors from a religious principle by Divine revelation on the wrong side, and pull them against themselves when they wish to enter their houses. If he dares to hang his the most natural way, and push, instead of pull, he is immediately execrated as a despiser of all holiness, and, such is the effect of habit, he himself is, at times, frightened in the twilight with the thought that some vengeful goblin may pop out from behind it to punish him for his temerity.

## 143

BURGOS, 1851.

Nothing is so common to-day as protestations of the most devout loyalty from the Queen's Papal subjects, and we may give them all the credit of sincerity, but, in spite of the most sincere willingness to act as faithful subjects, there will and do occur many cases in which they will be sorely perplexed how to act, for two interests obviously adverse will constantly be brought into collision, and between the dictates of duty and of faith they will have dangerous passes to cross: a notable instance is that of the "Godless" Colleges, and how can such profess to carry out the intentions of their Sovereign, as expressed through her Ministers, who oppose, and, unluckily, but with too much success, the measures she deems good for the country. The Sovereign promulgates one order and the "faithful subjects" wait till they get another, and an adverse one, from the Pope

of Rome. With few honourable exceptions, which was obeyed? This may be called "duty;" to us it sounds like defiance. It is clear that a Sovereign cannot rule on such terms, for there exists an evident and pernicious *imperium in imperio* which a Ministry should at once rather resign than submit to when coming, not from a voluntary home opposition, but from a foreign and inimical Council. Fortunately, it is a case which does not touch on vital points of Royal personal authority and respect; yet what is there to assure us that were such a case to arise the same course would not be followed? It tastes of danger, and even possible rebellion, which may Heaven, our own exertions, and the good sense and good heart of the majority of the Irish people prevent.\*

## 144

BURGOA, 1851.

When I speak of the Anglo-Saxon race it necessarily includes the United States. Their origin they may deny and revile, but it is no less theirs, and only from that race and the effects of the Reformation in England could they have become what they are. There is nothing I so earnestly wish for, nothing I believe so necessary for the future welfare of the world, of Liberty and Civilisation, as a warm friendship between the two mightiest representatives of Progress in the world. What rancour should exist for a past struggle and a successful assertion of denied rights? Towards us nationally, none; no, not even as the descendants of their oppressors, for never was the English people favourable to that shameful war, which was the result of an ill-advised King and a political party for ever fallen. Turn to the "Annual Register," and see if it was popular, if we at home did not incessantly seek to put a stop to an iniquitous and suicidal policy; nay, that grand statesman, Lord Chatham, with his dying breath asserted in the public Council, that "Never, never,

\* We can scarcely blame the French nation for the defeat of Protestantism among them, for by the admission of a well-known political writer, and from the pages of history, "There is little doubt but that the new opinions would have been finally established had not the civil power come to the aid of religion, which did not always oppose a sufficient resistance, and saved the faith of our fathers by the severity of the law, and rigours which I do not fear to call salutary."—"La Justice au xix<sup>e</sup> siècle."—DE LAURENTIE.

never, were he an American, would he lay down his arms whilst a foreign foe was on the soil," and that the contest was one of "free and enlightened patriots," which he entreated the Ministry no longer to persevere in. What language can be nobler, wiser, more friendly than the whole of that grand speech, which, with an eloquence no longer known, asserted the rights and privileges of the American Colonies, a language which only puts into a more perfect form the feelings of the nation at large. Lay not, then, to our charge the unhappiness of the past, for the people were then comparatively impotent to enforce their wishes; but it is far otherwise now, and the popular sentiment of England and the United States, in harmony, might defy the nations of the earth when aggressive, sustain them when weak, and right them when oppressed. To our race united, a path lies open which angels might envy; to our race, divided by a foolish prejudice, or pitted in a hell-born strife, lie results which would rejoice demons, and murder the already faltering hopes of European happiness. It is not for us alone we would plead, but for all the people of the earth. Depend on it, no one portion of the great human race can gain by a selfish isolation from the interests of others, nor, if it would, has it the right, and the system of non-interference with European politics followed by the United States up to this time, which was wise in an infant state, is selfish and inhuman in a people become powerful, rich, and feared, and it is time to enter on the arena as a combatant for justice and for liberty. Neutrality is a crime at this day, when the contest for life or death between Liberty and Tyranny is daily advancing, and may at any moment end in a fearful and European struggle, where, without us, the issue is scarcely doubtful, and humanity, justice, liberty, and hope will be pounded to violent death beneath the iron hoofs of millions of cruel murderers and a ruthless soldiery, whose combined number renders all chance of success a hopeless dream. From this chance we alone, among the people of the earth, are free, and should we be worthy of our happiness, could we see others, who seek to follow in our footsteps, oppressed, imprisoned, murdered? could we hear with an untouched heart the shrieks and groans of whole nations invoking



our aid as their last and only hope on earth? But, putting the voice of duty, of conscience, and of religion on one side, is it wise? The balance is oscillating; we can yet choose between two parties. The success of which now is most likely to benefit us, that of kings or people? I think there can be little doubt; yet, if we remain in a timid neutrality, the Royal Family cliques of Europe are pretty sure to be re-formed, and for them, no safety, no assurance of stability remains while we exist, and then nothing so probable as that their arms will be directed against us, and we have to bear the whole brunt of a war which every hour that we allow their people to be subjugated renders less favourable to us. On the other hand, we fulfil our duty, and obey the first precepts of religion and morality: encourage, sustain, and contend for popular rights, for the commonest human justice, with the invaluable aid of the people themselves, the success of which struggle bears not a possibility of doubt, and for which we gain their future friendship, plant on a firm and reasonable base the foundations of universal peace, and render the future full of the most hopeful promise for ourselves, for them, for all. I know that to take such a step demands boldness, a present self-sacrifice, a present grasp of dangers, which is not in the nature of statesmen, or of ordinary men to dare, for the responsibility is over-much: and, allowing such to be the case, I yet believe that the nature of events directed by a higher power than man's petty intrigues conceive or aim at, will sooner or later render such a decision imperative.

Those who seek to obtain universal peace in the present state of Europe would build a lovely palace on a foundation incomplete, resting on quicksand, and rotten. The base of universal peace is universal goodwill, and that can never be whilst Governments such as are now in power dominate in Europe, and nations such as those of England, America, and France, not only calmly look on the tortures of their fellow creatures, but in one case, that of the latter, aid in their application. Still war is an evil, so hateful in most of its consequences to all mankind that I would blame no nation or Government for hesitating long, and prudently evading as far as possible such a result; but if it looms

threateningly through the coming hours, if self-interest, duty, and a menacing future press its evident imminency upon us, I say we may wait too long, and that there is a point beyond which delay only renders our chances more doubtful, when to be bold and venturous is to be wise. And yet, alas! one may almost fear that the hour of action is past, and the fault committed: at all events, certainly England would not be justified in entering on a contest with France alone as an ally, for the opposed league is so powerful that the result would be long forthcoming, and it is not until America, England, and France form a league with the minor States of Europe, that should render a prolonged resistance impossible, that we should desire, for our own sakes, for the sakes of the people whose interests we uphold, for the sakes even of our enemies themselves, that strength of arm should be opposed to strength of arm

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BURGOS, 1851.

The sins of the fathers are visited, indeed, on their children; this is not applied as a punishment, but follows as a matter of necessity from our formation. The evil that men does lives after them, not in report alone, but in a painful activity; and this, not with individuals alone, but with nations. Bloody and iniquitous was the whole period of Spain's domination, sustained not only by the Austrian family, but by the national spirit, and how both have paid for it let their state to-day proclaim. Pride and cruelty, ambition and heartlessness, are impressed on that cold, fixed, grey eye, that compressed forehead, on that hanging, smileless lip, there is nothing human in that face, which is not a copy but the man himself\* One who was the acme of a family which retains all the wickedness, without any of the genius, which marks that star of his race, Charles the Fifth? There are families who bring down curses on their own heads and woe to all around them, to whom should good arise, the very earth itself would rise in bloody garments to accuse of monstrous crimes; such is the race of Austrian emperors, such the race of French kings. To the old Bourbons nothing but disaster and destruction could

\* Titian's portrait of Charles V. at Madrid.

arrive; their end was the necessary result of their lives; there was no escape, was no alternative: to use the words of Guizot, their "destiny is written." But can a better fate be hoped for the descendants of Philippe Egalité? I would not, no nor will not, say what I think on this subject, but let any man read that prince's history, and then if he does believe that evil brings its own punishment with it, that justice, nay retribution, exists for fearful sins, let him suppose, if he can, that happiness and worldly esteem are to crown a kingly issue from his loins. There is a vast difference between follies and sins, between even sins continual and unchecked and sins unfrequent and regretted. There are Falstaffs whom we almost love, there are Iagos whom we thoroughly hate, and yet before the world, doubtless, the latter was vastly the most respectable man. Still it is my faith that all receive their punishment: those of the body in the body, those of the spirit in the spirit. Debauchery will destroy the bodily happiness of our descendants, crimes will heap disaster on them; on no account let us sin, not even that good may come of it; put no faith in such a doctrine, avoid, fear it, on no point be more decided. Neither sophistry nor eloquence should bend the honest soul to such a pernicious principle; specious and plausible, listen not to its pleadings, but with a courageous uprightness go straight on, and trust firmly in the righting power of an All-wise Ruler.

Suppose there were no God, imagine these vast machines, for such they are, these vast centrifugal orb-producers, going round and round in the heavens with inconceivable velocity, hissing and rushing through the atmosphere! Imagine these dull, senseless, terrible things at eternal work, with no superintending, modifying, beneficent, superior power, and a sense of our helplessness and littleness would make the heart shrink back into itself with terror, it would close up as do the flowers when the sun ceases to shine.

BURGOS, 1851.

It appears we may wait a long time before Parliament will institute National Secular Schools, but I do not see why those counties and towns which approve of them should not set them on foot by their own efforts; no Government can prevent them. It is perfectly ridiculous, and not free from wickedness, the way in which men, educated, wealthy, and free, refuse to benefit the ignorant and poor, unless they have religious instruction with it; if the thing can not be managed, as we find by sad experience it cannot, are we, therefore, justified in refusing all instruction? How foolish would have been a discouragement of the Press, unless it always contained religious matter; yet it would have been just as sensible; the food you have frankly placed before them, and then deny them permission to touch it unless they will coincide with your ideas. There is much benevolence, sense, and justice in this, certainly! You, the well-fed, the well-to-do, the learned, the happy, the noble; you, who have all that renders life a blessing; whose boasts are freedom, a wide and liberal charity, and a compact society—do you know that your brethren are intellectually, spiritually starving, or being poisoned? starving, those who can get no food; being poisoned, those who have the means, but only for the most corrupted and cheap offal that the stalls afford? And it is in your power to alter this; it is in your power to bring food to the empty, and replace the offal with healthy sustenance. But, no; though for years and years this evil has been shown to you, pressed on you, with the power of earnestness and eloquence, you do nothing; you refuse to aid these wretches, until—incredible truth!—you can agree among yourselves what kind of bread you shall give them with it—white, brown, black, rye, wheaten, potato; and when some, who know more thoroughly than others the extent of this misery, and the awful consequences which it is drawing down on the heads of us all, propose to give them food, without bread at all, leaving that to their own exertions to obtain; some devout man, who has built churches, who is healthy, young, blessed in all his earthly wants, and who himself eats all kind of food with or with-

out bread, as pleases him, turns round, and declares it is well known that the great majority of the nation are quite unanimous on one point, to wit, that food without bread shall not be given; that unless, in fine, the religious instruction cannot be agreed on between all parties, the people may die, starve, be poisoned, and go the broad way to destruction their own gait. This is, indeed, the very perverse wickedness of a cruel bigotry, for they know that religious knowledge will be gained in many ways. The churches, literature, politics, society itself teem with good religious instruction; they have states where religious instruction is given up in the Secular schools, and where the people are amongst the best conducted the world can show: they know that instruction without religion is free to themselves, and that out of the numerous schools which stud the land not one-quarter inculcate any religious tenets, and yet send out among us our best surgeons, lawyers, and tradesmen. Yes, they know this well enough. But no; it is not from conviction they are thus cruel, inflexible, wicked, but with a shameless, because unacknowledged, self-punishing bigotry they seek each one the extension only of his own doctrines. Self-punishing we may well say, for the suffering falls not only on those you deprive of the plainest rights ignorance and poverty can lay claim to, but falls with a retributive justice on yourselves; forces you to build more prisons and poor-houses, requires more money to forge chains and keep gaolers, trenches deeply on those dear pockets of yours, and more painfully lays open your country as a mark and byword to every nation of the earth; increases crime and misery to that extent that, in course of time, the props of that building which you have from idle dissension among yourselves neglected, or rather refused to repair, will tremble, totter, fall, dragging down the whole ancient and mighty edifice with them: that wondrous building which is the glory and envy of mankind, into irretrievable ruin and destruction.

Who has not at times, sickened, wearied, and, in despair, thought of departing for ever from his native land, seeking that satisfaction in better States which the most sanguine hope can not hold out to him at home? Still a

sense of duty, a determination to struggle to the last for the good of his country, the benefit of his wretched brethren, the happiness of the miserable, stays his quickening footsteps, and he remains, giving up peace of mind and tranquil happiness, to fight the good fight. Such a man—and how many must there be among the foremost, most hard-worked, and unrewarded of the nation!—may well address you thus:—"Oh you who seek the bright blue skies, the beauties of the favoured South; you, the wealthiest men among a nation of wealthy, who pass your time in one continual round of action and of pleasure; you, who dwell with competence in the grassy shades of country retreats, leading a happy and a home-bound life, think less of yourselves and more of others: relieve the sick, assist the poor, enlighten the ignorant, and, before you indulge in the pleasures, perform the duties of life."

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BURGOS, 1851.

That these thoughts are often crude, half-worked out, and disconnected, is natural, and I feel they must be so, for they are merely the result of chance hours taken from pursuits altogether different in their nature and requiring much attention; still I hope that they may serve to draw out the clearer sense and more searching intellect of others.

## 149

HOUSE OF LORDS.

LONDON, 1852.

It certainly, in one light, is an enormity that a palace of such vast price should be built from the money of the people for the use and benefit of the nobility. It is a strange fact, standing alone in this age of revolutions, whilst aristocracies around fall with a sudden and violent end, we alone among nations, deck more richly that already richly-decked order. Certainly it is strange in any way, yet, in one respect sensible, for it is built as a senate-house for our descendants; and, indeed, is considered such even now. Yet, great changes must

occur before it gains a just title to that name: those changes are in progress—quietly—at least without bloodshed, and will, doubtless, finally succeed, if left to their natural course. It is usual to speak much of our Constitution, of representative monarchy, of the Empire of Great Britain; and yet, with all the forms and attributes of the most absolute kings, we do, in fact, live much more in a Republic, which, let us term Commonwealth, than many nations which boast the name. The sovereign is merely the president hereditary, whilst the people preponderate in the commons and the public meetings. The aristocracy alone holds an anomalous position, not so much from its own will or fault, as because it is hampered by the past, more strongly than either the sovereign or people. Hereditary law-making must come to an end sometime, for it is repugnant to all sense and justice, and is tacitly admitted to be so even by the nobles themselves, so many absenting themselves from duty which vitally affect national interests, and ceding on all points with a wise forbearance. Their interests, as those of all other branches of the community, should be properly represented; and if they still demand to be considered as a class distinct from the rest, a fair number of the wisest of them should be chosen to plead their cause. Such virtually is the case at this moment, with gleams of a happier future, of the time when they will take more pride in being noted citizens than titled and privileged lawgivers. Certainly the character and history of the British aristocracy must excite the admiration of all, and is not undeserving of the people's gratitude, for from the time of Magna Charta down even to the Reform Bill, our most zealous and sincere defenders have sprung from their ranks, and to-day we count among them so many who are good, earnest, and hard-working citizens, employing their wealth, knowledge, and time, with honour to themselves, and advantage to the community, that it would be invidious to name even a few.

There is one only just way for an established society to proceed in, by which it can progressively advance to what is right and good for it, that is, by transformation, by taking the subject in hand which impedes its progress and

changing its form, and adapting it to present requirements, this is the history of England. The other path unwise, and mischievous, is destruction, exemplified by the history of France from 1789 down to our own day. The aristocracy are not the last to recognise the importance of this method, and we may hope that even from among themselves will rise the most earnest advocates of that change which, preserving all the title and prestige of nobility, shall yet transform an hereditary and unjust privilege into an open, elected, and just reward, which shall turn the House of Lords of to-day, in fine, into a senate, which shall consist of all that are most entitled to a place in it amongst the real gold of the nation, converting what is now a merely negative evil into a positive good. He who, in an old society would seek to destroy the titles which mark superior rank is merely stupid, and, to be consistent, must come to universal "citizen," a title not much in favour either in France or the United States. Titled or not, men of ancient and wealthy family, men of note of all natures, will become prominent, will make their mark, and act as influentially as ever. To destroy titles is merely puerile, but to destroy unjust privileges is a duty, and hereditary law-making, even existing as a form alone, is so unjust, so senseless a one, that it is not too much to hope that this century will not pass, no, nor many years, before it is abolished, by the consent even of those so privileged themselves; and in its place a real Higher House be formed, in which the nobility will still legitimately preponderate, and exercise as much influence, maybe, as ever, or at least so much as they justly deserve, and the people at large respect and venerate what they now simply contemn, and are too often forced to menace with dissolution.

Far from me the wish that a titled nobility should be destroyed, but I do wish it reformed. In earlier times men gained titles through courage, strength of arm, favour, chance; now, they get them through wealth, influence, or bellicose merit, for having, what it is termed, done good service to their country. We may accept the principle heartily, and ask nothing better than that men who have served their country notably shall be nominally



distinguished ; then we should have a true aristocracy of the most outstanding worthies of the nation. But such an idea is, I fear, more fitted for banter than serious discussion now-a-days, yet, such a time may come.

In former times, when the people, as an entirety, counted as nothing in the political scale, it was not unnatural that the office of law-making should be hereditary, and the aristocracy frame laws for all ; but when the recognition of the popular power has once taken place, and when not that alone, but when a national voice can drown the outcries of a whole nobility, when the good of a people and not of a class is the object of all men, a House of Lords, such as it now exists, can only perform a secondary part, and when it seeks to push its own interests at the expense of the community, endangers its own existence and invites destruction. Such a house, upper only in name, is placed in a false position, from which, by a wise remodification, it may extricate itself, and look all hazards of the future boldly and proudly in the face. It is because I admire the great body of our nobility, and am grateful for what they have done when a stubborn blindness might have brought ruin on us all, that I particularly advocate some change in their constitution. Hereditary title need not include hereditary lawmaking ; titles and privileges are perfectly distinct ; and voluntarily to forego all privileges, would be truly a noble act worthy of noblemen—and a wise one too—conceding beforehand what time, is sure, mayhap violently, to wrench from them, or will consign to an ignominious impotence. Their own history and the history of our kings may afford some clue to the future—a continual struggle between a nobility and a sovereign, which finally ended with the triumph of the former. From the hands of the sovereign power came into the hands of the aristocracy ; still the title of sovereign, the outward form, semblance, and respect, was never given up ; and at this moment a sovereign reigns who, shorn of those privileges and powers which marked the native race, is still first among the royalties of the earth, respected, revered, and loved.

The power which fell into oligarchic hands is, however, little by little gliding away from them ; for as they overcame an unjust authority, in their turn are they

being overcome. The struggle now, such as it is, is between the aristocracy and the people at large, and in the same way, by wise concessions, by just conduct, they have it in their power to hold all that marks them as a higher class, and still receive the same, nay, a vastly greater degree of respect and consideration than at this moment they do. Their power has indeed fallen: the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws were passed professedly as much from fear as from justice, for the adversary they are opposed to is not only in the ascendant, but has all to gain, and they all to lose. But if the conduct of the nobility has been wise and moderate, the conduct of the people has been also patient and forbearing, and that any violent struggle between the two for governmental influence should ever take place, God forbid. Then, as there is a desire on our parts to act justly towards them, so, on their parts, we should be met with an equal desire to act justly by us. Let them, recognising the evident preponderance of the popular element as a moving power, say, "The time is come when we wish to form an integral part of it; when, from being a privileged and separate class, we ask nothing better than to be equal with all, foremost if possible, in the great and growing progress of the British people; when we render up old rights, recognising a nobler title even than that of noble, which is that of the people. From henceforward let the government of the nation be open to all, and we will make no factious opposition, and assert no family privileges." Such a day would be a proud one for England, and for themselves, and we be spared such a shameful and humiliating position as that in which we were placed at the resignation of the Russell Ministry, when one might have supposed there were none out of a certain family clique or a political party capable of directing the affairs of the nation, whilst the people could have named at once their chief governor,\* but in vain, for the nobility would have so harrassed and vexed his proceedings, that he could not have remained a week in office.

\* Richard Cobden. (Written originally at Burgos in 1851, these thoughts were transcribed and added to in 1852 in London.)

## 150

BURGOS, 1851.

Although I mentioned the Reform Bill and Corn Laws as having given powerful shocks to the power of the aristocracy, do not let them for this lay their decadence on such passages of the past, for there is a still more influential, silent, and moving power at work, which renders their anomalous position every day less tenable. Education, talent, wealth, and industry have raised, and do still continue to raise, a class equally noble in all but title as themselves; and the constant interchange and mixture of political, social, and commercial life, produce inevitably a diminution of that marked distinction of the titled class which was—and is no longer, with a few exceptions—so common up to our own times. The word "Class" has been constantly denounced, as calculated to cause jealousies and ill-feelings: it is not in that sense I use it; but where a set of people declare themselves something apart and above all others, then is it their own fault that they become a class, and an obnoxious one, too; for such pride begets a pride in no way inferior to it in depth and arrogance, both are equally foolish, and, when rampant, wicked. The pride of the noble and the pride of the democrat have equally led to disastrous results; by mutual respect and mutual concession alone we may at last come to a happy understanding, and by doing away with social injustice of all kinds, of which hereditary law-making is one of the most glaring examples, we shall be all happily united in one hope and one effort for the advancement of our national welfare.

## 151

BURGOS, 1851.

The discoveries of the geologists, in spite even of their express declaration that they in no way interfere with the Mosaic accounts, in spite of sophistry and ingenuity, have given a silent, perhaps, but a mortal shock to the whole credibility of the ancient Scripture in its unhistorical assertions. It is felt, is known, that the very foundation, most important and hitherto unquestioned, of Christian theological science is cloven to the brain, struck down hopelessly, irretrievably, past hope. Before, men might believe; now, they cannot,

without infatuation. But this is only one of a series of crude fancies, which has been replaced by a truth, surpassing in its wonder, supernaturalism, and beauty the "Let it be done" of a barbarous intellect. A dead creed is it, with which, I trust, the fall of man will ere long be ranged. I know of nothing more unlikely, void of all strength from analagous reason, and often absurd, than the whole system of Christian theological science, out of which we are slowly but surely creeping. But this does not affect Christian morals, which, in the concrete, will, doubtless, always hold a high place in the estimation of man; for, though there is much to unlearn, yet the great mass of it is practical, beneficial, and humanising. The last will, in time, be assuredly modified; and the former, in time, as assuredly destroyed.

152

BURGOS, 1851.

Goerres, Schlegel, Chateaubriand, and Gioberti would perhaps give this answer to these questions.

What discovered America? Christianity.

What discovered the Press? Christianity.

What discovered the steam-engine? Christianity.

What made us what we are? Christianity.

What destroyed Feudalism? Christianity.

What gave the impulse to the sixteenth century? Christianity.

What has saved Europe lately? Christianity.

And so on *ad infinitum*.

On the other hand, we may continue these questions, and give the like answers:—

What built vast cathedrals and left the poor in ignorance and misery? Christianity.

What proclaimed actors doomed to Hell? Christianity.

What destroyed Mexico and made its history miserable among all others? Christianity.

What did all in its power to stifle nascent science? Christianity.

What murdered those who opposed its principles? Christianity.

What has produced the most terrible wars on record? Christianity.

What is the base of Socialism ? Christianity.

What is the base of Jesuitism ? Christianity.

What is the base of Communism ? Christianity.

What is the base of Puritanism ? Christianity.

What is the base of Romanism ? Christianity.

What is the base of Absolutism ? Christianity.

What has made the Nestorians so remarkably in advance of their countrymen in the East ? Christianity.

What has always systematically opposed popular progress ? Christianity.

What has made Spain and Italy what they are ? Christianity.

And so on *ad infinitum*, with as much truth and justice, probably more, than they can show. Far from me the thought totally to condemn Christianity, that would be too absurd ; and I have read on a monument this day words which touch my heart most deeply, words which render it painful to oppose any doctrine coming from such love : " Greater love than this has no man," &c., and " Ye are my friends, if ye love one another," &c. Alas ! that Christ and Christianity should be so different in their spirit !

## 153

BURGOS, 1851.

Oh ! believe not that the way to Heaven, to happiness, to God is strait, narrow, and painful, for it is broad and pleasant ; and not a faculty, quality, sentiment, passion, occupation, or thought, but which, wisely moderated, used, and regulated, has a sanctifying end, and leads, like the small footpaths of the country, into the one great divine road which will conduct us to the land of eternal bliss.

Neither is the book of the Creator's infinite goodness and wisdom printed in human type alone, but its letters are also the leaves, the clouds, the trees, the flowers, and all created things. This orb is a tablet on which not the slightest blade of grass, the meanest atom of life, the smallest vegetation, but has the name and qualities of the divine Creator legibly impressed upon it ; each word, each letter of which is, indeed, full of inconceivable treasures. Nor will you find his temple at London, Rome, Geneva, or St. Petersburg, but in the pure and kindly heart, and the enlightened wise soul of man ; a temple more beautiful,

doubtless, to spiritual eyes than the proudest efforts of an aspiring architecture. Happy and honoured be those few favoured mortals who, in passing their short existence here in contemplation of the only divine manuscript, spread the fruits of their labours before the admiring sense and famished souls of their fellow-creatures, for by such means will the age of terror pass slowly away; no longer shall we be frightened into obedience and love—if that is possible—nor be mal-instructed by fables: but as men, having put away childish things, will seek to become worthy of the perfect source from which we are derived.

## 154

BURGOS, 1851.

During the whole of the time I lived in this old, deserted Spanish town, my life was of the most solitary description, and my mind was in a state of exaltation, for which I can only account by the sombre, desolate character of the surrounding scenery. And I the more believe this to be the fact, because, it is in the presence of of such a bare, desolate, and grand nature I have always felt most moved. The expansion of the ocean, the vast plains of Lombardy and the South of France, have always deeply affected me: and as a boy my favourite walks were on the dreary commons of Dorsetshire, or by the rugged sea-coast, and especially did these please me in stormy and wild weather.

How charming were those walks on the wide and trackless moors of Castile, which I sometimes indulged in! immense undulating plains stretched in immeasurable distance around me, sweet with the scent of wild geraniums and flowers; in the distance rose with fantastic indistinctness the jagged outline of the Pyrenees, through whose clefts, fancy almost seemed to catch the restless beating of the "still vexed" Atlantic; not a hut, not a habitation to be seen; all was desolation and silence, except now and then the distant fifeing of some solitary herdsman, or the low moaning of the rising wind which, cradled in the distant hills, rages at times with great violence over the flat and open table-land. Inexpressibly dear to me is this wild and solemn music, this Æolian harp of Nature, whose strings

are the swaying forest trees and the decaying monuments of ages past. When a boy, I listened with a feeling of awe to its charmed notes, and later in life, under the gigantic remains of the old Roman aqueducts in the desolate Campagna, under the shadow of the Torremagne near Nismes, and on the wild rugged plains of Spain, have I listened in breathless delight to the solemn music of eternal Time, whose notes are more eloquent than the best written pages of history.

My amusements were few, for I knew no one, and was too busy to make acquaintances. The French newspaper at the only café the town could boast, sent an echo of the turmoil of life to my quiet retreat. At the old monastery of Miraflores, I got some books and read many works treating of the Roman Catholic religion, most of which displeased me, such as the "Lives of the Saints and Martyrs," "The Life of Sta. Theresa," "The Confessions of St. Augustin," "The Manners of the Christians," by the Abbé Fleury, "History of the Church," "The Imitation of Christ," by Liguori, the Roman Catholic Catechism, &c. If anything was likely to make one an infidel, I should say the works of Roman Catholic authors would best succeed. The want of good sense, of toleration, the absence of quiet charity, the constant expression of an exaggerated and almost impious love of God, of Christ, and of the Virgin, and their palpable sophistry, seem to me calculated to repel all honest, simple minds, and tender hearts; for nothing is more repugnant to good sense than exaggeration, which Guizot justly calls lying, and nothing more repugnant to a tender heart than wholesale condemnations to eternal torture for a difference of opinion. Of an evening I was frequently called on to play *boleros* or jigs in the large kitchen of the inn or caravanserie, where dogs and fowls disputed the supremacy with servants and muleteers, and I did so with pleasure, for the Spaniard really enjoys dancing, and performs with a grace, ease, and sense of time which the French, in spite of their proverbial character, do not possess to the same degree. On Sunday, especially, I was literally besieged in my room by all the children of the neighbourhood, who evidently considered me born for their amusement, and to whom I played

dances, in which they showed wonderful aptness. After three months' seclusion from the world and self-examination, I returned to active life.

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## 155

PARIS, 1851.

Separated from Nature—from the boundless sky and sea, the holy moon, the God-like sun, the bright stars and ever-charming clouds; from the river, the mountain, and the forest, nothing can satisfy me. I feel wearied, listless, unhappy, feverish; nor is it without a certain disdain that I regard these theatres, these gay ball-rooms, and all the busy haunts of pleasure when placed before me as an equivalent, like toys before a child: nor look without some feelings of contempt on those immortal beings, who there commit a kind of intermittent suicide, and murder time piecemeal.

## 156

PARIS, 1851.

In politics, in religion, in art, I recognise throughout Europe a state of transition—a state which, whatever its drawbacks, spreads the seed of all three—a seed, I believe, healthy and full of life, which neither tyranny, sophism, nor sentiment, will be able to prevent from springing into a wide and beneficial existence. Here is my hope, even, alas! at times almost against hope; and had we not more faith in God than in man we might indeed despair, but we will not, even though we walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is a selfish distress which mourns over the decrease of high artistic excellence, whilst it is a neighbourly love which pleases the man in beholding an increase of use; could both be combined we might indeed rejoice, and who can say but they yet may? But at present of the two states: love of the past, regret, sentiment, despair: and desire of the future, admiration, reason, hope; which is the best, the most ennobling, comforting, and honourable to ourselves and to our eternal Guardian? Hope wins the battle, despair proclaims defeat.



## 157

PARIS, 1851.

It is often said look at Popery and Protestantism; where one flourishes, flourish also intelligence, progress, commerce, all the blessings of life! where the other, we find languor, oppression, stagnation, and all the evils of inactivity; but in passing beyond the Reformation this view of the case rather fails. The Italy, Spain, and France of the sixteenth century were eminently Papist; and many of the greatest benefactors of the world have been devout Roman Catholics. In philanthropy, science, art, commerce, war, adventure, we have Borromeos, Galileos, Angelos, Dorias, Charles the Fifth, Columbus; and, indeed, to the earlier monasteries we are mainly indebted for all the common comforts, the arts and sciences, of to-day. Nor does the saying hold entirely good now, for some of the most remarkable men of modern Europe are Roman Catholics, and some of its Roman Catholic provinces very flourishing. I think we must not look wholly and solely to the Protestant faith for social advancement; Italy is wretched, not only because she is Roman Catholic, but because she is also divided and jealous; Spain is degraded as a natural result from excessive rapacity, and cruelty, and injustice, and a vile use of the great powers once placed in her hands; Ireland's woes are not the mere result of religious creed, but of an intermitting misrule from her earliest period down to O'Connell; and the difference in Canada arises as much, I expect, from difference of race as of creed. Indeed, the national character of a people is a much more reasonable source from whence to augur good or ill than religion, for it is seldom that religion with the mass is more than a sentiment. It is, however, undeniable that the less priests are in power the more flourishing the State.

## 158

PARIS, 1851.

The Christian often falls short of the Hindoo in the performance of acts, which religion has commanded on the one, but which disposition alone claims from the other. Civil liberty is perhaps the great cause of a nation's progress, and in so far as Rome is opposed to this in so far

she opposes the other. Rome is as well pleased at the local quarrels of a too-divided liberty, as in Italy during the Genoese, Venetian, Pisan, and Florentine Republics, as with the centralised despotism of a prince devoted to her service, and those who are in her service. We may be pretty sure that local government is the best form of civil liberty, which, however, becomes ruinous, as in Italy of the sixteenth century and Holland of the eighteenth, when there is not a central civil power to which, in all but local matters, the varied powers submit. This is the great principle which, whether the United States divide or not, still renders them strong. This is the great power which is our country's greatest blessing perhaps, and which, however depressed and degraded in Europe, still holds the germ of renovation. Municipal government is the cradle of a free state, and should be regarded as the ward of the central power.

159

PARIS, 1851.

How woefully wrong the idea is which sets up the flesh as inimical to the spirit is seen by Alexis, in Spiridion.\* But I hardly needed this to convince me. Unhappy is that man who holds this belief, so unjust to a good Creator, so terrible to ourselves; oh, may a clear and temperate judgment direct our lives. There can only be two guiding principles in religion: Faith, unquestioning obedience, or Free Thought. For the moment that we are taught obedience, but up to a certain point, as, for instance, unqualified belief that Christ is the Son of God, yet judgment on the doctrines taught by him, we fall logically into universal freedom of thought, for we cannot discuss the one without judging the other. It is a case of axiom and demonstration; we are told to hold the axiom and yet reason on the demonstration; now if that demonstration is not satisfactory the axiom fails also. It is a simple case. Shakespeare is the greatest poet who ever lived; this we demand unconditional obedience to; read his works, there's the proof. The works are read, and the reader does not find Shakespeare his greatest model, he cannot afterwards honestly say he believes so. Which side

\* By Georges Sand.

we choose I cannot doubt for a moment, for it was long an axiom that the sun went round the earth, but the proofs did not satisfy certain inquirers, and, by laborious thought and observation, they finally proved the very contrary. Here is the great inconsistency of the Reformed Churches: it commands us, on pain of eternal damnation, to believe Christ to be the Son of God, yet puts in our hands a demonstration which to many is unsatisfactory. Either there must be blind obedience (which is truly slavish superstition) to all the dogmas and doctrines of the Gospel, or free permission to doubt all, without penalty.

I cannot see why we should feel anguish and fear in seeking the truth. If conscience can answer, it is to make thee love thy Creator more nobly and surely, and to destroy false ideas which distract the souls of thy fellow-men, rendering life more easy, natural, and complete, to thy own and others' benefit: wherefore should any fear afflict us? Is the desire good, and the object good, what consequences need we dread? Moments of doubt, of cowardice, of natural fear, *will* visit us: old prejudices, like dried up mummies in a cave, will affright us. But the way is not one of continued pain, whilst its effects are as the sun to Nature. This excess of tender love, as between monk and neophyte, devotee and Jesus, I look on as unnaturally placed; it is this love which is proper to domestic life. How inferior must be the love of Angel for Alexis to the same love if it had been between such a father and such a son! To what excesses the extreme ineffable love of the devotee towards Jesus personally leads, may be seen in some of the pitiable lives of many, female more perhaps than male. An eulogy on prayer in confessions of Alexis is very fine, but it will not bear examination. Christianity, says she, conducts to joy through tears, and experiences in suffering, a sort of delight. Christianity not alone does this, but also experience and heathenism. She says, he who has once known the delight of Christian prayer and love is indifferent to all the pleasures of this world; may be. Music also carries us out of ourselves, yet he who would neglect his business as a man, to enjoy, if possible, this ecstatic feeling, regardless of his duties, &c., would not be very sensible. The

normal state of man is "*in mediâ*:" extreme vice and virtue are not to be expected, though we may hate the one and aspire to the other. "Of two evils to choose the least, and to commit great faults to avoid still greater, is the lot of men." Here two things are confounded; the evils are out of my power and I do wisely to choose the least; but if a good and strong man I need not commit any fault. I have the power left of inaction.

## 160

PARIS, 1851.

I bought Pascal because I understood he was one of the most eminent defenders of the faith, as a learned philosopher, and yet a foe to all Jesuitism. I read his life, and no arguments he can bring forward to defend or praise Christianity will, I expect, balance the weighty evidence his own life is against it. However that may be, every opinion he gives in religion will count now at much less than half its expected value.

## 161

PARIS, 1851.

How is it that Euclid commences with an impossibility, to wit, a thing which has neither length, breadth, nor thickness? I should much doubt all abstract reasoning founded on this premise. In practical geometry this is equally asserted, but man's common sense prevails over the definition, and a point to me is only the smallest possible dot. I take the fact, not the idea. In Serlio, 1548, his point is a great blot, yet it serves the purpose perfectly well, and he, in the definition, calls it undividable.

## 162

PARIS, 1851.

"Can God regard so small a creature as myself," say some: "an atom scarce visible in infinity?" He reasons thus, giving to God his eyes. But how much more powerful than the most powerful possible telescope or microscope must be the sight of the Infinite Creator! Let him be at rest: not the smallest atom but is infinitely more appreciable to the eyes of the Creator than our own.

## 163

PARIS, 1851.

Italy has twice held dominion over the world : by force, as under the Emperors ; by cunning, as under the Popes. Twice this dominion has been overthrown by the Teutonic race ; nor, whilst that race in its various branches exists, do I fear a third success. Nay, our power is now so extended, and on such firm bases, that its final victory seems certain.

## 164

PARIS, 1851.

Which of the two was most blameable—Haman, who was unhappy because the beggar Mordecai would not do obeisance to him, or Mordecai, whose Jewish pride refused to recognise the quality of a man who seems to have been very worthy at the time ? The desire of respect or stubborn pride ? Was Mordecai equal to Haman because his daughter was the king's concubine ?

## 165

PARIS, 1851.

Which state is worse : a man, spendthrift, who gives more to some poor man for a service than he need, and, when told that he has given too much, says, "Never mind ; he is welcome to it ;" or a careful man, who, in a like case, is vexed because he has given a shilling or two more than was expected ? I prefer the spendthrift's feeling ; yet the proper state to be in is made up of both. Save, like the careful man, and give with the spendthrift's heart.

## 166

PARIS, 1851.

If men really thought themselves immortal, would they speak of death as finishing life ?

## 167

PARIS, 1851.

The dignity of human nature, of man, is often in our mouths ; it is as much in the power of the artisan as the noble. In our actions, honesty ; in our thoughts, purity ; in our persons, cleanliness. Honour and love to God ; duty to our neighbour and ourselves ; to live well towards

God and man, is to put every faculty to its proper purpose, to use and not abuse it; not, as the ascetics say, to sacrifice any. Is there really anything undignified in eating, drinking, speaking, laughing? No: and yet the abuse of any of them is undignified or disgusting. But the votaries of pleasure, and those of self-denial, both err only in the excess to which they push their doctrines. Certainly Epicurus is right, and self-restraint or moderation is the happy medium, nor is it easy of attainment.

168

PARIS, 1851.

To go to great trouble to effect a simple end, is like that rare machine which was to slice cucumbers and be worked by four horses.

169

PARIS, 1851.

It was a long time, says Charles Lamb, before people discovered that a pig could be roasted without burning down a house.

170

PARIS, 1851.

Experience is called the school of fools. Doubtless: and it is also the school of all mankind.

171

PARIS, 1851.

If I required any proof of the bad effect of the Papist religion, Pascal's life would afford it. So great and powerful an intellect, sharp and clear, though not altogether just, sinks into a superstitious state, unworthy of a dull peasant, under its blighting influence.

172

PARIS, 1851.

The power of preaching is too much neglected by the new propagandists of the day; there is, perhaps, no weapon equal to it for carving out the road for the run of opinions. The most fitted should be chosen, and their words strike into the souls of hundreds at once, with a force of action and feature which no book can wield. At Bayonne, the priest was telling the people how the great Newman was a

lost sheep, and found happiness alone in the true fold. The old Bishop, before whom he preached, kept looking at me to see the effect; but, as I was sorry, indignant, and disgusted, that such a man should be made a bulwark of a rotten system, I left the church abruptly. I wish they would let none but artists enter the churches. It is very provoking to hear the nonsense preached, to see the mummeries performed, and the degradation of the people, and hold one's peace.

## 173

PARIS, 1851.

Labour requires organisation dreadfully. Laws are made to define the hours of work, why not also the amount of wages?—that is, to make illegal the reception of, say, a sum under a pound a week by any one (an adult). Labour is the very basis of society, now-a-days; and, if neglected, society is always at the mercy of a discontented artisan class. All idleness should be fined, or all fortunes above £1,000 per annum taxed extra. Allowing the difficulty of graduated taxation, yet it is so evidently unjust that the poor, hard-working man should pay proportionally with the idle rich, that something should be done, and quickly, in England. Something is commenced, and the taxes taken off the more necessary articles of life are an excellent beginning; moreover, as the poor have vacant hours, and as they require recreation more than any in those hours, it should be the business of Government or society to provide them with decent places of amusement. Instruction is not enough alone; few care to go from work to reading; so the mechanics' institutes are comparatively deserted; so gin-palaces, dog-fights, rat-hunts, gambling-houses, and dancing-rooms, are full. Let us recognise the evil, and seeing the necessity of its existence, at least at present, seek to ameliorate it, rendering them more cleanly, more inspected, more orderly, airy; and replacing evil amusements by less blameable.

## 174

PARIS, 1851.

The great commercial cities of Europe and America should mutually engage to found reading-rooms, dancing-

rooms, smoking-rooms, and instruction and amusements of all kinds agreeable to seafaring men, in their respective sea-ports; for who that has seen the way in which sailors spend their leisure hours in the great ports of Liverpool, Bordeaux, Leghorn, Marseilles, &c., but regrets the unmitigated evil it must engender? The employer has a duty to fulfil towards his poor, uncared-for servant, at present totally neglected. The institutions suggested above, and properly overlooked, would greatly advantage the most degraded of men, who now sweat in confined dens, drinking, swearing, fighting, and are more like savages than human beings; not so much, we may well believe, because they are worse than other men, but because, strangers in foreign ports, they really have nothing else to do, no other way of being amused. Would the sailor become deteriorated by a little humanisation? I cannot think so. It is the duty of the great firms throughout the world to found such buildings—simple, large, cleanly, and well-ventilated, where the sailor may have a chance of receiving some instruction, and of getting amusement unaccompanied with the awful depravity which is encouraged by the low set of sharpers and panderers who now live on his forced folly. No one who has not seen the evils, here merely touched on, can have an idea of the hell on earth which, in point of fact, they now are; and, I believe, none know often less about them than the firms themselves, or, surely, before now, they would have been shocked into a consideration of how to improve on them.

175

PARIS, 1851.

Two principles in labour, association and competition. The last is the received one in England, nor can I see any other way of alleviating its evils but by emigration, for it is a simple case of supply and demand, and the supply is greater than the demand, and is likely to become still more so. Now suppose, or consider—for it is true, that there are ten men all able to do the same thing equally well—they come to the capitalist and say we want work, the capitalist naturally wishes to pay as little as possible, and this wish benefits also the public who pay less for what costs least. Now the first asks 10s. for the thing to be done, the



capitalist calls them in one after the other, and makes them, in fact, bid against each other till the tenth, rather than not get bread, consents to do the same thing for 3s. say, so that they cut each others' throats; nor can we truly blame any one in the matter, for each consults his own interests. Nor would association alter this case, for, divide the profit equally between the ten men and the employer, and the gain for each would be a farce, but the superfluous nine men, though an evil to each other in such a state of society, will be wanted in another state where the demand is greater than the supply, as is the case in many of our colonies; and here it is the duty of Government to send them free of expense. A sum would be required for this on a large scale, less, probably, than the sum we annually expend to destroy the slave trade—a laudable object, but more pressing requirements at home should be attended to, and it is there that charity is justly said to begin. Colonies are the safety-valve of an overcharged State, and no nation in such a situation can be said to be wise which neglects to encourage them: nothing but good can spring from them, if properly regulated and attended to. It is the duty of every profession to attend to the welfare of its servants, on whom so much depends, and many laudable examples among manufacturers, builders, railway companies, &c., might be cited as models, but the agricultural labourer and the sailor are utterly neglected, and allowed to run wildly to seed.

176

PARIS, 1851.

What has Christianity done for society that renders it so insufferably arrogant? Commerce, newspapers, railroads, electricity, printing, free trade, are these the results of Christianity? When the mind is decided on the divinity of Christ, where is the practical benefit to our fellow beings? Is it necessary to be firm adherents to his doctrines that we should hold that belief? Are other nations to whom it is unknown so utterly destitute of what are called Christian qualities? Don't they exist in the heart of man throughout the world? Am I to be damned because I will not believe that my child, by being baptized, becomes an inheritor of the Kingdom of God? If I believe so, how

does that affect me or mankind? Where is that charity so boasted of among Christians in this doctrine of damnation out of the Church? Where the benefit to man of this concentration of utility in a temple? instead of bad pictures statues, and chaunting there, commerce brings the same things, and better, home to our hearths. Can they humanise only in the temple? Priests and soldiers are bad signs in a nation, as being the emblems of the two worst governments man can have: Ecclesiastical and Military. In a former state of society they served their end; now they are merely vicious, but their organisation is complete, and they hold on to society with the tenacity of a sucking fish on a vessel. The Church at first sought to stifle progress, and infamously persecuted science, printing, free thought; it has now become wiser, and seeks to enter into the general movement, which it cannot conquer but hopes to control; but between it and society there should be no peace; it may come to us under false colours, but let us not be deceived: its vital principle is the same, and it is still, as ever, the enemy of progress and of mankind.

There is only one just power on the earth—civil government—representing the wishes of the people at large, its servant and not its master.

## 177

BAYONNE, 1851.

I was stretched lazily on my back enjoying the young sun and mild breeze of inheriting spring, my couch formed by the grass and daisy-covered ramparts of an opulent and ancient town in the south of France. The blue sky cloudless and pure as a virgin's love—the flowers, the breeze, the quiet, the solemnity of the distant mountains, all aided in producing one feeling, that of peace. How strange that on a spot expressly dedicated to the cruel purposes of war, whose green should be incarnadined with human blood, and strewn with the corpses of my fellow-men, a human being should be embued with a feeling so adverse in its results! True is it, indeed, that Nature clasps us like a warm and loving mother to her bosom of rest, and from man alone proceed the chief evils which afflict his race.

How, then, can this terrible result be avoided? We can-

not wait till men become angels, nay, not even until all nations agree to lay aside their weapons, for where the will to invade and conquer exists the means are ever ready, though the arms be laid aside. I can see but one feasible plan by which these beautiful walks and terraces may be turned to the use and pleasure of the inhabitants, namely, by the recognition by each nation of the other's inviolability, and a solemn league to aid each other mutually from external offence. Let it be once allowed that the majority of every nation has a right to dispose of itself—to choose of its own form of government, making any interference from without a crime, and I do not think we should long have this waste of land, money, and labour from year to year, these ramparts the dull walk of a few solitary sentinels, perhaps, then, of no soldiers at all.

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## 178

PARIS, 1852.

Is pain an evil? It makes me tremble, cry out, makes the sweat drop, and makes me fearful and nervous. It is a bodily evil, health is a bodily good. Pain, incompatible with good health, must then be a bodily evil; evil or not, pain is pain, which few of us care to undergo, yet its results may be both pleasant and useful. Pleasant, inasmuch as we enjoy the rest which ensues when it is past, and useful, for it should teach us to pity and aid others in pain, the existence of which we are too apt to forget.

## 179

PARIS, 1852.

I complain of my sufferings, moan, and almost cry, yet they are nothing to what the poor suffer, for poverty doubles pain. The old woman who at times cleans my room was five years in an hospital, and said to me, with what energy age still had left her, "Better for a woman to lie down on the bare floor and die than go there." Her sufferings there must have been great to have left so strong an impression.

## WEALTH AND POVERTY.

PARIS, 1852.

MISERY, poverty, pain, and ignorance, who is to alleviate, to diminish, to eradicate these, but the rich? These scourges have existed, and do and will exist, more or less in all times. It is only the rich, remember that—it is the rich, and the rich alone, who can set about to remedy them. Oh, it wrings one's heart to think of these things: allowing that a beneficent Deity has so formed man that even in his lowest and most savage state nature still affords him a counterbalance of comforts and pleasures, such as they are: still, what a state it is, especially when discovered to exist in the midst of wealth and happiness! The relief of these evils is hardly a duty on those who have only enough to live decently in the station to which they are born, for I recognise the duty to self as paramount (not in a bad sense, though); but in the superfluously rich it is a positive duty, to be remiss in which is to be wickedly criminal. To them is allotted the part of demi-gods and angels on earth, through the opulence they possess: an opulence which can transform misery into content. Seeing, then, how willing all of us are to excuse ourselves on this point, how I excuse myself, and others as plausibly themselves, it is perfectly rational and just, and consistent with liberty, so called, that the State should levy a tax for the maintenance, not the maintenance, for the use of the poor. But if this tax is to be expended on charity, by which I understand temporary maintenance, it is decidedly objectionable; let it be expended for the use of the poor. Emigration funds, hospital wants, ragged schools, baths and wash-houses, temporary loans. As to the principle of the disciples of Malthus, that the world is overpeopled, and that the workmen's families, overburdened with children and poverty, die out naturally and consequently under the will of God, it is simply ridiculous, I will use no harsher word; besides, it is evidently wrong to treat the value of man as inferior to the value of wages, and to say, that thus dying out, they do so in the interest of society, that wages may regain their proper level. It is about as absurd as

to sit idly by whilst a river overflows its banks, carrying death and ruin to the huts and fields around it, and then when all is over, and the river in its usual course, to say "There, you see how it is: in order that the river may keep its usual height, its banks have been overflowed, ruin carried around, and now it has come back to its natural state." Over-sow a piece of ground with seeds, and when, in springing up, they kill each other, that is, the weakest die; say "Behold, there is too much seed in the world, see how wonderfully Nature rectifies her errors!" Why the commonest sense might point out to you acres of untilled earth around, where the seeds, now dead from their bad distribution, might have grown and been of use. Because one great river overflows its banks, is there too much water in the world? The proper distribution of population is one principal method by which extreme poverty is to be remedied. Emigration is a science, and to talk pathetically about the cruelty of driving poor men from their mother country, where, but for charity, they would starve, is about as wise as to let a whole family die of hunger in their own hut, rather than send them out in the world to make their bread. Suppose a large town to have a corresponding and increasing mass of pauperism in it, what would you think of those men who would keep them on in a precarious and miserable dependence, because, poor folks, it would be so hard to drive them from their native place, rather than send them to some distant town, where work was plentiful, and man at a premium? Family, town, country, all must give way before the crying want of bread; and not only has this fact a beneficial result on the emigrant himself and on his kin, but it does, moreover, evidently help to carry out that great principle of the amalgamation of races, in which process, perhaps more than in any, we may mark the directing hand of Divine Providence. And at no time more remarkably than in these days, when California, South Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and the Brazils, are the channels which, as it were, receive the overflowing streams of European society. What will those nations which, like France, oppose emigration, do? The rich will not be taxed to support the poor (though they ought to assist the poor), the State cannot create a demand for

labour; they tried that in 1848, and failed. This population, then, still exists, miserable and ignorant, a permanent source of revolution and discontent.

## 181

PARIS, 1852.

The Duchess d'Abrantes,\* in the "Bal des Victimes" chapter, takes much trouble to prove that the French are not cruel or hard-hearted, but that they are only "*legers*!"† The extreme "*legerète*" which they showed in 1795 was not cruelty, it was the necessity of a "*changement de situation*," that's all; still it is no less true that the day after the massacre or fighting on the Boulevards in 1851, all Paris was there, laughing and jesting; whilst blood lay in puddles in the streets, and that against the Roman massacre not a voice was heard to protest.

## 182

PARIS, 1852.

Balzac is a proof of how witty and observing a shrewd man may be, and yet how dull in matters of politics; his sentiments are all ultra Absolutist, and he makes a man, in the "Maison Nucingen," say, "Liberty is ancient, but Absolutism is eternal, and all healthy-minded nations will in time return to it under one form or other!"

## 183

PARIS, 1852.

I am sure that if I had been made the immortal inhabitant of such a world as this, I should have become a miserable man, and either have wished myself dead, or the world destroyed. The world has now been written of for many ages, and I expect in none but what men of honour and sensibility have sometimes felt aweary of their life, and sick of human nature, as here shown. What a dreadful fate we should all consider an earthly immortality to be, may be seen by the pitying awe with which the Wandering Jew is regarded, only or mainly dependent on the nature of his punishment. Confine our view of the Creator and created to this world, and the result would be

\* "Memoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantes."

† This recalls to mind Ollivier's "*cœur léger*" in the German War.

a doubting hope, a reckless indifference, or a firm faith in the devil; raise our view above and around it, and we have then an unwavering belief in a great and good God.—recklessness or indifference, possible only for the wilfully stolid—and an utter repudiation of any power of evil in coequal activity with the power of good; but until Death is recognised as a relative and not a positive evil, this will not be. Personally, death is most probably a great event for good, and only relatively bad in the want of livelihood it may produce to a family: for the mental trouble which among friends or in a family it produces, is certainly productive of improving feelings, and is the source of much that is serious, chastening, and kindly.

## 184

PARIS, 1852.

If the moral state of society in France is impartially shewn by her writers, by such works as Dumas's "Monte Christo," Sue's "Matilda," Georges Sand's "Indiana," Balzac's "Père Goriot," or Dumas fils' "Dame aux Camelias," then what a state it must be in! The repugnance which the perusal of these works has produced in me to French society is extreme! I have no patience with brilliant villains and sentimental harlots, nor with the eternal complaint of the iron bondage of modern social laws. Knowledge will never by itself open the gates of Paradise to man: there Honour and Virtue are the only doorkeepers.

Give me a dull *bourgeois*, a stupid bumpkin, who when the opportunity comes spurns sin from him, or, at least, is honest in his grossness, before all the polished villains, plausible and self-satisfied, who appear to be regarded with pride by these people. I seek not wit but rectitude: not brilliancy but honour: not conceit, but modesty. Come what come may, fall back fall edge: do what you conscientiously believe right, or, if that is too difficult, approach it as near as may be. Above all things—I speak only in a worldly view—cherish honour. It is something for a nation when its men love honour and its women abhor prostitution. I speak not only of the body (pitiful as that is), but of that prostitution, even more killing, shameful, and wretched, the prostitution of the soul, in which excitement poisons

rest, in which passion murders affection, and where lust, disguised in love's array, renders constancy a fiction, fidelity a dream, honour a lie, home a grave, and children a burden. Long, long, may my country be spared such a state, may God avert, may we all abjure it: and, for myself, whatever follies, whatever sins I commit, whatever bad habits I contract, let me avoid, as I have, and do, and mean to as far as in me lies, all dishonesty. I would hide nothing from myself, nor would I, if I could, from my Creator. If I sin, let me own it, and accept, without grudging, the result.

How much do we owe to our literature! The popular literature of England from Chaucer to Addison downwards, has had an immense influence doubtless not only on the English character, but also on those members of our race, who now are forming in so many different points of the earth new States.

## 185

PARIS, 1852.

To be wisely idle is a great secret in life. There are moments, hours, days, when we must be patient; stone walls, indeed, do not alone make a prison, but illness, listlessness, unrest, mental darkness; there is nothing for it, then, but to bide the time, and digest the present as best we can.

## 186

PARIS, 1852.

Nothing is more absurd than to hear the descriptions of kings, &c. Thus Balzac speaks of the something commanding and regal look of Louis XI.; thus the papers pourtray the calm impassibility and proud self-centredness of Louis Napoleon; when the same might be said of any man in their place. Many a king has nothing but the illusion which lends him dignity, and often in the lowest ranks we see the features of a king. Few faces but when conscious of power can show it, and in all faces the outward show is no index to the hidden spirit.

## 187

PARIS, 1852.

The first part of Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions" have filled me with disgust and contempt for the man and



his mistress. I find only in him meanness, lying, ingratitude, and hypocrisy. The only redeeming traits in the whole first part are, as far as I remember, his trying to prevent his father from thrashing his brother, and his giving up Madame de Lanarge to return to Madame Warens. In addition to the bad qualities above mentioned, I have omitted avarice and theft (as a habit). Allow all for the times in which he lived, the freedom and looseness of the women, the grossness of language and habits, the absence of great public morality and earnest religious sentiment; still, I cannot gloss it over at all. Up to the age of about thirty, he has been, by his own account, a confirmed liar and hypocrite, and now do I suppose he is going to change? We shall see. But throughout the perusal of this work I have thought it false, nor shall I easily believe it a true history even in its facts until incontrovertibly proved to me; as to its sentiment and the reasons given for his conduct they are on the face false. Even if he thought, in writing, when all was over, that those were his true motives, still I could tell him that they were not. There are some words holy to the worst men even. Sister, Mother—these are not names to designate the mistress by. Madame Basile he called sister, Warens mamma. Now one does not like to judge, but, putting his profanity on one side, let us regard Warens for a moment. He calls her continually, as far as I have gone yet, the dearest, best of women: her heart, he asserts, was always lovely, frank, amiable; it was her reason lost her. What a frank, lovely, amiable heart must that woman have who was false to her marriage vow, false to him who made her break it, lived with many men, according to Rousseau's own belief, left or was chased from her canton, changed her religion and lived on the proceeds of her apostacy, gained an estimable man as a lover, made him virtually her husband, received a youth and cherished him, making him call her mamma and she call him son, seduce him, keep him in the house, live with both promiscuously, lose the oldest, keep the other, and when she finds him ill and weak and no longer acceptable, fills up his place by a "barber, a fool, vain, ignorant, insolent!" This woman was evidently an infidel, and performed her religious duties, I suspect, only to retain her pension

Such a woman described by Rosseau is worse to me, more heartless, odious, and repugnant, than the meanest drab that walks the streets. On reading the second part I hardly know what to think. That there was persecution and treachery on the one hand is pretty evident, but there was wild suspicion and eccentricity on the other. I must now believe the whole to be substantially true, but seen through discoloured glasses and described with exaggeration and self-deceit. Whatever his works may say for him, his own character is distinguished by a great want of sense, moral and social, for which he paid dearly. I pity, but have no sympathy with him.

## 188

PARIS, 1852.

Sick, feverish, and in pain, in a small cheerless room, where I am grudging the preparation of the commonest necessities of life, whilst my discomfort and despondency are strengthened by the melancholy sound of the October wind as it sweeps sadly on through the fading leaves of the sere vine and withered clematis: it seems to me that I never could have been happy, it seems that through life I am destined to wander on unloved, uncared for, as up to now I have, or that those whom I meet and could love, so far from causing me joy, are doomed to be the sources of my deepest sorrows.

## 189

PARIS, 1853.

During my stay in Paris, I led a life which will bear no remorse, having been economical, and diligent in art, and having thought seriously, with a desire for future improvement. This year (1853) I shall be thirty, and may the days to come bring blessings with them, and the stormy, clouded, tearful time of my youth and manhood give way at last to a settled and a holier life. As regards religion, I find myself at last not only disjoined from all Churches and sects, but from the very first principles on which they are in common founded; nor at this moment have I any systematic belief to fill the place of that which I have lost; this, however, gives me little concern. I

would rather be thus than implicated with what is foolish or false; besides, the dawn of better things, however dimly, I do still perceive, and am full of hope. As regards politics, I seek progress in all things, and deem Conservatism incompatible with its principles; we strive to change; the true Conservative seeks to retain the *status in quô*; between the two advancement proceeds slowly, perhaps, but the better I can suppose for this wholesome check. I feel assured that absolute freedom of discussion and real representative Government are ultimately necessary to every well-educated nation, and that the Governments which now overwhelm Europe with an absolutist sway will in time fall, and for ever, with greater or less trouble. Thus, then, though for the time out of heart and dismayed, here again I have still hope, and a reasonable one; but I feel that my opinions on these two points sever me from a large mass of my fellow-beings, and I am resigned to lose the benefit which thinking, as all men think, confers on a man, and to do as I may, without being false to my principles. Surrounded by mystery, doubt, contention, and disasters, I still yield myself up ungrudgingly, and with all faith, to whatever fate the great Creator may intend for me. Death will come, and then will I give myself up with a firm faith in His goodness and wisdom; and whilst on earth, though all things else disturb and disappoint me, I would yet uphold that, in so far as life can be made happy and holy, it is through the exercise of two native powers, common to all nations, all Churches, and all parties—labour and love.

## 190\*

## FLORENCE.

After a stay of some weeks, I set out for Rome, *via* Siena. This old-fashioned town, with its curious and picturesque cathedral, pleased me exceedingly, and I should have enjoyed a sojourn there very much, but I determined on taking a *vettura* to continue my journey to Rome. The first day we got on pretty well, and halted at San Quirico; some travellers told me to stop here, but the village was small and the accommodation was of the roughest kind; and

\* Thoughts 190 and 191 are extracts from autobiography written at Paris in 1853, but descriptive of events in 1843.

as on a cold December's night, I entered a long, cheerless, smokened room, no fire, and only a wretched lamp to light me, alone and ill, I felt most miserable. An unstinted supply of wood and a good supper, however, soon cheered my spirits, and I passed an evening which I still remember with pleasure, playing on my violin to the accompaniment of the loud and cheerful crackling of the logs, calling up to my imagination the music of home, even my own old home, and indulging in the recollections revived by it, and the wailing of the wind seemed to be the very same, never forgotten by me, that wandered mournfully round the quiet retreat of our old house.

## 191

## ROME.

Living in the house with me at Rome was one of those miserable, cadaverous, starved-looking priests, such as the Church of Rome can only show, who took on himself the duty of attempting my conversion, but, after a few conversations on the subject, he gave up the task in despair, and partly, perhaps, in shame, seeing that when I referred him to his Bible for proof of some assertion, he candidly owned it was a book he did not possess.

A dirty city, on a muddy river, situated in the midst of a desert, Rome had little to attract me beyond its antiquities and palaces. The Carnival, however, took place whilst I was there, and I entered into the delights of that merry season with as much spirit as a stranger without acquaintances could; the solemnities at St. Peter's, however, gave me no satisfaction. I saw little devotion, but much show; there was something oppressive in the formality of the ceremonies, something ridiculous in the inaptness of many to their parts, and something so mean in the prostration of the multitude before the debauched look of a wretched old man,\* that it was an inexpressible relief to me to extricate myself from the gaping crowd, and meditate over the great truths and simple creed of a purer religion, in a temple whose vault was that of heaven itself, whose frankincense was that of spring flowers, and whose pictures were painted by Nature's own inimitable hand.

\* Pope Gregory XVI.

## 192

PARIS, night of January 1, 1853.

"*Sic transit vita*," quickly in the aggregate, but slowly piecemeal, and thus "from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs" a sermon. This time last year I was returning from a sick person's couch, a bed of suffering. Now, at this hour, I remember well my walk through the lone and dreary country roads—just such a night as this—dark, wet, and cheerless, and my return to London, sombre and uneasy; it was no time for joy and I had none. A short twelve months are past: I have done not unwell, have completed a work which may be of use to others and to myself, have lived here savingly and quietly, have advanced in art, and spent the last evening of my year in a polyglot society of Russians, Swedes, and French: have strengthened the feelings which bind me to all people without distinction of race, and am well prepared to enter life seriously and with reasonable hope—I will not invoke the Supreme Power—let that presumption be for the hour absent; if by Him I am heard, I only can say that I will try and lead a good life, avoid the evil, and seek to better my estate, spiritual, moral, and temporal.

## 193

PARIS, 1853.

The chief cause of St. Simon's failures, and others of that class, arose from a vain endeavour to build up a state of society separate from the great mass, and, indeed, opposed to it. One man, one creed, can hardly give rules universally applicable to the human race. Christianity, even under the powerful patronage it has had, has failed to do this; all those of its sects which were opposed most strongly to the ordinary course of human progress are crumbling away or have already disappeared, and that great body which best succeeds does so by falling in with the spirit of the day, striving to direct and assimilate it.

The spirit of universal human progress is the only true foundation on which to raise fresh ideas, and it will be found that the ignorant, unreasoning, but common-sense world is right, where philosophers and Churches are all wrong.

There must be a religion ; there must be public worship ; there must be commerce ; there must be competition ; there must be self-dependence, marriage, poverty, misery ; there must be differences of opinion. The harmony of society is not a monotony, but concord in discord, true harmony : all different, but all assimilated ; all working various ways to one end. We may, perhaps, never all love one another, but we must all have regard to each other, and seek to be tolerant of each other. We shall all differ as to the way in which our object is to be attained, yet may live happily together if that object is the same to all, viz., individual improvement and universal progress. If we all worship God and not our churches, we shall hardly quarrel whether a barn, a hill, or a temple is to be the scene of our worship. We should love, not the outer but the inner life ; not creeds, but principles ; not the sect, but the spirit. This is not so now, nor do I say but what a community of rules is also necessary to a community of sentiment ; but I can see no chance in the future of the extension of any set of fixed rules forming a creed, but perceive, with the advance of society, at any rate for some time, a still wider extension of differing opinions. Liberty implies that result, therefore is it necessary above all things to cultivate tolerance, respect, and love where possible.

194

PARIS, 1853.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and the soul repudiates shams.

195

PARIS, 1853.

As I have the sense which perceives and appreciates beauty and truth, let me have the heart to seek the extension of their pleasures to others, and the soul to worship and praise that Supreme Power who has so fitted me.

The body to enjoy, the heart to love, the soul to worship, answering to the light, heat, and actinism of the sun's ray ; each by itself will perform some service, but it is in their proper combination that the entire earth finds its advantage.

## 196

PARIS, 1853.

Why, when we feel life to be a burden, when the heart sinks and sinks, lost to all hope, devoid of courage and faint with despair; when we see before us weeks, perhaps years, may be a lifetime, of disease and pain; when the sun no longer shines for us, the earth bloom, nor the breeze gladden; when we are alone, friendless, neglected, poor in heart and pocket, lying in the agonies of a torturing disease, why do we not finish it once and for ever by suicide? It is because we feel that we have no right thus to take in our hands the fate of our soul. We do not know how we may be interfering with a higher plan than any we know of. Our life is not at our own disposal, and, moreover, that "undiscovered bourne" frightens us. Item.—To those who think of suicide or murder of self, or of others, we would say, remember "no stab the soul can kill."

## 197

PARIS, 1853.

That which most forces on us the idea of a future state in which our identity is not lost is the fact of our being possessed of qualities which are capable of endless exercise, and yet which generally find not even a life existence on earth. From the plant up to the most intelligent animal, a definite extent of vital power is exhibited and perfected: the dog, the bee, the ant, the monkey, the beaver, the horse, all exhibit the possession of intelligence, but an intelligence bounded and perfected in itself. They do not become wiser, or if they do, only in an indirect manner, whereas man is naturally weak, ignorant, and foolish, and yet is capable of a continual progression, which we hardly conceive as bounded by the opportunities afforded in this life. A working-man may have the same powers as a noble or a scholar, and these working-men constitute the greater portion of the world. One would suppose, then, that had the Creator intended this to have been, had He fore-ordained this, He would have formed beings more fitted for the station in which they live and the results required of them; and we

can only reconcile this, and, indeed, the various inequalities and troubles of life in general, by supposing that our existence here is merely a preliminary state, short and transitory, introductory to one in which justice will give the full gratification of any worthy pleasures, and the exercise of any powers we possess. But beyond the mere inequalities of social life, with its luxuries and comforts, its knowledge and enjoyments on one side, and its crime, ignorance, filth, misery, and disease, on the other: where, that the one class should be well behaved and happy is no merit; and the other lawless and miserable, is no blame; beyond this, we say, remains the inequality of our capacities to our desires.

It is wrong to regard man as a machine vivified by the Creator for the performance of certain acts, ending with his body's decay, for, were it so, the Creator's purpose would miserably fall short, so many have brains constituting the working powers of that machine, which lie in life-long inactivity: and even if the brain were fully at work, like a machine in good order, still there is a something higher than that machine in its nature, and which I feel to be essentially myself, which seeks to work by that machine and finds it insufficient for the realisation of its wish. How many who have a passionate love of music, yet have not the means to exercise it; how many ardent amateur artists who, perhaps, can hardly draw or paint! It is the same with poetry, with conversation, with acting, with mechanism; our desires, in fine, are unlimited, but our capacities very limited; but our desires are as much ourselves as our capacities; and though the eye may become dull, the ear be closed, the hand be paralyzed, the brain be worn out, the whole body decay and no longer respond to the touch of the charmer, still the spirit which put all into action, the real Being, exists, and, having a distinct character of its own, can hardly be imagined as either being annihilated, absorbed, or remoulded into the form of an infant, but will take up its standpoint at death in this world as the starting-post of its future existence.



## 198

PARIS, 1853.

The storm has burst over our islands, our coasts are covered with wrecks and the bodies of the guiltless dead. Over a nation which has sought righteousness and justice, as far as human nations can, would seem to fall the heavy hand of the Maker's displeasure; whilst another nation, false and perverse, escapes those just signals of Divine wrath which we might well suppose they would receive. How meaningless are these words—Divine wrath and pleasure—as evidenced in the misfortunes which result to mankind from the elements! Nature proceeds on her course unswervingly. Creation and preservation continue and progress by means which regard not man, who, in crossing the path they follow, meets ruin and death; and nothing should teach man humility more than this, for nothing can more logically prove that there are interests superior to his earthly ones, before which his life and his property become insignificant.

## 199

PARIS, 1853.

Nothing seems more certain than this, that little interests never are advanced at the expense of greater ones; but, on the other hand, great interests are continually advanced at the expense of lesser ones; thus, the grass is destroyed that the corn may grow; the wood thinned that the forest may spread; animals killed that man may live; thus, Washington sacrifices personal interest to national good, and is blessed; thus Louis XIV. sacrifices national interests to personal, and commits a wrong; and this perverted order of the interests of dynasties before that of nations pervades all Europe. Where, however, the interests of the one person or family aid the interest of the people, we do not, nor cannot, blame the desire of self-aggrandisement. But this, in an advanced state of society, is probably impossible; individual self-interest must also be promoted by honest and not by dishonest means, or it becomes liable to censure, and if the support it seeks is undeserved, even to justifiable punishment. A man in puffing his claims on society commits no

wrong if he does not exaggerate those claims, but if, without just foundation, he puffs himself and wares, in other words, if he lies in order to obtain your suffrage, he deserves the fate of liars.\* If ever in nature it would seem to us that greater interests suffer at the expense of little ones, we may be sure it is because greater interests still, of which we are ignorant, are to be advanced by those means; for, to suppose otherwise is not consistent with the infinite wisdom, which, we justly imagine, has created and regulates the universe.

## 200

BARNINGHAM, SUFFOLK, 1853.

NOT social mirth, nor sweet domestic love,  
 Have ever touched my heart as have the sights  
 And sounds of Nature, the all-beautiful,  
 Spread round us.  
 Shall I tell you how, once, within a garden—  
 A poor, neglected garden,  
 Bricked in with crumbling walls—I kissed a rose?  
 Be far, ye duller souls, who mock at  
 The invisible: the promptings  
 Of a Deeper love than aught on earth can satisfy.  
 But draw ye nearer to me, ye who have  
 Lov'd and suffer'd, and without fear I'll speak.  
 Within this garden's ruined bounds  
 Grew a sweet rose, a single rose;  
 Not fully blown, yet drooping, as 'twere some  
 Virgin sinking just within sight of love.  
 Often my steps towards it bent, and when  
 Its odour fell upon my soul, sweet thoughts  
 Of unimaginable depth, of rare and  
 Tender ecstacy, drew me from earth, and  
 All that earth doth hold, to realms of bliss  
 Unutterable; and when perforce my  
 Lips bent passionately over it, and,  
 With a pure, unearthly longing, kiss'd it,  
 Heaven seemed to open, and God's own angels love me.  
 Years have flown by since then;

\* This was written in allusion to Louis Napoleon's journals constantly crying him up as "The saviour of society."

Doubt and anxiety may cloud my soul,  
And somewhat of my spirit's fineness be  
O'er-dulled by life's unthinking pleasures;  
Still, unto death, O may the memory  
Of that sweet hour be dear to me.

And, when I think of it,  
Let me remember, too, how on the rocky mountain peak  
I've knelt, my eyes suffused with tears, with happy tears,  
Watching the glorious sun driving  
His car all blazing down the purple deep,  
Or, motionless upon the verdant mead, have gazed  
Into those vast and restless realms of shadowy mist  
Which bar me from my future azure home;  
Nor yet forget the songs of gladness and of love,  
Tender and healing, full of gentle thoughts,  
Which the soft winds have murmured in my ears.  
Forget not aught of this, nor cease to love that Nature  
In whose arms and through whose breath alone  
We do enjoy the blessed feeling of a holier life.

## 201

LYME REGIS, 1853.

I reclined on a grassy lawn. Past me blew gently the summer breezes; around me spread the green, umbrageous trees and the kind motherly earth; beneath me rolled the restless ocean, the colour of hope, the type of eternal activity. On one side, the house seemed a large instrument breathing sweet music; from the other, came the solemn tolling of the old church bell; and from all did I receive pleasure and learn wisdom. The surrounding scene spoke of God the Creator, Preserver, Sustainer, the Ruler of the known and of the unknown. Infinite wisdom and love unveiled themselves to me, and my own soul was, of a truth, filled with the overflowing measure of the Great Eternal and Universal Soul itself. And from the music which the sweet zephyr wafted by, I recognised myself as dependent on others for somewhat of my delight; for the soul is like the earth, and is fruitful through an influence not all its own. And from the passing bell I learnt how death is not always fearful and sad, since the notes of its

triumph fell not sadly on my ear, but rather atoned my mind to its inevitable advent. Thus, also, see we how things noisy and disagreeable are softened and rendered pleasurable by distance. Only with those who love it is not so; for, though the whisper of the beloved pierces farther than thunder, yet tears are the measure of their separation, and the farther they are moved from each other the darker seems the road.

From the restless ocean we see how vital is action, regular and sustained. On the stagnant pool grows the slimy weed, and in its depths crawl unsightly things.

Let us seek good in all things, and it will be well with us. In our passage through life we should seek to assimilate to ourselves all that is good, to widen our perception of all that is beautiful. For some time we shall have to find or make our paradise here on this orb, and it may well be that it is the counterpart, in a grosser form, of a similar eternal existence.

## 202

LONDON, 1853.

How apt we are to drive at conclusions from unwarranted premises! The day is stormy, wet, and gloomy to those outside. My window in the evening dimness is all alight with the blazing fire, and doubtless passers by say, "There is comfort," whilst I am a prisoner, afflicted with violent pain and in horribly low spirits. How happy must be the people in that fine carriage with its blazon, and prancing horses and dignified footmen! Look in, what do you see? An old woman with hollow cheeks and bleared eyes, swathed in shawls, and propped up with pillows.

## 203

LONDON, 1853.

Is there such a thing as chance? Many hold the idea in horror, and would not play at pitch-and-toss for fear of calling the Divine agency into trivial if not mean action. Is it true that every, even the pettiest incident of our lives is under the direction of Supreme guidance? Swedenborg holds that it is so, and illustrates his belief by an

arrow sent from a bow, which, diverging ever so little from the mark at first, flies wider of it as it proceeds. "Who," he asks, "ever heard of a perfect government which did not attend to minutiae as to grand matters." The same Power which decides the fate of an important battle, according to this system, would direct the hand and eye of every marksman; and, by this theory, no man does his own will, but does in reality, however it may be hid, the will of the Supreme Chief. With this theory I cannot hold, and think that liberty of free action being conceded to every individual, and all their actions being varied, a state of chance, or risk, or uncertainty, does and must also exist.

For instance, I was suffering from a complaint which suggested the probability of an operation which I was anxious to avoid; but, ashamed of my cowardice, I called on a surgeon in the morning to perform it. He was out; glad of the respite, I waited till evening came on, when, convinced it should be done, I called on another surgeon; he, too, was out. I might now have said, "Providence clearly means that I should avoid this action:" my will, my volition sought it, but another volition evidently was at variance with mine, and whose was that? Why, according to the doctrine of Supreme Power in minutiae, His alone; and yet we must clearly see that beside my will and the Supreme will comes in a third power, which is the free action allowed to others. I conclude, then, that this is a fair case of chance: still more must I think so when my complaint becoming worse that night, I was obliged to call again next day, when the surgeon was at home and declared the operation unnecessary. I have the power of free action and you have the power of free action: he, we, ye, and they have the power of free action, and using it as we all do, a series of chances or risks is a logical conclusion, since our action is divided into so many different, often conflicting, purposes. This necessarily arises from the power with which the Creator has endued us. How the Supreme will works with this system: how it controls, guides, or shapes it none of us can say. If employed upon us, its only purpose can be for our spiritual welfare, for our benefit as immortal souls, or to the uses of an interest more important than our own individual one.

And here I must say that we are too apt, as it appears to me, to regard man as the sole spiritual creation of the Deity, and as the object for whose special advantage all His power is evolved. One thing we know, that man is but one remove from the animal, yet certainly that remove is an important one. We really cannot conceive any lower spiritual creature than man (oh, yes, mermaids, fairies, &c.); and I think may reasonably conclude that there are spiritual beings vastly more noble, since the line which separates man from the animal is so slight, whilst the difference between man and his Creator is infinite; and we can hardly suppose that gap in the spiritual world to exist which would find no analogy from anything we know of in the nature and system of creation, in which a minute and almost imperceptible continuity is the principal feature, and this not only in the mineral, vegetable, and merely animal life, but also in human life. For I hold that even were a whole generation of the world's inhabitants to have had the same length of prior civilisation, and the same present amount of education and knowledge, I hold, I say, that there would remain still a vast and radical difference between them; and that family and national characteristics and powers would still be strongly marked, allowing for the minute differences which would complete the links, and show one grand harmonious entirety, where all were best in their respective classes, infinitely varied, and infinitely complete, perfectly harmonious, but essentially different. This variety of races, which civilisation may improve, but cannot change, has existed always to the casual observer; an African here, and a German there; here a Malay, there a Frenchman; here a Turk, there an American, and this apparently in great confusion, without system or order: and yet, in the same manner he might regard the animal world, here a dog, there a hippopotamus, to the superficial observer it might and would be so; it is the careful collector and scientific soul which brings them all together before you, and arranges them in such a manner that you perceive a regular line of ascent, in which species, and even genera, are lost in the perception of a continuous progress. We can scarcely believe that any education, climate, or food, would change the

little-minded; thoroughly practical Chinese, into the dreaming, intellectual German, or *vice versâ*; they are two links in the system of humanity far apart, but each with its purpose in the grand chain: wide as the poles asunder, yet the space between them is easily connected by the commonest reflection. Certainly this is mere hypothesis, yet it is borne out by all other systems of creation with which we are acquainted; and I for one, so far from thinking that the spiritual creations which move incarnate on earth are formed on one cast-iron model and are to be cast into one universal mould, do surely conceive that they are infinitely more varied and more delicate in their variety, than the grosser diversities of material existence. We are all children of the same parent, but sons to whom are allotted various duties and occupations in the great workshop of existence. We are not meant to be all striving to do the same thing, but to do different things according to our different qualities; all, probably, equally valuable in their way as parts of one complete work, and all dependent on each other. The great Swedish thinker has said, "That form is most perfect which is most varied in its parts, but most perfect as a whole." And this is especially true of the form which spiritual existence takes, had we the understanding eye to perceive its truth, and how wonderfully it is carried out in our societies.

But though I perceive and uphold this inequality of race for want of a better term; that is, although I perceive various mental capacities, and even spiritual ones, in which, though all perform a use, there are radically different grades, I do not confound these radical differences with those which are merely artificial. Given, equal mental and spiritual qualities to a million of men: the inequalities of circumstances, the so-called inequality between the professional man and the artisan, is thoroughly an arbitrary conclusion. We have all heard the story of the basket-maker and the great lord wrecked on a desert island; just so, take the million of men, throw them on a desert island, and which is master, which man? which the lord, and which the inferior? Abstract equality, to men equally endowed by nature, is a great truth, never too much dinned into the ears of this age; a much-needed and grand

assertion of the working-man's real position, spite of the accidents of a badly arranged society, yet never to be practically carried out. In an old and well-established, but still a defective, form of society, these temporary and really fictitious inequalities are matters of sensible and awkward fact: and so is it well that the workman should ever sing, and prove himself worthy of singing, and the rich hear, and in hearing, allow that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
A man's a man for a' that."

In other words, the workman should demand respect, and the rich evince it. The working-man must feel, so does an artificial custom work in all, that his large and begrimed hand, his fustian coat, his speech, his manners, his roughness, do really constitute a sensible inequality between him and the rich and well-educated, an inequality which makes him uneasy and dissatisfied when he gets into actual contact with the rich: yet he should never forget that his position, though different, is no way inferior, and that this apparent inequality is merely that of circumstance, since, with their advantages, he would be their equal, and, possibly, both in his intellect and heart, their superior. The value of their work may be different, yet be it remembered, nevertheless, that he is able to do that which the other cannot.

I do not mean to insult either your understanding or your heart by supposing that the God of the Old Testament, the God of the fanatic and superstitious Jews, is your idea of God. No, only it is for such a length of time that you have injured His name and nature by its adoption that I hope you will now endeavour to do some justice for the errors of the past, and seek to compensate for its foolish and often cruel creeds, and its ages of idolatry. For do not suppose that idolatry means mere image worship: it is practised whenever men run after, uphold, cling to, place trust in, and exalt a Church, a creed, a sect, a book, a man, before Him who alone is to be sought out, trusted in, and



adored. With this hope, then, let us regard the past as past : as silly sentences written with chalk which your good sense has altogether washed off the tablet of your memory : as night fears which the dawn of truth has chased away even before the sun has fully risen.

## 205

LONDON, 1853.

Is the universe chance ? No.

Is it probable that one or more creative minds worked at its system ? One.

Is it probable that man on earth can well comprehend that mind ? No.

Is it probable that any of the present religions worthily represent it ? No.

## 206

LONDON, 1853.

In looking over the numerous and beautiful varieties of birds, shells, insects, &c., which make the British Museum a Great Exhibition, before which that of '51 pales its ineffectual fire, nothing more perplexed me than the power and nature of their Creator. Am I wrong to suppose that in these matters there is no such thing as chance ? Am I wrong in supposing that nothing, down to the very colour, is done without an object ? In some things the object seems to be pretty clearly only the production of beauty and of variety, nor is it a small object. In others the object is evident, and wonderfully worked out, as in the leaf insect. I own that the contemplation of these things fills me with an awe which would be terror had I not a conviction of the unbounded benevolence, as well as the unbounded power, of Him who made all things. If I am enchanted with the unerring wisdom, the wonderful providence, and the exquisite taste : I am no less so with the inconceivable minuteness of attentively worked detail, and the grand symmetry of the universal plan. I would say to myself and to others, We cannot comprehend, but we can worship ; let us kneel and fall down, for He is the Lord and Maker of us all, and we are His handiwork. This expression of handiwork is so

natural to us poor clumsy-fingered men, because we, at least, can do nothing without them; yet, there is a power that works all these wonders, and material wonders too, through invisible agents: which may properly be called the creative intelligence. Man's is merely a constructive power: man works out material forms by construction, God by creation—and above all is the spirit, the love, and the wisdom, inexpressible and beyond us, yet to be enjoyed some time, as our yearning for love and our thirst for knowledge prophecy to us. To the Maker of the shell and the life which works therein; to the Maker of the body and the soul which dwells therein, be all honour, glory, and majesty, now and for ever. And for this let us long for an immortality. Why have I been so dull? Why has my heart been so long estranged from God? Why have I lived in the world thus thoughtlessly without the Lord? How can it be that only at times I have loved and adored the great Creator, the architect of the universe, the great artist, the source of the wonderful and the beautiful? Oh, my soul! how do I wish thou wouldst awake and worship for ever, as now; but, alas! upon myself, and the cares and pleasures of my own individual existence, turn the eyes of my soul, sorrowfully and full of tears, as one who is dead to knowledge, to wisdom, and to life. Yet may Thy power still save, strengthen, and console me; may it turn my thoughts to Thee: for, as I am happier, so will I seek still more to think of Thee, to praise Thy name, to be grateful for my life. And if I suffer, still let me have strength not to murmur and complain. Alas! alas! weak is my heart; into Thy hands I commend my soul.  
*Fiat voluntas tua.*

People, the priests especially, tell us that pain and poverty are good for us; I think, for my part, that if you do not thank God for pleasures, you will never thank Him for misfortunes. It is joy makes a man grateful and kindly; it is misery and pain which often harden and ruin him.

## 208

LONDON, 1853.

Oh, that I had the power of the writers of old to express my longing and my sense of love. But I will be patient, nor vex the All-pervading ear with my selfish cries. To suffer and be silent, to be sorrowful, but to live in confident hope, is man's duty. We are, in a measure, the workers out of our own destiny; and my own follies and misconduct may deserve a worse punishment than the absence of a consoling spirit. My life has not been holy nor my acts blameless: yet will the Lord judge mercifully, and in resignation will I wait. Oh, may my soul be illumined to know wisdom, and a light be thrown over the paths which lead to spiritual happiness and health.

## 209

LONDON, 1853.

Do not look into the future. Half our troubles exist by anticipation? and yet in the same way so do half our pleasures. Philosophy cannot cure us of this, perhaps silly, habit. Nature is stronger than reason. In all cases seek to look hopefully on the coming hour; the reality is seldom so terrible as we fancy it. In this respect the mental and bodily eye differ, to one distance diminishes, to the other it exaggerates.

## 210

LONDON, 1853.

Women are the natural priests, the true angels of the Deity. From Him alone proceeds strength, but from them proceed consolation and sweet tenderness. Mother and wife are sacred names, but only in so far as they symbolise love.

## 211

LONDON, 1853.

Just as a comfortable fellow, leaving his book, his fire, and pipe for the cold, hazy, noisy streets, gladly turns in again to his snug quarters: so does the heart, at ease and happy in itself, return from the hollow, noisy conventionalities of social life, back to its retired and solitary existence.

## 212

LONDON, 1853.

It is getting far into the night; the wind sweeps stormily round the nooks and chimney-stacks of these old creaking houses, yet not strongly enough to drown the sound of busy life in the great streets. I hear the dull pattering of feet, and the more distant rumble of the wheels. How strange does it seem to me! How does this quiet room and flickering fire contrast with the scenes of revelry and mirth which my mind pictures to me! In this great, throbbing city what feasting, dancing, acting, singing, go on around me: a whole beating mass of human souls, instinct with the delights of a thoughtless and false excitement! But it is not only those of this night I see, but the shadows of those crowds who fluttered through the same fancied pleasures in the past, of those who will do so in the future, whilst the grand system of the universe revolves silently in its majesty around us: whilst slighted Nature works her thousand wonders round our steps. Alas! we are as children, who, in the wretched little painted toys which are given us to play with, forget, or rather never think of, the realities, the grand, the lovely realities, which encompass us.

## 213

LONDON, 1853.

We should look on some misfortunes that befall us as the assassin's dagger at the foot of the Sultan's couch, labelled, "The next time, you will find it in your heart."

## 214

LONDON, 1853.

There must be some means of communication between the Creator and man, between the Father and the offspring. For, after all, I cannot lose sight of the fact that we are His children, and it would sound terrible to my ears to be told that between us, nevertheless, there could be no communion; and, after all, there are surely duties for that Parent to perform. I can understand that such a duty is performed by giving us a body and soul admirably fitted to our world and to each other; instruments of all kinds, bodily and mental, to work out our own course with, and

that course shewn clearly to us, by an unerring desire. tantamount to necessity. I can also understand that our course must be left open to our will, that we must have free will to choose, reject, decide, and, above all, to love; that we are meant to be not the bound slaves, the inevitable bondmen, but the willing servants and free worshippers of that Being from whom we are sprung, and to whom we shall return. So far I can see, then, that there is no absolute need for communion between the Creator and man during this ante-life. But something more remains; the being, confessedly not infallible nor all potent, thus launched on the sea of life, does, through a thousand ways, nor can it be said through his own fault, sail into error, sin, and crime. Bring to your mind the crowds of the wretchedly poor, the uneducated, the ignorant, the criminal, the hardly human, which spring up in festering masses throughout the world; but even forget these; look at the errors of the young, their follies, their fickleness, their trials, often without human parents or friends to counsel or guard them—see them, the richer, the still unhappier (probably), pursue folly into the bounds of sin: see, for you may if you would, hearts around you, and young hearts too, bitterly weeping over their own faults, doubtful, desponding, desperate, thrown back into evil from the sheer absence of a holy restraint, from the want of a much longed-for heart to clasp unto their own, stumbling savagely on through the mud and mire, and at times, in the hour of illness, of mental trouble, of spiritual fear, invoking passionately divine aid with bent head and bursting heart, whilst the echo of their cries is lost, lost in the depths of an awful, a cruel silence. To the cry of “My God, my God, do not forsake us, bear us up, instruct, aid, direct us, save us, thy children,” a silence chilling and imperturbable returns no hope of comfort, no sound of encouragement. Is there, then, no answer? Is all we gain in return the assurance of a fact coldly spoken to us? Is there no note taken of our sorrow and our aspiration? But does a voice, calm and firm, merely say to us “Children, I have given you sense to perceive evil, the will to avoid it, strength even to throw off its nervous grasp; the way is before you, go on.” Is this all? Can this be all? Would my father, my fellow-creature, have thus received an erring, repentant,

heart-stricken son? Oh, for a mother upon whose shoulder I might rest my head and weep childlike! Oh, for one soul to pity, to cheer, to direct me! Knowledge may aid me, my path be clearly shown, what I must expect if I pursue certain courses, where lie my perils and where my safeguard, but, alas! coldly and chilled should I turn away from such guidance. There is one thing wanting yet, one consolation which the mere performance of your duty, my Father, will never satisfy. I want pity, forgiveness, and love; oh! I want the assurance of this, for without it, dearly, though even uprightly, should I pass through a sinless life; and oh! my dear brothers, think you that in this respect our Heavenly Father is wanting? Have you questioned with agony and half-despairing hope the grave and the altar, the sky and the earth, and has no response come unto you? "Speak, my soul, what thinkest thou?" Listen! it answers to myself and to you all. "Brothers, often has my pillow been bedewed with tears, bitter and frequent; for much evil have I known and far have I wandered from the way; again and again have I prayed to my great Father, the all-potent, all-loving Parent of universal life, for strength, for counsel, for consolation: in the darkness of the night, on the hill-top, and on the boundless ocean, beneath the starry heavens, in silence, in solitude, face to face as it were with Him, the holy and the powerful, and never, never has an answer whispered itself to my soul. In vain have I beseeched with my cries the help of the All-Powerful; the only sound that fell upon my anxious heart has been the dropping of my own fast-flowing tears, of my fitful sobs. Yet so surely as the Lord liveth so surely will I cling to Him, so surely will I uphold our Father's love for us; though no voice has spoken, not a sound to change the solemn stillness of the night, though no vision has assured my sinking heart: still I swear to you there is over us all the ever-tender, sleepless eye of unchangeable Love. It is here I demand your faith. Yes, this is faith, which reason may confirm, but cannot prove. You may suffer here, and deem yourself forgotten, but some day you will know it. God throughout has loved you even for yourselves." I would not measure the Almighty by a human standard; yet, if the Creator has any feelings, they must be those which a

parent has for His offspring; he cannot be indifferent to them, He must love them—all creation speaketh it aloud; the insect, the plant, the animal, all proclaim a thoughtful and loving Providence: and is man alone disregarded, and left to the workings of his own blind passions—his erring intellect? But you may say, according to their helplessness has the Creator acted for them; man, given powers to work out his own fate, is given nothing more. Think you so? I think the nobler the work, the more dear must it be to its maker; the higher its nature, the more precious must it be; the greater its delicacy and weakness, the more must it be loved. Yes, we have something more than the mere mechanical powers of an active existence; we have the power of love, we have unbounded admiration and ineffable love, given to us; nor would it be in the nature of the Creator to throw it like a worthless thing away, or eye its sorrows with a disdainful indifference: between the love which dictated the creation and the love of the created there must be a means of communication, and that great heart, which is instinct with universal love, though at present, such being the nature of our system, impalpable, invisible, inaudible, beats towards us with a tenderness which we can but faintly dream of. Here, on earth, we may have but a dim assurance of this, but the hour is not far distant when we shall surely more fully perceive it, and the disembodied spirit will rejoice in the glory of its consummation.

## 215

LONDON, 1853.

Spoken prayer is the outward and visible sign of an inward and invisible longing.

In sorrow and trouble we must pray.

In joy and happiness we must praise.

In the hour of full content we are lost in the sensation of gratitude and love.

## 216

LONDON, 1853.

As regards bodily ills, we know that certain evils are to be rectified, and that in those cases an invariable rule is in

operation which admits of no alteration in our particular case, for our peculiar favour. There is no such thing as illness in the shape of a punishment or judgment; there is no such thing as a miracle by which it will be remedied. We, or our forbears, or our fellows, have transgressed Nature's rules and laws, and no impunity can be expected. In this sense the sins of the father are visited on the children, and of one on all. The prayer for health is a weakness, arising from a misapprehension of the Creator's power—a power which we cannot suppose acting against its own carefully-formed decrees. As we have sown, so must we reap. Be patient; even out of evil will good come. It mainly rests with yourself to turn a broken limb into a wholesome soul. In this respect the early Christians were evidently at fault; it is not the priest but the physician who is needed in disease; and, for the wounded spirit, God is the best physician. In God dwell, indeed, infinite love and power; yet we must have a rational, a reasonable idea of how that love and power are exercised. The love is as unchanging as the power; yet a little observation will satisfy us that whilst the one permeates through all life, the other, which works with wisdom, proceeds deliberately and invariably on a certain course, the result of which will be perfection, and which, if it appears adverse to our own welfare, cannot be so—except in so far as there is an object to be attained of which we are profoundly ignorant, but which, at least, is of greater importance than our own individual cause. How necessary is it, then, above all things to have faith! This faith—with this, we are prepared for every result; though we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death we shall then fear no evil—ay, and even in the depths of Hell, we should still retain firm faith in the love and wisdom of our Great Parent.

A PRIEST'S business should be to expound God's universal wisdom and universal love. How far he is fitted for the first let Faraday or Lyall say; for the last, he knows only of God's love for one sect or set—his own.



## 218

LONDON, 1853.

Christianity (of the Churches), like a cathedral, is a fine thing to view outside and in the sunlight; but a life spent inside would hardly be good for the health. It would seem more a prison than a home; and how would you long for the fresh, pure air of heaven!

## 219

LONDON, 1853.

There is nothing worth having but what requires proportionate labour to obtain. The highest knowledge requires the most active, the most patient seeking; to understand the system of life and the universe the most so of all. The Creator especially must be sought. Do not be afraid, you will not easily exhaust Him. It is the infinite you are questioning; it is God Himself who has given you powers of mind, which must exercise themselves on the study of Him. It is the highest, noblest, truest use to which you can put them. The desire of knowledge is the most precious and universal gift, perhaps, awarded us.

## 220

LONDON, 1853.

How far the zest for a pleasure, the enjoyment of a comfort, the appreciation of a joy, is heightened by abstinence or by a return from grief or discomfort, is hard to say; yet, surely it is a fact. The great question is, Can we truly enjoy without having felt the reverse of that joy? or do we enjoy to the same extent as one that hath? For instance, Can he enjoy food who is not hungry, or drink who is not thirsty? Does the man ordinarily fatigued appreciate rest like the worn-out traveller? Do they who have hearty health enjoy it like the convalescent? How your heart bounds when you first are out, and strong, after an illness! how blessed seems the fresh air! how sprightly all Nature! What a delicious sense of health steals over yourself! In fine, how does that man revel in health who has just escaped from disease; in joy from grief; in freedom from prison; or, in other words, what a

pleasure is it to return from an abnormal to our normal state ! It is natural—or seems so—that we should be ever joyful, healthy, free. Is it necessary, now, in order fully to appreciate these blessings, that we should have been miserable, diseased, and in bondage ? Surely we must think so ; and, in a lesser degree, we observe the same thing in our mental pleasures. It is thus that the painter, the sculptor, the philosopher, the naturalist, the scholar, return with more appetitive zest to their studies after periods of abstention. The continual absorption in one pursuit is monotonous, and, indeed, unnatural ; for, though we may have one predominant affection, yet, we have others which are to serve as auxiliaries, to be employed as aids or reliefs, and evidently are not meant to lie fallow. It is the same in our spiritual nature. The appreciation of love is heightened by absence, and the tenderness of home affections is doubly dear to the man whom the world treats cruelly. Kindness seems Heaven to one who has been beaten and buffeted throughout a miserable youth ; and generally we may be sure that, in order fully to appreciate our blessings, we must have suffered from their contraries.

Now, in the usual orthodox idea of our state after this worldly period, none of this seems to be taken into consideration, and the only break in our state of everlasting repose and rest is to be found in perpetual hymns to the Creator and the surpassing delight of His visible presence. It is certain that our body, of the earth earthy, will not accompany us into our after-existence. Yet the grave is no goal to any of us, and our mental and spiritual powers, over-stepping the bound which separates this life from another, may change their instruments but not their nature. It is our highest joy to believe that a wise and beneficent Creator has formed our souls on different and complex but ascertainable bases, capable of infinite progress and perfection ; affections or loves (spiritual), powers or qualities (mental and moral), and perceptions (æsthetic), which constitute our true and eternal nature, to which the human body is but an incidental help, a transient necessity ; and in the same way as our gratification in their exercise is indulged here, so will it be—allowing for different unknown

but progressing states through which we shall pass—for ever. In the exercise, not the annihilation, of these endowments, arises our happiness here—must arise our happiness always. On their existence and activity depends what we call life; their quiescence constitutes death; and, as we see that the perfect enjoyment of them, utterly irrespective of the body, is impossible without experiences of abstinence, contrariety, and even loss: such we may reasonably suppose will be always the case, for we must look on death only as a change of scene, or another sphere of action, not as a change in our actual being; the same soul, only in a new form.

Is it reasonable to suppose that in another state we shall not be endued with the same consciousness and powers of perception as in this? And since we all allow the existence of pain and evil, under the name of Hell, after this state, is it probable that we shall be regardless or indifferent to them; and if not indifferent, how escape periods of sadness and disappointment? Angels can have no holier, no higher, no happier employment than the mitigation of these troubles; and it is my belief that their spirits are never more gladdened than in bringing back the obstinate, the dull, and the sinful, to the love and worship of that great Being who is equally the Creator of us all, and to succeed in which, consentaneously with our own individual culture and advancement, should be the great end and glory of our being. To enlighten ignorance, intenerate the heart, and open the prison door of selfishness—what pleasure can be greater than this? what occupation more fitted for angels? Surely, if, in the after-life, we cannot exercise these feelings of benevolence and affection, such a state would be inferior and not superior to our present one. To our souls, with their necessity of action—of an object to be gained, a something to be overcome—an enlarged and not a contracted range of activity is requisite to their continual development. “More life, and fuller life,” we want; and this we may justly look forward to, without the worldly concomitants of imperfection, contention, and limitation. It is a glorious, noble, unselfish scheme of useful activity that we may expect to pursue, in which the might and majesty of the Creator, our own infinite progress,

and the advancement of others' interests and happiness, form the ineffable, because endless, delights of an ever-progressive existence. This, during our infancy on this earth, should form the object of our lives; this, with expanded powers and in enlarged spheres, is our destiny for ever.

To possess blessings is one joy; to have objects with which to share them another. Life would be imperfect and lop-sided were its consummation to be contained in the first only. There is no feeling more strongly marked, perhaps, in our nature than the necessity of sympathy, of sharing our pleasures with others. "It is a poor heart that never rejoices;" it is a dull heart that contains its enjoyment in itself and is content to have no sharer of its joys. And still the pleasure would be small if that sharing of joys were only an equivalent exchange. There is nothing more divine in our nature than to fill the wretched with joy, to give knowledge to the ignorant, throw light on darkness, fill the empty with good things, and raise in the silent soul the hymns of wisdom and of love; for in this we follow the glorious example of our beloved Creator. He who knows not the pleasure of being of use has but half lived; and there is a purpose to be worked out by our existence which, so far from dispensing with that activity which we now possess, will rather, it is to be supposed, increase with our powers. As the sphere of our usefulness is enlarged, so will be the sphere of our happiness; and we have no reason to expect that this will consist in a future and interminable state of serene ecstasy, but rather in a vastly higher and more extended grade of activity and true life than any we so faintly can experience in this inferior world. The precise nature of that future state none of us can foretel, and it would probably be as useless as foolish to pry into it. Whatever its nature may be, we may be sure it can be only for good. In the hand of a loving and a wise Creator and Preserver lies our destiny; to Him we should commit ourselves with perfect confidence, ungrudging faith, and a steady, a reasonable hope. Be comforted, and fear not.

## ON LOUIS NAPOLEON IN 1852.

A GREAT crime has been committed, and the criminal has been hoisted on the shoulders of his accomplices to the seat of a golden throne, stained with the blood of the just and of the unoffending. Know that although what you have done has been in the name of order, and professedly for the service of mankind, and even, with a vile consenting priesthood, in the name of God! yet none shall take that Name in vain, and ye who have done evil under the banner of authority shall have a punishment meted out to you, the stronger that you have sinned not in ignorance, and, in the name of our common Father, murdered and exiled the innocent and the just, seeking not God, but your own aggrandisement and revenge. But there is a future, and through all time will the evildoers be marked out and an account be demanded of them; for it is the soul that instigated and directed, and not the hand that executed, which merits punishment, and you carry your own condemnation about with you for ever. The just shall spit you out of their mouth, you shall be tasted and found bitterer than gall; the good shall shun you, and all holy men abhor you! Yet a little longer, and your triumph shall be turned into mourning, your pride into abject terror, and the right you have trampled on shall turn on you and rend you; retribution shall compass you in round about, ignominy shall dog your footsteps, and inexorable justice squeeze with a grip of steel your puffed-up soul. In silence and in solitude shall fear fall upon you, and the storm-wind of heaven cause you to tremble, for its voice is the shout of the Avenger; the ermine shall not hide your villany, the sceptre shall fall from your nerveless hand, and sudden destruction avenge an outraged world and a forgotten God.

The spirits of the just denounce you, and the mercy of your Creator shall be withheld. The glory of your little hour shall be avenged by the even-handed future, and in shame and anguish shall you make atonement for the transient triumph of your wicked schemes.

## 222

LONDON, 1853.

In walking among the crowd, I look in the eyes of the passers-by to see if kindness, if tenderness, proceed from them; alas, from how few! Generally they seem indifferent and dull: the most usual expressions are pride, confidence, sharpness, vivacity, severity. How few are the eyes which tell of a gentle heart!

## 223

LONDON, 1853.

Civilisation is the improvement made in man's position (condition) by means of his own intelligence and exertions. Indeed, the artificial state of existence, as contradistinguished to the natural: although somewhat paradoxically, a highly civilised state is natural to man. The distinction here to be made is between what is consonant with his nature or disposition, and what is born (*natus*) with his birth, either as infant or savage.

Civilisation and content are incompatible; it is thoroughly dissatisfied in its results, and presumes progress. N.B.—There is a vast difference between content and discontent, in the general acceptance of the last word. We may not be discontented with our present state, nay, may be sensible and grateful for the advantages it affords us, and yet not be content to remain ever therein.

## 224

LONDON, 1853.

Man is composed of three distinct series of qualities, separate, and yet connected. First, what may be called the mechanical series, by which he is a rhymist, a painter, a sculptor, a mechanic, a musician, a speculator, a lawyer, a linguist, &c. This, the external series is worked on more immediately by the second series, consisting of the powers of perception, of imagination, of reason.

Perception is the most in use, sees at a glance the fitness and propriety of things by themselves, and in connection with each other: selects, compares, or judges, instantaneously, and is best known as good sense. Imagination,

again, is very common, and most useful to artists of all kinds. Reason is the least common, and is slow in its workings and convictions, yet more practically useful, probably, than either of the others, which, though quick in sight, are apt to lead astray through bias. Then comes the third series, which directs and moves both the others as a chief does his army. This series consists but of two natures: one selfish and the other unselfish—the first the spirit of irreligion, the other the soul of devotion, of love, and gratitude.

We have, then, man regarded as a recipient of certain powers or intelligences, which are led into particular spheres of action, according as his perceptions, imagination, or reason predominate, and the whole debased or exalted by the influence of that inner soul which is seldom shewn to the world, and which incites all action with a noble or a selfish purpose.

## 225

## HUMILITY.

LONDON, 1853.

A CORRECTIVE of self-gratulation is to be found in the reflection that among the millions who work, live, and die in ignorance, are crowds of minds and souls superior to your own, and only wanting your favourable circumstances to have brought them into action.

## 226

LONDON, 1853.

We stand on the steps of a building, the base and summit of which are equally invisible to us. We are wandering on a lovely plain, before, behind, and around us, stretching into ethereal distance, beyond which no mortal vision can pierce.

## 227

LONDON, 1853.

Science so far from destroying poetry, does truly extend its scope and ennoble its purpose.

## 228

LONDON, 1853.

As the old human world was broken up and incorporated with new and vigorous races at the fall of the Roman Empire, so at this day the old spiritual world is crumbling away, and the good of it is being incorporated with modern ideas.

## 229

LONDON, 1853.

It is not good to eat, drink, and be merry overmuch, to rest too feelingly in the joyaunce of animal life, to dwell over-long in the tents of mirth and revelry; for the days shall come to all, and not unfrequently, when the heart shall mourn and be sad, nor desirous of comfort, when life shall go but drearily with us, and the soul refuse all consolation. Nor for this grieve; it is well for us that it should be so, for in such an hour wilt thou spurn the lower and temporary pleasures of the body, in spiritual thought and existence.

## 230

LONDON, 1853.

The perception and love of the beautiful is closely entwined with devotional sentiment; everything otherwise only animal it refines and sanctifies. If you see and feel the loveliness of all around you, the heart naturally turns towards the Maker of both subject and object with gratitude, adoration, and love. The love of the beautiful, spiritual, moral, and material, is the foundation of all religious feeling, and all religions must cultivate it or die out. In the perception and use of material beauty consists one great power of the Papal Church over mankind. Man requires this, or he becomes hard, cold, and matter-of-fact. Churches spring up by the side of manufactories; reading-rooms and schools of designs by the side of workshops. To be without a perception of the beautiful is to be purblind, to want the better part of the immortal soul. Beauty abhors all that is false and affected; it is essentially honest. Harmony and beauty are inseparably entwined; discord is incompatible with beauty; yet the sense of beauty, by itself, is a barren sentiment, and must be applied to all things which interest us. Spirit, intellect,



the senses, demand beauty and harmony, truth and honesty in everything. Beauty is consonant, consistent, clear; ugliness, dissonant, inconsistent, confused. Beauty becomes more beautiful the more it is studied, it has nothing to hide. False beauty is real ugliness; may strike and dazzle for a time, but will finally shun too close a view, and can never satisfy the mind. Truth and beauty are one; nothing is beautiful that is not true, and there is no truth but what is beautiful. So far is truth beauty, even materially, that old age is beautiful when seemly treated and left to itself, but truly hideous when it seeks to invest itself with the artificial charms and appliances of youth.

## 231

LONDON, 1853.

In nothing created have we any absolute certainty of constant law. The principles which work on and over the earth around us may change their action, and the rule of to-day be altered to-morrow. In nothing around us have we any assurance of unchangeable stability, and one series of opinions as to their nature may follow another, so that which is now thought true, may in time be thought false. The progression of material life is subject, it may be, to change and variation, but the principles of abstract morality are now, have ever been, and ever will be the same. The principles of right and wrong, of good and evil are immutable. A lie and a fraud can never be made good or right by Act of Parliament, and all nations honour and esteem pure and disinterested love.

## 232

In 1853 I settled in London, with the intention of practising my profession. The necessity of living led me, however, into another line of life; and from that time, up to 1865, I was too much engaged to think more upon religion, &c., or such thoughts as came I had little time to write out. In 1865, however, I again became master of my time, and, early in 1866, published "The Universal Church: its Faith, Doctrine, and Constitution," which embodies, in a more practical and organised form, most of the thoughts recorded in former years, old thoughts

more fully worked out, and some fresh ones. Business again interfered to prevent further progress in the embodiment of my views ; and the record of new thoughts does not commence again, to any extent, till 1869.

## 233

LONDON, 1854.

But now, even taking this view of the meaning and purpose of creation,\* namely, that every orb has its own inhabitants, whose destiny is in the lapse of ages, to form a perfect race, isolated from those of other orbs, must we not look on the Creator somewhat askance when we consider not only how slowly this purpose progresses in the mass, but also how frequently it is missed in individuals ? Has not the poet somewhat justly cried—

“ God, our souls are aproned waiters,  
God, our souls are hired slaves !

“ Oh ! why stain our holy childhood,  
Why sell all for drinks and meats ?”†

Does it not seem probable, possible, and but just, that, if this were so, if our life here were the all in all, each individual would have been fitted to his place, and the world so ordered that each mind would have followed out its own bent, and so have materially aided in the accomplishment of this one great and only purpose, the perfection of the human race on earth ? How many, whose souls are devoted to all that is beautiful, are prisoned in the workshops of the world, and see the holy sky but through the dungeon bars of their workshops—men who love flowers, and music, and poetry, and the still night with its canopy of mild, beaming eyes, and the glorious scents and sights of vivifying nature, and who yet either toil on in dirt, poverty, and disease through a weary life, snatching at wide intervals that holy pleasure to which thousands who are in a position to enjoy them are indifferent, or who, perhaps, sadder still, in utter recklessness and despair,

\* On reading Sir D. Brewster's "More Worlds than One."

† Alexander Smith. "A Life Poem."

sink into the abyss of drunkenness and vice, and end a miserable life by a death as miserable! How many statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, and novelists, &c., are hidden beneath the paper caps, the greasy aprons, the ingrained skins of the world's workers! But the most impressive fact is in our being endued with some qualities which find, seldom indeed, any exercise in this life—faculties which we are obliged to repress, often our life-long longings and loves, which nothing we meet satisfies; and that we are endued with one sentiment, the love and admiration of our Creator, which promises us a full exercise of its joys in a life which certainly is not here. The solution of the mystery of this world is to be found only in the next.

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## 234

LONDON, 1855.

A great deal consists in personal appearance. It is certainly the part of a philosopher to discourage the feeling, but we are not all born philosophers, and I own, not without shame, that when my acquaintance B, a poor young man, shabbily dressed, and inclined to a very dirty toilet, short, ungainly, and marked with the small-pox, grasps me with gloveless hand in the middle of Pall Mall, I do not feel half so pleased as when M, a tall, gentlemanly-looking fellow, with unexceptionable boots and gloves, gives me a cordial greeting in ditto, and takes me like a crony under his arm. Yet B is a sort of genius, and has something in his head and his heart, whilst M is a nonentity.

## 235

LONDON, 1855.

The senses in men and animals are different. This shows that, in man at least, it is not a mere titillation of the nerves of ear or eye which gives him the peculiar pleasure. Animals see a fine landscape or lovely woman without any appreciation of their beauty, nor do they know the difference between the opera and an organ. In the animal we see either the mere pleasure attached to the nervous system of

the senses, or to a very limited development of soul; whilst, in the man, it is not the sense alone which is touched; the eye and the ear are only mediums of communication to the soul; and, shall we add that, perhaps, they are electric wires to the noblest, most beautiful stations of spiritual life?

What does a dog care about eau-de-Cologne? A rose or a violet have no charms for him, and it is wrong to speak of men who are excessively susceptible of such nervous influences as animal. They are essentially human.

236

LONDON, 1855.

No intercommunication between worlds is needed. The sphere here is quite large enough for our limited powers and brief sojourn.

237

LONDON, 1855.

This fine old orb of earth (I wonder what the others call it) is scarred and seamed with the inroads and pestilent activity of the insect man, just as a vessel is perforated with worms and covered with shell-fish.

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 238

THE HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

1861.

A GENTLEMAN rides a horse or drives in a carriage, and drinks wine at dinner. A common man is he who walks only, and drinks beer at dinner. This holds good throughout throughout England, and a horseman is as much a *caballero* here as in Spain.

239

1861.

Youth, beauty, intellectual power, genius, social talents, position, wealth—these are passports into society everywhere, and if you have none of these, society will very well do without you.

LONDON, 1862.

Perhaps everyone is affected in the sense of affecting a character which is not theirs by nature. Most persons have no decided, well-marked character, and, consequently, assume one. Besides this, every profession has its particular character: the soldier affects courage and determination, the sailor frankness and off-handedness, the hotel-keeper dignified civility, the doctor benevolence, the lawyer sharpness, the priest genteel sanctity, and so on, as being proper to their character; nor is this class affectation offensive; but that affectation which consists in assuming to be what you are not, the assumption of gentility by coarse-minded people, of fashion by vulgar people, of slang by young ladies, of something or anything which you fancy will indicate to bystanders your being a superior sort of person, is very offensive. If people only knew what a charm there is in simplicity, they would scout all affectation as a vice.

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LONDON, 1863.

We must either love our friends and hate our enemies, or like those who please us and dislike those who cause us pain of any kind; or we must love our friends and our enemies also; that is, we must love or like even those who cause us pain. The first is what most people do in the world, the last is what Christians profess or ought to do. Give me a magnifying glass: I don't see these Christians, look where I will.

But let us put it in another way, *i.e.*, I love all those qualities in my fellow-creatures which are good, overlook little faults, but am determinedly opposed to all that is evil in them as I am to all evil in myself. Thus it is I am at war with myself, and my worst foes are those of my own household.

## 242

WRITTEN AT LODORE, IN AUTUMN, LOOKING FROM THE  
UPPER FALL OVER THE VALLEY.

1865.

You live in the lowlands of error, the prospect around you is narrow and limited; perhaps beyond your own little homestead you can see nothing, and rather hear of than can believe, rather believe than realise, the vast world spread out around your small snug cottage and little plot of land. Heavy fogs rise every night from the low-lying marshes, the air is thick and damp, the water is stagnant, and sends forth pestiferous vapours. But in the highlands of truth, as you ascend, so does the prospect in all its beauty widen out before your astonished gaze and admiring soul; sunlight and shadow are equally beautiful; your spirit expands with the expanding scene, and all the world seems to spread itself out and lie open before you, like a beautiful volume of divine make; the air is pure and bracing; and if mists do come, they come from beneath, they are broken and are driven past us, and do not blight but fertilise the earth in their passage. The music of the sweet running brook is like the tinkling of fairy bells; the earth is all foliage, rock, and water, sparkling, luxuriant, beautiful; the world a noble picture done by a divine hand; the sky, resonant with the song of happy birds, is such a sky as we hope for in Paradise—and, indeed, is this not Paradise, and am I not now in the presence of my Creator? I feel it is so, and, were I not alone, should be perfectly happy, as are the souls in bliss. But, alas! I shall have again to return to the lowlands, but not to dwell therein for ever.

## 243

TIME.

1867.

"You, probably, have no idea of the value of my time," said a rich banker to me, at Leeds, meaning thereby that he made much more money per hour than I did, or,

perhaps, had any conception of. The value of time, indeed, in a money-making country is naturally tested by the amount of money you can make in a certain period, and we always speak of a person as being worth so much a year. But now Herbert Spencer, for instance, makes an infinitesimal sum, I expect, per hour; and, yet, is his time less valuable on that account? or has he not, probably, put it to a better purpose than the richest money-maker in the world could do? The real value of time depends upon what you do with it, not what money you make in it.

244

LEEDS, 1868.

If a person, otherwise intellectual, clever, talented, amusing, &c., lets you see that he possesses neither the qualities of reverence nor gratitude, how can you possibly esteem him? And if, moreover, he sets up for being religious, and is bigoted in his creed and uncharitable towards those who differ from him, how can you possibly have the slightest affection for him? Rather will you feel repugnance.

Again, if a person is utterly careless about returning borrowed money, books, &c., devoid of order and cleanliness in his personal habits, wears dirty linen, and has dirty hands and nails, so much so as to be really offensive and disagreeable if you are close to him, how can you admire or feel affection for such an one, however learned or gifted? For my part I prefer the most ordinary person who has a feeling of respect for worth, of gratitude for kindness, who is thoughtful of others' good, and attentive to their feelings; who is industrious, orderly, cleanly, trustworthy, and even thrifty, as opposed to being indulgent to himself, but always generous and hospitable to others.

I esteem and love such an one much more than I can the greatest genius, who in these other and, perhaps minor, qualities is deficient.

245

LEEDS, 1868.

Is it true that people generally only care for others, or will benefit others, in so far as they expect to get some

kind of return from them, and that the amount of their kindness and attention depends on the relative importance of such expected returns? I am not now speaking of people we like, since it is true that for them we will do a good deal without any desire of a return, and, for people we love, will even make many sacrifices. But I speak of the world generally—of society. In that case I fear my remarks hold good; and, even as regards people we like or love, we still look for a return, probably, in the increased esteem, affection, or love of those whom we desire to please. If this is selfishness, it seems inherent to mankind; and, if it is a fact throughout the world, it should teach every individual to be self-dependent and independent, to work each for his own living, and not to depend on that assistance and support from others in which he may at last find himself disappointed.

246

LEEDS, 1868.

What Mr. Lowell says, in one of his notes to the "Biglow Papers," is very true, and is calculated to set us thinking on the littleness of man and mankind, their aims, hopes, and struggles. He says: "The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, in which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there in the pea-jacket is Louis Philippe just landed on the coast of England. . . . That scarce discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond!"

Now true as all this is, yet would it never do for men to regard themselves and the world in this light, but, on the contrary, we desire, as practical men desirous of obtaining the greatest amount of good from the smallest object, that all people should think their country, their town, their village, the most important place in the world, and themselves the most important people in it. Give a man a



sphere of action, be it only a parish workhouse, and let him believe that the whole well-being of the place depends on his individual activity and attention, and that place will be the better for him ; he may make himself disagreeable, and be the subject of sneers to the genteel society of his neighbourhood, who will be pretty sure to call him pompous, officious, a busybody, meddler, reformer, and consequently vulgar, for all reformers are pronounced vulgar till the reform is accomplished, that, indeed, being quite a mild term to what they may expect according to the magnitude of the reform they seek for. It is good for a man to feel his own importance, and, if he is a man of sense and education, it will give him a certain dignity of character and bearing, which men perhaps of greater ability, but with a more humble estimate of themselves, can never attain. Yet it would be well to take this birdseye view of mankind at times, especially when we are fretful and unhappy, and seek to comprehend how many millions are suffering at the same time as ourselves from all the pangs and "ills that flesh is heir to," millions groaning from disease, millions in the agonies of death, millions disappointed and miserable in their loves and hopes and ambition : and learn from thence that we should bear with resignation some of those ills from which few mortals indeed are entirely exempt.

247

LEEDS, 1868.

What sensible and pious man can think for a moment that either Revivalism or Ritualism has anything to do, except sentimentally, with true religion ?

The utter inanity of the Ritualist, this childish and silly fuss about rites and ceremonies, bowings and scrapings, emblems, and copes, and candles, and other puerilities, ought to deter every sensible person from regarding them seriously. Do you really, now, think that the Creator looks on you with more or less favour because you kneel so many times and bow so many times in His honour ? or that it matters to Him whether the paten (or a pair of patens) be raised only as high as the priest's face or raised above his head ? We admit that all these people, High Church and Low, are most intensely in earnest, but foolish

people are as capable of that as sensible people, and, indeed, more so; for a sensible person, man or woman, is generally, on that very account, not wildly enthusiastic, and, I fear, not even earnest overmuch when earnestness is needed. If the Pope is right about his creed, none but Roman Catholics can go to Heaven! Think of that—a Paradise of Papists! How delightful! No horrid differences of opinion, no discussion, perfect unanimity, a dead calm; all the old Popes there, Alexander Borgia included, but glorified, and very repentant; a whole united happy family of Papists, chaunting perpetual Gregorian hymns; whilst the unhappy Dissenters of all kinds, including all the primates of the Greek and Anglican Churches, are roaring out lustily, but in quite a different way, in another place which I need not describe, but of which, if you would like a very vivid account, we refer you to Dante's "Inferno."

248

LEEDS, 1868.

In what does religion among the orthodox consist? We presume that they will not deny that it is something of this description:—

First. To hold the undoubted inspiration and sacredness of the Jewish Bible.

Second. To object to such inspiration and sacredness and perfect truth being questioned even.

Third. The salvation of man only possible by believing in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, crucified for the sins of the world.

Fourth. Justification by faith in Him as God incarnate.

Fifth. Due attendance to all the ceremonies, rites, and sacraments of the Church.

Sixth. Leading a life according to the distinct rules of morality laid down by Jesus.

The last being quite the most unimportant and unusual. Indeed, we should suppose the merit here consisted in acting "the clean contrary way;" for any one who should put them in practice now-a-days would be regarded, even by the most distinguished and holy officers of the Churches, as very vulgar, very eccentric, very silly, and as a person of no sense or wisdom. Now, we teach precisely the

converse of all these in our order of principles, as, first, to lead a good life, and to put in practice the highest rules of morality; and, lastly, to call nothing "the truth" unless we have tested it and proved it so to be.

## THE SOUL'S LONGING.

OCTOBER, 1868.

From all this weary world's sad care and strife,  
 From all the tempests of this stormy life,  
 From all the wrong and misery I see,  
 My soul is longing, longing to be free.

From chance and change, from bitter grief and pain,  
 From doubts and fears, from which I fly in vain,  
 From what has been, and what again may be,  
 My soul is longing, longing to be free.

From endless aspiration, endless fall,  
 From sin and crime which eat their way through all,  
 Like worms and rot through some fair showing tree,  
 My soul is longing, longing to be free.

From hopes destroyed, ruins around me thrown,  
 From loveless hearts, which seem hewn out of stone,  
 From blank despair, from Nature's last decree,  
 My soul is longing, longing to be free.

For higher knowledge, further piercing ken,  
 For purity unknown to earth-born men,  
 For holy commune with those dear to me,  
 My soul is longing, longing to be free.

## CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.

MILAN, 1869.

I sat in a quiet corner at the entrance of one of the finest churches in Milan, and took part, after my own way, in the great musical service which was going on. Among

the things which particularly pleased and displeased me were these. First of all, a poor woman came in with four children, two of whom could scarcely toddle, and certainly had no idea of Christian rites and ceremonies; these the old woman made duly to go through the form of crossing, and, after some little solemn business of that kind, knelt gravely down with her charges round her, her arm round one little thing's waist to support it, and so remained in humble and devout worship, as I sincerely believe, and experiencing some of the most holy and delightful feelings a poor mortal can enjoy, that of bringing up purity and innocence in the service and worship of the Lord their Creator. In the meantime an English or American family arrived in a carriage, Protestants of course, most enlightened Protestants, I should say, from their behaviour and manners, which expressed their supreme contempt for the inferior and ignorant creatures around them; and, whilst all were seated or kneeling humbly in what was to them the house of God, these enlightened and educated, well-dressed and superior people, stood upright in the middle of the aisle, and one young lady, handsome and bold of feature, turned her back upon the altar, put her glass to her eye with the most insufferably contemptuous expression, and quizzed the orchestra, placed in a gallery over the entrance, and which happened just then to play somewhat out of tune. There were three young ladies, so handsome that they looked almost like angels, and yet they behaved in the most insolent and foolish manner, and had no idea, I suppose, that God could be worshipped or requires to be respected out of their own parish.

After four months' travel in Italy I must admit that the English do not show to advantage abroad. Offensive *hauteur*, loud talking in public places, and most flagrant contempt for others, seem to be their principal characteristics, which, combined with an ignorance of the language, the manners, and the arts of the country (Italy) quite pitiable, are not calculated to leave a pleasant impression of their character on those who come in contact with them.

## 252

## GOOD MANNERS.

MILAN, 1869.

I HAVE said in another part that manners should be taught to the young of the poor, and with advantage to themselves; but let me add, that it appears to be just as necessary for the young of the rich, nay, for that matter, to the grown up rich, as well. Natural good manners are the result and natural outflow of a good heart and good sense. Acquired good manners, or a knowledge of the manners of what is called good society, by no means implies really good manners, which consist in being unobtrusive, gentle, always ready to oblige others, and exhibiting a respectful behaviour to all, especially to those who are not so well off as yourself—not that condescending kindness described generally as “affability,” used by the rich to the poor: but real respect, and that courtesy which arises from true kindness of feeling. Good manners are not taught at Oxford or Cambridge, and will not be found there. Their foundation is in reverence and humility, two virtues not of University growth.

## 253

MILAN, 1869.

It gives me real pleasure to see a man with good red-brown hands. What does the pride people take in small, white, and delicate hands imply? Is it as a proof that they do no honourable hard handwork, or do they think it is a sign of race, “blood,” as it is called, of gentle birth and nurture? It is supposed, very stupidly, to be a mark of “gentility,” whilst it may belong to every shop-boy and clerk who chooses to take the trouble to cultivate it. We knew the wife of an artist who wore gloves night and day in order to obtain this much-desired mark of gentility, without which you may be worthy and respectable enough, but not ladylike!

This pride in such things as small and white hands, small feet, a fine figure, a handsome face, and so forth, are only a proof that the persons indulging in such feeling are in a very low state of spiritual life. I have seen most religious young

ladies, who wore conspicuous crosses, and were of the highest orthodox Church, preaching humility, and yet priding themselves on the "nice conduct" of a little finger at dinner. Such people have not learnt yet to value the spiritual and invisible above the material and visible.

254

## SALUTING.

MILAN, 1869.

THE Oriental salaam with both hands over the eyes is meant to represent forming a shade against the overpowering rays of the sun-like being; and the body is bent in weakness and reverence in presence of such power and majesty. The military salute, also is typical of shading the eyes with one hand against the dazzling rays of Phœbus Apollo in the shape, say of a cornet of dragoons.

255

## ALMSGIVING.

MILAN, 1869.

THE system of charity in the Roman Catholic Church is pleasant enough to giver, receiver, and intermediary, but the effect is bad on all three—donors, poor, and monks. Independence, the keeping of himself by work, is the first duty of every man, and then his family duties. Whoever trusts to others will some day find out painfully the truth of the old adage that "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." Begging in Italy is a trade, or fine art, perhaps, one should say. All the blind, lame, and helpless of every kind, whether through age or accident, should be comfortably maintained by a public rate, and exceptional cases from a reserve fund, also distributed by committee of public rate.

256

## SOCIAL PROGRAMME OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

MILAN, 1869.

INSTRUCTION to the young in the principles of true religion to be, where possible, compulsory.

Music to be taught (compulsory) in all schools. Popular government and international arbitration. The dignity of labour; organised emigration, especially pauper emigration. The ennoblement of woman in social life. The abolition of celibate corporations. Public libraries, museums, and lecturers in all central towns. Abolition of large standing armies; a nucleus of each arm only; every citizen to pass three years' service; free trade, and abolition of town and other dues.

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As to Europe having been Christian for 1870 years, we must remember that such an assertion can only apply to portions of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the centres being in Syria, Egypt, and Italy. There is no pretence that the world was greatly Christian till Constantine made Christianity a State religion. There could only have been a propagation of it by writing or preaching. Now the first, we know, must have been very limited, and the latter, owing to defective locomotion, very slow. England was part Roman, part old Druidic, till the coming of Augustine, and how could he make the whole people Christian at once? We know that it must have been a work of time. Druidic customs and worship prevailed up to the ninth or tenth century, and there is no pretence that the northern portions of Europe were Christian till yet later, and Lithuania not before the thirteenth century, I think. So the creed has not been held so very long after all, say some 1,200 or 1,300 years. Now this is no long period for a religion to exist; indeed, compared with Brahmin, or the Buddhist, it is a very brief space, and the fine altar in the Turin museum shows the Egyptian religion to have been in full swing more than 2,000 years B.C.

It has been well observed that the religion of one era becomes the superstition of another; but then these eras vary in extent, and in Asia appear to be of indefinite duration. Christianity will, also, no doubt, last a long time yet, if we may judge from the past.

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

1869.

THE great public procession of Corpus Domini is abolished in Milan, and though the Municipality of Venice decided that it should take place as usual this year (1869), the Patriarch declined to take advantage of the permission given by the Municipality, owing to the disorder it gave rise to last year, and the threats made to prevent it this time if persisted in. It is now confined to the interior of the church.

The priests may say your attacks are in vain. Christianity has withstood all trials against it for many centuries, and been miraculously preserved as the religion of the nations, because it is the truth. But, we answer, that is no good argument, and no proof at all of its divinity or truth; for the same remark applies with still greater force to the religions of the East, and yet now do they hold them to be divine as well? It remains the religion of the people, because the mind of the people is stagnant as to religious thought, and the nations will continue to keep to the old religion till another is actively brought before them, becomes troublesome, and cries aloud for a hearing, like the movement which received its impulse from Mahomet in Asia, and that of Luther and the Reformers in Europe. But for this must come together the season and the man or men: that season is now fast approaching throughout Europe, and great religious changes, nay, revolutions, will occur during, if not before, the twentieth century.

It is no new creed we call on you to adopt: we sum up our whole religion in these words: "Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself." Buddha and Zoroaster, I believe, and certainly Jesus, said this contained the whole of religion. This, also, has said Swedenborg; and all the wisest, best, and most religious men of all Churches have agreed on these terms, to the merging of other differences. To this creed we adhere, with such modifications and additions as have been proposed by us.



259

1869.

To be charming is not necessarily to be good ; and to be good is not necessarily to be happy.

260

## SENSIBLE SUBJECTS FOR ART.

1869.

It is, surely, as easy, and deserves to excite the artist's enthusiasm, to have to fill a coloured glass window with episodes from the lives of Borromeo, Coram, Howard, or Garibaldi, as to illustrate the very mythical stories of SS. Denis, Augustine, Anthony, or Jerome.

261

## TO THE ITALIANS.

RAVENNA, 1869.

GIOBERTI, not so long since, stirred all true Italian hearts by his great work, "*Il Primato Italiano*," but he was wrong in his religious ideas, though right elseways. That "*Primato*" is truly yours, if you choose to obtain the prize. I need not recall the great men of every kind your country has produced in ages past: it is enough to see your people, to know that they are formed to take the lead or be with the leaders of modern progress in all things, but whilst you are Roman Catholics this can never be. In order to lead you must be bold, and change your religion.

262

VENICE, 1869.

It is not likely that any ambitious man will be always successful, for he and Providence must often be at odds; and thus they who act from motives of self-interest will always fail at last. This was Napoleon's great error, from the consequences of which he never could escape—his divorce from Josephine, and marriage with Maria Louisa, thinking to establish a dynasty, and one of imperial connections. This is Napoleon III's great error again. Providence has not placed him where he is for his own petty interests, such, *e.g.*, as founding a dynasty, but for the pur-

poses of the world, and he will have to go in time, when no longer needed.

263

TURIN, 1869.

Is happiness any proof of goodness? I am in good health, have eaten and drank well, have had pleasant thoughts and companions, have done my day's duty, have the respect of my friends, and feel happy! Well! that may be so, and yet conscience is only slumbering, fear and hope only lie perdue, and I have all the elements of unhappiness in me as much now as ever. I have been unhappy, and cannot forget it. When a man is sick and in pain, his mind, distracted with doubts and fears, driven here and there like sea-wrack on a rocky shore, hope and despair fighting over what is almost his corpse, conscience tender as a sensitive plant, money lost, the fear of ruin staring him in the face, duty actually obliging him to assume a character and perform deeds which must necessarily deprive him of the respect of his friends and relatives—is such unhappiness, such misery, necessarily, a proof of sin? Even to be discontented is to be unhappy, but are the discontented necessarily bad and wicked, or even foolish, people? No man who has noble aspirations and a high standard of duty to work up to can be contented; indeed, the higher your aspirations the less likely you are to be happy in this world. To be happy in this world is no proof of goodness; to be unfortunate, suffering, and miserable no sign of wickedness, and the discipline of the last fits them, rather than the first, to become angels in Heaven.

264

ON THE RIVER AT TURIN,  
JUNE, 1869.

You start in your frail barque from the City of Virtue and Innocence, and float down gaily, easily, and swiftly with the stream to the distant land of Plaisance, to the bright mountains and low-lying valleys, and, when you get there, find, to your disappointment, only bare, jagged rocks, which cut you when you fall, and unhealthy marshes and bogs, in which, if you sink you are lost, the miasma from which alone is fraught with disease. Then you de-

termine to return, and all the rest of your life is probably spent in pulling your way painfully back against the stream to the happy city from which you started many years ago.

## 265

TURIN, 1869.

Reverence and humility are the first requisites, as they are, also, the most important result, of true religion. The indication of their presence in daily life is shown by respect towards others, and modesty towards yourself. Reverence and humility are not merely feelings to be donned or doffed like a suit of clothes, so that you should say to yourself I am going into the house of God, and will be reverent and humble. Be assured, such is merely putting on these qualities like a Sunday suit; to fancy you are possessed of them, that they are a part of yourself, on this account, is an imposition on yourself.

Reverence and humility are conditions of existence in the regenerate spirit; of the most essentially spiritual existence, with which neither intellect, genius, nor talent have anything to do: and if you are not reverent and humble towards all your fellow-creatures (in some degree), as you profess to be before God, true religion does not exist in you, and you are not fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven, nor, we fear, can enter therein.

## 266

ITALY, 1869.

Life is a trust confided to us—life and all that makes life pleasurable, such as love, riches, health, &c.

To those who use their life well, an increasing fulness of life will be given, advancing for ever.

To those who misuse life, the loan may, after its close on earth, be withdrawn, and they will cease for ever to exist. May not the words of Jesus have been intended to apply to this: "To him who hath shall be given, and to him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath?"

## 267

1869.

It is from the conflict of ideas, says Plato, that the sparks of reason and truth spring forth.

268

ITALY, 1869.

There are several ways of treating all who are not so well born or placed as yourself in the world : with respect and kindness, or condescension ; with roughness, rudeness, cruelty, or contempt. The religious man treats all, without distinction, with respect and kindness ; the worldly person, who would pass for religious, with that condescension which is, indeed, the most offensive form of disguised contempt ; and the godless man treats them with open brutality and undisguised contempt.

269

1869.

"This is faith," said a lady, "that if a book is given to me, which I am assured is a good book, I believe it to be so at once." Now, for the sake of peace, I will admit this ; and if a child is given a book by its parents, and is told that it is full of everything good and true, he should believe it with childlike simplicity. Just so : the Bible was placed in my hands, as a book full of all that is good and true, and I never doubted it till I read it. Then it seemed to me that there was a good deal in it which was not good, and a great deal which I never could believe to be true ; moreover, much which was not fit to read, which made me feel ashamed, and which would not be tolerated in any other book : indeed, so much that was objectionable, in one way or another, that I could not believe it to be all inspired. It was no other book but this which destroyed my faith in it. The Papal Church, no doubt, soon came to the same conclusion, and showed its sense of the fact by not allowing it to be written in the common language, and by forbidding it to be read in its entirety without what is called "spiritual direction." As for me, if I am peculiar in my view of the book, and unjust towards it, I ask no more than that others should read it as I have done, freely, and with a spirit not enslaved nor blinded by awe of authority ; and then, let the result be what it may, I am satisfied : right has been done.

## WEALTH AND POVERTY.

SHERBORNE, 1869.

LET us take a common instance. A country town, of some 7,000 indwellers, the great proportion being poor workmen and women and their children, employed in manufacture. Hard, indeed, is life to some, if not to all of these; they are paid, at the utmost, just enough to enable them to struggle decently through life, which is, to them, a succession of days devoted to hard labour. Poverty and sickness may swoop down on them at any time, and find them an easy prey. For recreation or self-improvement they have scant time or opportunities. They have, indeed, a hard tussle with life, too often ending with the hospital, the workhouse, a pauper's death, and a pauper's funeral.

Some mile or so out of the town, nestled in foliage, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, and rich in all that Art and Nature can afford to render life blessed, dwells "The Squire," or "My Lord," to whom life should be one succession of pleasant days, with wealth more than enough to satisfy all his wants and claims on him; doing his duty as a member of the State, respected by his neighbours, revered by his tenants and domestics, and beloved by his family. What can life, in any condition, afford that is more delightful? Is it not, indeed, a little state of Paradise upon earth? And to a man who, in addition to all this, is religious, and a God-loving, God-fearing man, Heaven itself can hardly present a prospect of more reasonable happiness.

But does the great man, the lord of the manor, ever think of those poor people—"Poor devils!" as many fine gentlemen would call them—who toil and moil through a painful life close to his side?

May he not say "What possible claim have they upon me? On what grounds am I to think for or attend to the welfare and happiness of people who are employed by others, and not by me?" Yet, we contend that he is bound, not legally, it is true, nor as a mere matter of good feeling or sentiment; he is bound morally, as a matter of what is just and right by his nearness to these poor people,

and, in proportion to his means, to think of them, care for them, and do all in his power as a legislator, if he be one, as most probably he is, as a wealthy man, as a neighbour, as a fellow-creature, as a brother and child of one Father to aid, nay, to take the lead, in aiding, comforting, and raising them up by all and every means in his power, by money, by material and personal aid, by thought, and by act.

Of all the good qualities of a wealthy man, none become him so much as charity. His wealth is given him, not for the mere enjoyment and dignity of himself, his family, or his descendants, but for purposes of good, and no good can be more natural or more easy of performance than that which affects those less fortunate people who live in his immediate neighbourhood. Is it not true—we think it is—that from those who do no good with their wealth it will in time be taken, and their descendants become in their turn as the poor who once they refused to serve; but to those who do good with their riches it shall remain with them and their descendants to the end, and bring blessings on themselves, as well as on others, here and hereafter ?\*

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 271

LONDON, 1869.

We are not only as ignorant as the men of old, but more so: they, at least, thought they knew something, namely, there was this one world and this only, to their knowledge, and its Creator; but we, on becoming aware of numerous other worlds, nay, unnumbered worlds, and one Creator, are more puzzled and more in the dark than ever; more ignorant, and more conscious of our ignorance. Why, we know really nothing; surrounded as we are with thousands of worlds and their suns, with only one Creator, we meet with a great mystery, inconceivable to us, and unexplained, and in this world, so far as we can see, there is no chance of an explanation, and we must look forward

\* We shall all, but the rich especially, have to render in time an account of our stewardship.

to death as the door by which we enter on higher knowledge and a new life. The Angel of Death will come to release, to recompense, and to enlighten us.

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## 272

TOULON, 1869.

Said my boatman at Toulon, "I was in the war in Algeria, and when we got on land and saw the enemy, we were '*Comme des tigres enragés*'"—tigers, not lions,—and this explains the difference between the two people, English and French.

There are two distinct principles to be observed in all created things, the male and the female, seen particularly in dogs and cats: the last-named comes to you sidling, purring, not looking up, rubbing sideways against everything to show its affection, not to you, but to anything which aids in expressing its desire: the very essence of Self. We never heard of any act of disinterestedness on the part of a cat, but of dogs, many and striking: lions and tigers may be of the same genus, but so are men and women, and the difference is nearly as marked. So often are pride and vanity the distinguishing characteristics of each.

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## 273

ITALY, 1869.

Now, holding the Roman Catholic religion (so-called) to be a mass of error, and, consequently, able to lead to nothing but ill, are the Roman Catholics so bad after all? are they worse than Protestants? We think so: less trustworthy. But Protestants are in error also; it is only a question of degree, therefore. But does it make people better than other religions do? The men all night at *cafés*, gambling on a very small scale; not trustworthy, given to lying and boasting, the Sacred Name ever in their mouths on every light occasion. Does the belief in the Virgin raise their estimate of woman? They leave to their wives all work and household drudgery; they are only big babies after all, interested in trifles, screaming and ges-

ticulating like madmen about a few sous. They may despise the women, but, after all, though they carry stones on their heads, which their relatives put in place, though they do most work, though given up to household duties, or even gossiping, they are better than the men who hold them so cheap.

274

ITALY, 1869.

Man, who, in comparison with the universe, is an invisible atom, is, from his own point of view, and, to himself, of more importance than the whole universe beside.

275

ITALY, 1869.

Religion can lead to no higher result than for man to say from his heart, "Thy will be done," recognising the vast, complex, and, to us, unknown results to which Divine Providence proceeds.

276

MONACO, 1869.

The rich don't nourish the poor, but the poor nourish the rich, receiving in return such a pittance as suffices for their few wants.

277

MONACO, 1869.

In early mediæval times there was no rule but that of the strongest; they observed

"The simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

Now there is no rule but that of the craftiest.

278

ITALY, 1869.

Should not religion, which deals with such subjects as God and immortality, lead men to despise the pomps and vanities of this short and hurried life? But does it? These good people, who have mostly been to church this morning, are now promenading to and fro in the Via Nuova



(Genoa), seeing and to be seen, criticising each other ; men and women dressed up, but women most so ; women with church-service books in their hands, holding boys dressed as soldiers, and girls in the height of the Paris fashion-books—indeed, all fashion-books in motion. If Augustine denounced the vanities of his day, what would he say to these ? Pride, vanity, love of pomp, power of wealth, still carry all before them. It seems to be this world's opinion, and this world's only, that influences these people.

## 279

ITALY, 1869.

It is usual to class mankind as producers and consumers, but, in fact, there are three great classes : producers, intermediaries, consumers—working-classes, tradespeople, rich people ; but all of these both produce and consume in a greater or lesser degree ; the lowest are the mere consumers ; all valuable in their place and inter-dependent, however.

## 280

ITALY, 1869.

The phases of thought are—belief, doubt, unbelief, then indifference or disgust. The present is rather an age of doubt ; the real age of unbelief has yet to come.

## 281

MONACO, 1869.

To the Casino. Richly-decorated rooms ! It is Sunday, but here is to be seen only the unholy lust of unmerited gain—a hideous worship of gold, not God, and that, moreover, in its lowest and worst form. The person who does all this in fact, who permits it and gets £5,000 a year for it—the Prince—deserves hanging ; his ill-gotten money stinks like all ill-gotten gain. Here are old men, worn, haggard, and restless ; wretched-looking are they all ; the young women painted and frizzled, the vilest of their class, laughing loudly and recklessly, with affected carelessness, at their losses ; old women pushing and elbowing forward to place their ventures. I saw one well-dressed, hand-

some young girl win about forty gold pieces in ten minutes, and lose them all again as soon; a young American, with a painted girl by his side, in the adjoining *café*, hunting about for some one to lend him five napoleons, at about 200 per cent., he told me. This was common. The *croupiers*, calm and cool, change every two hours and a half, go away, and come in relays, in busses kept expressly for them. Le Blanc spends about £40,000 on houses and grounds, pays £8,000 per annum to the Prince, and gets plenty of money still. Accursed play! worse, I should think, than accursed drink.

## 282

SPEZIA, 1869.

How difficult it is to speak the exact truth, or even not to tell falsehoods. I remember going out fishing with a friend, he a middle-aged and I a young man. We only caught three fish, I think; and, on our coming to land, an old sailor asked my friend how many fish he had caught, when he replied, much exaggerating the number. At the time I remarked this want of truth in him, and he fell in my estimation accordingly. But, now, last night at dinner, I was recounting an anecdote of a gentleman I met at the *table d'hôte*, at Boulogne, who said to me after dinner, "I don't know how you feel, sir, but I always feel after these French dinners as though I could begin again." Now, this was not what he did say; but I fear I made him say so, thinking it was a better story than the truth, which was, that the gentleman said "After these French dinners I never feel full." Again, describing how we went up Vesuvius by night, from Pompeii, when the guides, with their torches, deserted us, I said "We scrambled up without them." "How did you manage about light, then?" said a gentleman; "I suppose it was moonlight?" "Splendid moonlight," I replied, thinking I must say so to account for our getting up the mountain; but the event took place twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, and, in reality, I don't remember at all whether there was a moon or not. This very relation shows me how difficult it is to be exact; for, even in this short space, I have been constantly about to relate the matter in hand inaccurately.

ROME, 1869.

We do not believe that the age of miracles is past, for we do not believe it ever existed. Ignorance, credulity, exaggeration, and love of the marvellous, on one side ; and science, love of power and of deception, combined with superior gifts, on the other, have led to stories which bear in themselves their own condemnation. We do not believe that any man made the sun stand still, or caused walls to fall at the sound of a trumpet, or drew down fire from heaven upon his enemies ; nor do we believe that water was changed into wine, nor that an iron axe floated in water, nor that a man, once truly dead, was brought again to life, nor that, after thousands had made a meal from a few loaves, the remaining crumbs filled any number of baskets ; nor do we believe that an angel from Heaven delivered another man out of prison, nor the innumerable stupid miraculous legends of the Papal Church, any more than we believe the legends of ancient mythology, nor those of existing mythologies in Asia and elsewhere. If miracles were ever needed they are so now ; and if there was faith, even as a grain of mustard-seed, according to orthodox creed, they would still occur. If they do not take place, is it because there is no faith left ? But we hold that there is much too much faith in superstitious practices, unreasonable opinions, and foolish creeds. Before the sun of truth, miracles fly away like the mists of the lowlands. There are no miracles now ; there never have been, and there never will be ; for the divine laws are majestically sure in their action ; and in the certainty of their unalterability lies our confidence in the Creator. The priests—those black birds of ill-omen, who batten on them, and who, without a belief in them, would be deprived of their power, their position, and their very livelihood—naturally uphold them ; but they are unable to work any miracles themselves, and live on the supernatural stories of their predecessors. Winking Madonnas, liquefying blood, and a few trivial standing performances of that class still exist ; but who does not hold them in contempt, and know them to be cunning tricks, and tricks only ? Can you suppose for an instant that the grand and stupendous power of the Creator

and Sustainer of the Universe is employed in such puerile occurrences, as devoid of meaning in themselves as they are useless for any practical purpose for good?

True religion will have nothing to do with such unworthy and useless devices, and scouts their false aid—if that can be called aid which brings religion into contempt and covers it with ridicule.

284

ROME, 1869.

At one time I was struck with the fact that a ray of sunlight always seemed to fall upon the officiating priest at mass, and this somewhat affected me, as I have no doubt it is meant to—especially the country people and superstitious folk generally—until I found that this was artfully contrived, all the curtains being drawn of the church windows, except just that portion which would let the sunbeams come on the priest or altar at the required time.

285

INSCRIPTION ON STA. LUCIA SAVONA.

1869.

"LUCIDA lucenti, luceſiis lucia lucê.  
Lux mea, luſceſcat lucia lucê tuâ."

286

ROME, 1869.

The great remains of Egypt and Greece are temples and tombs. Of Rome, theatres, tombs, and temples. Of early mediæval Europe, temples and castles. Of late mediæval Europe, temples and town-halls. Of the *renaissance*, temples and palaces. Of modern Europe, engineering works, such as bridges, viaducts, and roads; legislation halls, theatres, and other civic buildings.

287

ROME, 1869.

"Mon état," said the boatman at Toulon, "est celle de pecheur." Is it not the *état* of us all; what connection is there between sin and fish? A fish is the symbol of Christ with the early Christians.

288

ROME, 1869.

A little gossip about a few words. It is a fact, not less true because not generally recognised, that we speak bad French and worse German every day of our lives, with a fine sprinkling of other tongues. Like Molière's, *bourgeois gentilhomme*, we have always been talking in this way, not prose, but foreign languages, without knowing it.

289

ROME, 1869.

The difference between us and the orthodox Christians is that they believe in the divinity of Jesus but don't follow his commands, or carry out his precepts, whilst we, who do not believe in his divinity, carry out many of his precepts and honour his commands: seeking, above all things, to love all men, to honour all as equal before God, to have tender pity for all the sinful, suffering, sick, to forgive injuries done to us, and by no means to return them, but to give back good for evil, to place the welfare of our souls above food and raiment, to regard with contempt the honours, pomps, and vanities of the world, and to aim at being worthy of our immortal destiny.

It is true we do not accept some of his teaching, and, therefore, do not practise it. We do not hold riches a curse, nor poverty a blessing, nor celibacy a virtue in man or woman, nor, in a community of goods as the basis of human association, nor do we hold it right not to resist evil, when that evil affects the welfare of the community, but, on the contrary, to oppose it, and seek to root it up by all means in our power. It is only in personal injuries, where self alone is concerned, that we teach non-resistance. We do not say obey all authorities in government or law, because constituted. Not only we say do not obey, but it is one of your first duties to seek to subvert them, and replace them with better governments and better laws. But, as regards the spirit which inspires the Church and each member of it, it is the same as that of Jesus, only not tramelled by con-

ditions. We have the same deep and tender love to all mankind, the same warm sympathy with the poor, the suffering, the sinful, the miserable; we teach that all men are children of the one Father, whose love towards all mankind is certain and everlasting, without distinction of creed or race. We say to you, Would you be our disciples, love one another: love not only the fellow members of the Church, though these must needs come first in your affections, but love every fellow creature, even those who offend and injure you without a cause, or who are opposed to your principles: and that the reward of all we do is not to be found in this world, but our earthly life-long fight is to win for us a crown of glory hereafter.

Like him we teach that God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth: that is, by the daily acts of our lives. "Why call ye me 'Lord,' and do not the things I order you?" And although we build noble temples in which to conduct the public worship of our Creator, we do not esteem them sacred, nor hold them fitter for teaching, nor for songs of praise, than the field or the mount. His prayer is our prayer, with so slight a difference that we may well adopt and use it universally. Like him, we object to vain repetitions, and hold, in all things, the spirit to be above the form of the ceremony or the letter of the law.

The great difference between this and the early and mediæval ages of Christianity is that the male portion of the race, especially in Roman Catholic countries, don't believe, or at best believe in a doubtful way, the creed they profess. The women do, and it is thus left to women mostly; hence, a certain contempt on the man's part for the woman, which is quite wrong. What we want is a faith; shall we get one? The tendency of time is to shake, not to confirm belief. We want a new revelation; shall we get one? Who can say? But it is certain that we want a belief that we can hold enthusiastically, and regard, even in a fanatical spirit, as the true

one, and one absolutely necessary for the welfare of mankind. Such is the want of the day, and which, I believe, will be in time supplied.

291

ROME, 1869.

Priests are neither men, women, eunuchs, nor good old bachelors, though they call themselves the first, dress like the second, and profess to be the third: as to good old bachelors, they scout their friendship.

292

ROME, 1869.

What the Universal and Holy Catholic Church believes and disbelieves regarding—

1. The Creator.
2. A future state and immortality.
3. Life and death.
4. Heaven and Hell.
5. Salvation.
6. Resurrection.
7. The Day of Judgment.
8. Reward of good and punishment of bad.
9. The Devil.
10. Evil.
11. The universe.
12. The Scriptures.
13. Miracles.
14. Baptism.
15. Absolution and remission of sins.
16. Predestination.
17. Election.
18. Everlasting punishment.
19. Vicarious sacrifice and atonement.
20. Expiation of sins.
21. Venial sins and fatal.
22. Carnal and spiritual evils
23. Marriage.
24. Virginity.
25. Poverty, chastity, and obedience.
26. Prayer.
27. Confession.

With the reasons for our belief and disbelief.

The duties of mankind, as taught by the Holy Catholic and Universal Church are :—

Of men.	Of women.	Of young people.
Individual.	Individual.	Individual.
Domestic.	Domestic.	Domestic.
Political.	Social.	Social.
Social.	Political.	

Religious duties are common to all. The above are written in the order of their importance.

## 293

ROME, 1869.

Many people love mysteries. Well, surely, as to that : life, death, and immortality, this world, the universe, the infinitely great and infinitely small, destiny and chance, the origin and existence of evil, might surely suffice any ordinary lover of such. If you want more mysteries still, you really are quite unreasonable, and we hardly see what amount would satisfy you.

## 294

ROME, 1869.

All men desire immortality, or, at least, an after-life. Those who have been happy here are naturally desirous to be so for ever ; and those who have been miserable here, long and hope for happiness hereafter.

## 295

ROME, 1869.

Religion—we accept all its definitions—religion, science, laws, and philosophy, must all harmonise in the new state of things. In the old creed you might, on occasion, do wrong that good might come of it ; in the new—never, on any account.

## 296

ROME, 1869.

This is my constant cry : “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth the welfare of mankind.”



## 297

PISA, 1869.

The Papal religion affords men more comfort in sin than any other ; but does it make men sin less ? No, but more. (See "Absolution.")

## 298

PISA, 1869.

At Pisa, inside the church I heard the droning of the priests—outside, the sounds of honest labour. I do not doubt which sounded most musical to Heavenly ears.

## 299

PISA, 1869.

After a grand ceremony in Pisa Cathedral, which was truly very imposing, I saw the officiating priests doff their fine robes, and walk away—poor, commonplace-looking creatures, ugly, and old men. Such is the religion itself. Strip it of its show, and tinsel, and sensuous attractions, and it is but a poor, ugly affair.

## 300

ROME, 1869.

Civilisation is shown by good streets, well-built houses, railroads, increased order, cleanliness, and sense of decency ; honesty, and general respect of self, and of others ; science and literature cultivated for the benefit of society, and to the world's progress ; just laws and popular free government. But, perhaps, the highest test of civilisation is religion ; the national idea of God, and of a future state, and of earthly duties, in connection with the creed.

## 301

ROME, 1869.

Rabelais' "Land or Isle of Ding-Dong" is, probably, Italy. They are always at it here ; but, oddly enough, not so much at Rome as in other parts. With the exception of the early buildings, campaniles do not occur generally, but domes. The main feature of all the sixteenth and later century churches is the dome, and that of St. Peter's, internally, is nearly perfect.

302

ROME, 1869.

On one of our banners, "Love and Labour."

303

ROME, 1869.

The burden of my sins is great—greater than I can bear. I long to be rid of this sense of sin, but how? By confession? But my sins are still only known to one person. It is the world I want to be straight with, and not to bear a character which I do not deserve. How then—by belief? By saying, "I believe," or by being really convinced that Jesus was the Son of God, and came into the world to save sinners? But how can my sins be forgiven by such means? It is repugnant to all good sense and sense of justice. Can God require me to believe a history which I not only cannot see proved to be true, but which I do conscientiously disbelieve? Impossible! All who have sinned must suffer here or hereafter, and perhaps it is better to pay the penalty in this life.

304

ROME, 1869.

If the Roman Catholic religion is true, and the best for us: it is not, consequently, enough that its professors should be as good as other men, but better. Now, the contrary is notoriously the case; and the character of Protestant nations is decidedly higher than that of Papal ones. Germany, England, and America have more national honour and probity than Italy, Spain, or France. There is more honesty, cleanliness, decency, order, and trustworthiness in them than in the others. But you say, "It is not for this life, but the next, religion is made." Then we will none of it; religion is to make us better men here, or it is comparatively worthless.

305

ROME, 1869.

Our rights and our duties, say the new school, are irrespective of the rewards and punishments of a future state. That is quite true; but it is also a truth for which I cannot

contend too strongly, that religion, whilst it prepares us for a future state, should also regulate and insist on our rights and duties in this life as well.

306

ROME, 1869.

Happy the man whose principles and whose practice agree, and are in harmony with each other. But can any sincere Christian imagine that he acts up to, or carries out, the commands the founder of his faith enjoins on him? He must have an odd conscience if he does, I think. Perhaps the most earthly happy men are those who, having no religious principles, act up to their standard of worldly wisdom only, and have no fears, doubts, or aspirations. But for all this do I say to you: avoid, therefore, those disquieting thoughts and aspirations which are so sure to disturb your happiness; for the higher your aspirations, the higher your sense of duties to be done, the less likely you are to realise them. No! by no means, for personal happiness is not, according to our creed, the highest end and aim of life; but so to act as our conscience dictates is best for others and for ourselves without regard to results, which are in higher hands.

307

ROME, 1869.

It is good to have felt gratitude and shame, to be humble, to recognise one's little value in the world, and yet to hold oneself in respect.

308

ROME, 1869.

Our virtues are:—

1. Humility.
2. Gratitude.
3. Sense of shame.
4. Pity.
5. Self-respect.
6. Truthfulness.
7. Constancy.
8. Fortitude.
9. Patience.
10. Charity—love (not alms).
11. Faith.

12. Hope.
13. Temperance—moderation.
14. Chastity—purity.
15. Self-sacrifice.
16. Labour.
17. Liberality—generosity.
18. Courage.
19. Prudence.
20. Modesty.

Item for women : Gentleness and softness of speech.

## 309

ROME, 1869.

Popish priests are persons who work neither with body nor brain, but get their living by performing certain duties which excite the hopes and fears of their fellow-creatures as to their happiness hereafter.

## 310

ROME, 1869.

The clergy believe because they are determined to believe; the laity believe because they wish to believe; but neither party believe with that firm belief, that conviction which admits of no doubt, which is the very essence of a lively faith.

## 311

FLORENCE, 1869.

*Festa* days in Italy no real spiritual good to the people, but much material injury; they are already well inclined enough by nature and climate to be idle, and it makes them worse still; the women go the round of the churches, and think it religion. "Whoever shall visit the seven churches this holy week, shall receive so many days plenary indulgence."—Written over door of the Annunziata, Florence.

## 312

ROME, 1869.

Duelling is to be permitted on no account whatever; it is illegal and to be punished. For such cases as seduction of any females of a family, fines, imprisonment, and hard labour for man, and for woman punishment according to circumstances.

## 313

ROME, 1869.

The two greatest enemies truth has to fight against, the two greatest obstructions in the path of progress, are ignorance and prejudice, but the last is, beyond comparison, the most difficult to overcome. Ignorance, as a rule, is not unwilling to be instructed, but prejudice is not only unwilling to be instructed, but intrenches itself in its position, and, with the pride of preconceived right and the love of self-conceit, fortifies itself, barricades the ways of entrance, shuts itself in and bars the door with bars of steel, and regards truth as an enemy, a wicked enemy, come to drive it from its pleasant home. Nothing, so far as our experience goes, is more rare in man than that judicial mind which is unbiassed by any cause, and fairly considers all questions brought before it with a perfect willingness to surrender its own convictions should they be proved unfounded, or not so sufficiently assured as to command implicit confidence.

## 314

ROME, 1869.

Three of our cardinal virtues are love, labour, and cleanliness. He who loves most, labours most usefully, and is most cleanly in soul as well as body, best performs the social and personal duties of this life, and we cannot but believe best fits himself for the next.

## 315

ROME, 1869.

That "cleanliness is next to godliness" is no proverb of or for the Papists; St. Bernard would not hear of it, and the whole army of holy monks stink again. The odour of sanctity in the Papal Church is the stench of dirt; get to the windward of the monks for their smell is of the strongest.

Yet you may have a clean body, but a dirty soul; you must be clean inside, as well as out, outside cleanliness is only a sham. Many are thus, especially in England, clean outside and dirty within; on the other hand, thousands are dirty outside and clean within, and this is the best state of the two by far; but we require you to be both, the external cleanliness and neatness being the outward and visible sign of your inward and spiritual state.

## 316

IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, 1869.

I often feel impelled to stand forward and rend my garments, like Paul in old times, when I see the vain worship and idolatry of the Papal Church. But, after all, what purpose would it serve? Our great object is to make you see that the life of Jesus is a mere myth, the growth of certain facts only; but how prove this to you? I see no way to it, and the belief in Christianity must be left to die out in the same manner that the belief in the old mythological fables did, gradually, and from unseen and unascertained causes. It is the work of time, and must be left to time. One may say, almost for certain, that before Christianity was received by the best minds of old, the ancient mythology, except amongst the lowest orders, and probably even with them, had died out as a belief; and such is gradually becoming the case also now with the Roman Catholic mythology.

## 317

1869.

The first principles of religion are to be compulsory in every system of education.

## 318

RAVENNA, 1869.

Symbols and correspondences are very different things. Thus a fair, sweet, noble-looking girl, of the higher classes, looks as like an angel as anything we can imagine. She is the symbol of purity, moral beauty, and holy love; yet there is nothing, perhaps, in her that corresponds at all to these divine qualities, and she is very possibly gifted with little brains and no heart, utterly selfish and unfeeling, cruel, cold, ungrateful, full of vanity, puffed up with pride, and only pleasant and charming as long as she is well clothed, well fed, flattered, and allowed to have her own way. We do not say this is always so, but certes, too frequently is it, and we fear it is partly inseparable from youth; for only by experience and suffering can the pride and vanity inseparable from wealthy and inexperienced youth be overcome.

## 319

ITALY, 1869.

The Roman Church is an immoral Church, and breaks ruthlessly through one of God's first laws to ensure its own power, and then wields that power against the best interests of mankind, viz., in opposing all progress which does not suit its purposes. (What does?)

## 320

ROME, 1868.

Suicides have always had a strong interest for me. Unless mad, men must be very miserable before they try to put an end to their existence, and my heart bleeds for them. Some higher spirits, like those of antiquity, seem by their self-murder to say merely, "I return the gift of life to the Power which gave it me." But thousands renounce it with curses, and that is a terrible thought.

## 321

ROME, 1869.

The Papal religion is like the two big lies written in large letters on the two statues facing the Pope's Palace on the Quirinal, "Opus Praxitelis," and "Opus Phidiae." Those who know better don't take the trouble to erase them. And those who don't know better still firmly believe in their authenticity.

## 322

ROME, 1869.

We must triumph at last; for God is our leader, and Time and Science our allies.

## 323

ROME, 1869.

Dall' Ongaro says, "We Italians are all idolaters; if the evangelical societies want converts, they must seek them elsewhere." Though not an Italian, I protest against this most earnestly. It only shows how indifferently even educated people, and of the liberal party, regard the subject of idolatry. To worship Art is one thing; that I do also; but to worship as part of one's religion, to kneel

before and bow down to, to invoke and pray to carved images and coloured pictures, I do not and will not. We put it to any of you, if you hold the Commandments as inspired, how can you allow this practice? The command is distinct, and has never been annulled, certainly not by Christ or by the Apostles; you do wrong, and must learn to give up this merely sensual and degrading practice.

## 324

ROME, 1869.

Just as the heathen temples were converted at times into Papal temples, as at the Pantheon: and the Papal temples in their turn, as in England, into Protestant churches; so do we yet look forward to the time when even St. Peter's itself, altered and improved, shall serve the purposes of the Universal Church.

## 325

ROME, 1869.

None are to be distinguished as saints in the Universal Church: not from any wish to detract from the character of such men as Peter, Paul, &c., but because we must be just, and it would be as right to say St. Epictetus, St. Socrates, St. J. Howard, or St. P. Oberlin. All who have died good and worthy men are, we believe, now sainted or made holy in Heaven; but who these are or were, we are not, perhaps, competent judges.

## 326

ROME, 1869.

What possible good can come of these monks—we will not say lazy, dirty monks, but self-denying and devout, if you like—who, day by day, go on droning or singing out formulas of worship to the Creator? Do you imagine so lowly of Him as to think it can be possibly pleasing to Him? Is it of any service to them, think you, here or hereafter? Does it do you any good, either? You cannot be so silly or so stupid, surely, to think any of these things. Drive the monks out, and turn their buildings into hospitals or schools, where true religion, as well as ordinary education, shall be taught gratuitously to the people.



## 327

ROME, 1869.

There is a visible as well as an audible music. The old poet\* who wrote of his love:

“Oh, could you view the melody  
Of every grace,  
And music of her face,”

was using no metaphor. One single form makes a melody, several in combination when duly proportioned, harmony: just as notes do in music.†

## 328

ROME, 1869.

Some of those who have known something of my life have said: “You are, we believe, a very worthy man—a good man; and what you do we highly approve of. But all this is not religion.” They say, “Your principles are those of morality only, and you have, in reality, no religion at all.” It is not so: only the moral rules of life are the results of religion, and it is just this severance of morality and religion in modern times, this creed of salvation by faith, by belief, and not by a life well spent, which brings religion into disrepute with all sensible people.

## 329

ROME, 1869.

The greatness of the miracle will always be found to correspond with the education of the age. When people are most ignorant, then are the greatest miracles related; when most educated, then none at all do occur.

\* Lovelace.

† This was written April 17th, 1869. In “Galignani’s Messenger,” April 19th, I read that “At the proceedings of the French Academy of Sciences” (I think it was) “a paper was received from M. V. Balla, in which a system of optical music is proposed. Sounds being formed by vibrations, which are to each other in simple ratios, the author proposes to represent these to the eye by means of images of constant size, but placed at distances from the spectator’s eye, varying in the same ratio as the sounds.” Allowing for Galignani’s rendering of Balla’s paper, the principle seems to embody my idea.

## 330

ROME, 1869.

Look at the Romans of the present day : they are of the noblest type of humanity, and quite worthy, as regards appearance, of their ancestors of old. But what are they now ? They take the lead in nothing ; and those who were once the leaders and governors of the world are now the willing and ignorant slaves of an old woman. What is the cause of this ? To my mind, their religion : for if, in the highest of questions, they will not think and have handed over their reason into slavery, they will think and do nothing good in anything. At any rate, it is due greatly to want of education. They are ignorant, and the Church keeps them so ; but the old Romans were the best-educated people of their time, were masters of the whole range of antique lore, and were the foremost thinkers of their age. The modern Romans are nowhere.

## 331

ROME, 1869.

If religion were nothing more than a mere receipt for the salvation of individuals, and their enjoyment of a future state of happiness, we might well leave it and them alone : it is then simply a question between each person and his Maker ; and not only should we tolerate all creeds, but hold in respect those who conscientiously hold them, however silly some of them may seem to us. Indeed, were this all, we should never have troubled ourselves about the matter. But religion means, and is, something far more than this. It is the result of past opinions ; it influences all present life, and it mightily affects the future progress of the world. However little it may change the character of individuals in this life—for good and bad are to be found amongst all creeds, and will, we fear, be good and bad still—yet do they mould the character of nations, and make a marked impress on all social life (when they are acted up to). On such a subject we must take into consideration the whole world, and the future well-being of the whole world ; and, in this respect, that we should hold the truth, or get as near to it as we can, is of the deepest import to us all.

## 332

ROME, 1869.

The ennobling of women is a portion of our creed. In purity, chastity, love and power of self-sacrifice, they are superior to men, and should be men's guides and upholders. Not only should the woman be equal as a companion to man, she should be more, and is placed in the divine scheme as the guardian angel who should lead man onward to holiness, and upward to Heaven. This high and holy destiny should be impressed as a part of their education on all young people, and it would tend very materially to correct them of those faults of frivolity, vanity, and fastness which are now their greatest sins.

Much is said of the worship of Mary leading to a higher feeling for woman; but the fact is quite the other way. Nowhere except in less civilized lands is woman regarded so merely as a piece of pleasure or use for man as in Italy and Spain. Women are much more esteemed and held in honour in Protestant countries. In Roman Catholic countries they do, as a rule, all the hard work, and it is only in Italy (at Oneglia) that I have seen women and young girls employed in carrying large stones on their heads for the masons to lay in place on the walls of a building.

## 333

ROME, 1869.

There is a male and female soul, as well as a male and female body. A male and female principle runs throughout all created things, alike and yet different. This should be well understood and appreciated by all. Unfortunately the tendency of the time is to deny this in a great measure, and it is the fashion of the feminine to assume the masculine character, for young women to be bold and dashing, unabashed and unabashable, making themselves monsters of unnatural character, and rendering them repulsive to all true men. Not that women are to be cowards or weak-minded, for they may be the equals of men in mind and spirit; but their sphere of action is different, and requires different qualities, the preponderance of some and the diminution of others, and these last, it must be said, are those highest ones which most highly distinguish man—

intellect and force. The history of the world is that of the activity and development of the soul and intellect amongst men, in which women are or should be fitted to join and assist, but by their very nature, that of their soul and body, and that of their daily duties (when married), they are precluded from taking the lead.

## 334

ROME, 1869.

The Church of Rome is one mass of lies and fables: it can do nothing but lie. It shews the precise spot where Andrew was crucified, where Peter and Paul took leave of each other, when Peter was going to martyrdom, and records their conversation on that occasion. It calls an antique bronze statue that of Peter, and places it in its great temple for the poor ignorant people to kiss and adore. It lives on lies and deception, on the ignorance and credulity of mankind, and must be destroyed somehow, though it has greater power, from its organisation, discipline, and extent, than any other evil in Europe.

## 335

ROME, 1869.

It seems hard to say so, but religions only flourish on a large scale in proportion as they pay either in money or position; if neither the one nor the other was to be got by them, they might soon die out for want of officiating priests.

## 336

ROME, 1869.

I want you to put your faith, not in any Church or creed: not in the Greek Patriarch, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Pope of Rome, nor in any human being whatever, but in the rectitude of your own motives and actions, and in the everlasting protection of a loving, merciful, and ever-present God.

## 337

ROME, 1869.

My landlady at Rome has a picture of the Virgin and Child outside her door, before which a light is always

burning, and quite an array of saints around it; but she makes me pay roundly, nevertheless, for all I have. It may be that she thinks it a righteous and even a commendable act to fleece a heretic; but I, being of a different opinion, note this fact for the benefit of the holy and faithful in general. The truth is, she is an old heathen, with her penates always before her, to whom she offers up strangers and infidels as a sacrifice of sweet savour.

## 338

ROME, 1859.

The love of justice and the love of truth are, we consider, the two latest developed qualities in man, seldom found in savage life, and rare even in civilised states. Most men, even educated men of this day, regard the law of the land they live in as justice, and the religion they have been brought up in as truth, and yet laws are notoriously unjust, nay, we hold that some of them relating to punishment, to the rights of women, &c., are iniquitous; and, as to the truth in religion, let the wide differences of Papal and Protestant Christianity, Mahometanism, Brahminism, and Buddhism bear witness. As to Christianity, we are not surprised that the sense of justice is not quick nor strong, since the very essence of the creed consists in a belief in the possibility of vicarious punishment, which is opposed to all good sense and feeling of justice, and, moreover, is wrongful to God.

## 339

DOMINICANS.

ROME, 1869.

ALL priests may be termed Dominicans in the canting, punning sense of that word, as used by the monks—*Domini canes*. The Lord is the Shepherd of mankind, and we are His sheep. It is a favourite metaphor of both the Old and New Testaments, and one in particular favour with the early Christians, as the sculptures on their sarcophagi attest. The priests are then, the dogs who keep us in order, call and drive us to the fold, and so on; but the metaphor, at the present day at least, is curiously

controverted by the fact that the sheep are more knowing and more courageous than the dogs, their keepers, who, in former times, were as real sheepdogs, who could communicate with the master, take his orders and carry them into execution, which the poor silly sheep could not. Now all is changed, and the sheep could instruct the dogs, and tell them their duties, and the dogs very contentedly now let the sheep keep them in comfort, and pay them a certain respect when they meet. The sheepdogs serve their master for a crust and a straw bed, but these holy dogs must needs have all the luxuries of life, and sleep on eider-down.

## 340

ROME, 1869.

Duties of our ministers. Infant instruction in the principles of our religion, and visitation of the sick and comforting the afflicted, especially in hospitals and work-houses. Relieving the poor is a temporal duty, which is to be performed by the laity through institutions.

## 341

ROME, 1869.

As regards the belief of the present day and that of the ancients, the preliminary conditions are so different. If we look to the Jews to whom the Gospel was preached first—to them first, to the Gentiles after—they already looked forward to a Messiah, and a moiety recognised him in Jesus. If we look to the Gentiles or heathen, they were already used to the idea of gods coming upon earth in the shape of men, indeed anthropomorphism was the essence of all these creeds. Therefore, in neither case was there any difficulty in receiving the new and better creed. Then the Barbarians were still more saturated, if possible, with wonderful supernaturalism, and nothing in the new creed could surprise them or induce them to call its perfect possibility in question: miracles were common to them all. But with us of this day it is very different, and the old creed will naturally and gradually but certainly fall into disrepute, for it depends on a belief in miracles which belief no longer exists, except amongst the least educated of Papal Christians (Greek and Roman).

## 342

ITALY, 1869.

Employers sometimes use their workmen as they do machinery, and often worse, for they must tend well the machinery, clean and feed it, or it will soon get out of gear; but they often don't take the same care of their human machines, don't care to see them clean, and properly fed, and don't pay them enough to clean and feed themselves properly. For this the employers are sure to suffer.

## 343

ITALY, 1869.

We cannot over-estimate the great value and power of education; and it is for this reason that we desire to see religious instruction made the first and most important part of it. That the love and fear of God is the beginning of wisdom is most true; and whilst the priests of Rome can keep the education of the young in their hands, they will rule the roost still. But I will give them this credit, that in all Roman Catholic countries, and especially in Italy, the people have, as a rule, better manners than those in England and other Protestant countries; and this we are inclined to ascribe very much to the courtly manners of the priesthood, and the deference they teach as due to people higher in rank. Bowing is quite a science with them; and though we do not desire to teach the people this precisely, still they should be taught manners as well as religion and science.

## 344

ITALY, 1869.

Punishment, besides making the offender suffer for doing wrong, has two ends in view: one, that he may repent of the evil committed; the other, that he make compensation to the person injured. Now, in many cases, it is impossible that he should ever compensate properly the person wronged, but he may make compensation indirectly by doing good to others. But the great object of punishment is to produce repentance in the offender, and thence reformation and regeneration. Be sure of this: we cannot insist upon it too often or too strongly: if you sin you will suffer. If your sin is known only to yourself,

to yourself alone, may be, will your suffering be known ; but you do in reality know at heart why you suffer, like Valjean, in Hugo's "Miserables." Now, how does confession tend to eradicate or punish sin ? In no way at all, for the usual routine is, that the sin being confessed, you are to perform certain actions as penance, amongst which pretty surely will be gifts to the Church, and then the priests will pray for you and obtain absolution. But this is, in reality, to encourage sin, and not to condemn it, or to speak truthfully to the sinner. Every sin requires personal expiation, and there is no escape from this, though the mercy of God is ever ready to receive the sinner, but on one condition, that of sincere repentance, which can only be proved by a regenerate life. Jeremy Taylor, I think it is, who, after enumerating all the painful trials incidental to human beings, adds that the state of a happy, careless sinner is worst of all, for it is certain that an account, a terrible account, is in time inevitable, and will have to be rendered to the judgment of all-knowing and all-powerful Justice. We approve of confession when a person's mind is in any way burdened with a sense of sins committed and hidden, of sins of commission or omission, of fears and doubts in spiritual matters. It is well that the person so afflicted should confess his or her sins, and obtain such advice and consolation from the minister as may be had, but we do not wish it made into a formal practice, and only recommend application to the minister when the persons afflicted have no one to whom they can otherwise speak. The object of such confession is only to obtain that relief which results to the overburdened spirit, especially on account of secret sin, and implies no power to absolve the penitent or to remit sins : and, indeed, in all criminal cases the offender ought to confess to the magistrate, and not to the minister only ; but in this the minister may be his adviser. In the Papal Church confession is a sort of spiritual surgical operation, which the sufferer submits to in order to get cured of his complaint, is absolved, and is relieved accordingly. We have seen women especially waiting to take their turn at the confessional with exactly the same expression of face as you may observe in patients waiting in the ante-



room of a doctor—some to have a tooth out, this one to have a wound probed, and that one to have an ulcer cauterised—who, the operation of confession over and absolution obtained, go away relieved and happy. The Church of Rome, by its system of confession and absolution, does, in fact, issue letters of marque, and gives a roving commission to small sinners, and often on condition of actual payment in some way, though the mere power the system confers on the Church ought to be sufficient reward. It is curious to see, as we have in Naples, a countryman confessing in open public to a monk; a close-cropped, bullet-headed fellow, who, in reply to something the monk had charged him with, was saying aloud, and with true Southern action and emphasis, “Oh, no, never; I swear, never.” All this was in the side aisle of the cathedral, and five or six confessionals were in full action at once.

## 345

ITALY, 1869.

The well-to-do and happy have never learnt, nor can ever feel, that sympathy with suffering which suffering alone can kindle.

## 346

ROME, 1869.

Dirt and beggary—virtues in the Roman Church—abound in Rome, and also that idleness which, in its highest spiritual form, is admired as ecstatic reverie.

## 347

POWER, PRIDE, VANITY, AND DISTINCTION.

ROME, 1869.

WHAT will not men sacrifice for power and distinction? Power—station, dignities, and the respect and notice of others; for this the soldier becomes a slave, and the whole Roman Catholic priesthood forego the dearest and holiest enjoyments of life for this, and, we fear, almost for this alone.

## 348

## THE PAPAL CHURCH.

ROME, 1869.

THERE is no help for it, we cannot make terms with it, it must be swept away; it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the world. But there is only one way to effect this result. Give us the education of the people—the religious education—for two generations, and we will have got rid of it. The religious education of the young is our only trustworthy weapon in this warfare; all else will fail.

## 349

ROME, 1869.

Fishing with a net for coppers at mass is not decent.

## 350

ROME, 1869.

The Church of Rome loves money for the power it gives in its doctrinal propagandism and stately magnificence. The Church of England loves money for the social position and material comforts it affords.

## 351

## DISEASE, POVERTY, AND MENDICANCY.

ROME, 1869.

WE must act on system, and from reason, not blindly; reason and not sentiment should guide us, though sentiment may temper reason, the heart the head. Is the system of the Roman Church and Government right or wrong? Should all the maimed, the halt, the blind, the deformed, and all miserable and disgusting-looking wretches, be allowed freely to parade their diseases and misery before us, to bring their terrible afflictions of humanity, to which all of us are liable, home to us? Is it good for them or for us? Or should they not rather be decently provided for at the public expense in proper asylums? My own feeling is in favour of the latter course, but much may be urged on the other side also.

## 352

## PAPAL PRIESTS.

ROME, 1869.

"SHUT the door on Nature," says an old proverb, "and she will out of the window." Endeavour to constrain, alter, or outrage Nature's—*i.e.*, God's—laws, and you will infallibly produce an evil result. We regret to say it, but, worthy as they may be in many respects, the whole body of the unmarried priesthood, who profess celibacy and purity, are hypocrites, and they know it themselves. They are the willing slaves of a vile system, which, for many important reasons, the Church will not alter. But, as a rule, Nature will assert her sway, and the greater number of priests are celibates in name only. We, therefore, scout the whole body of unmarried priests as useless men and members of society; when not worse, dissembling hypocrites, with attendants who are partly servants and partly mistresses, for, after all, the priest must have a home. Let the people look to it and oblige them to be honest men. They are a large body, and form, as it were, an ulcer in the social system, which should be excised or cauterised at once.

## 353

## THE PAPAL CHURCH.

ROME, 1869.

POPES and cardinals, worthy, good men, you would ask us to forget the murders committed by your forerunners? But we will not forget them. Our duty to God and to mankind is to call them often to mind, and to keep them vividly in mind, never to forget them. Your splendid garments, crimson and red, are dyed in the blood of the saints, the holy men and women of old. In vain your Pope clothes himself in white; I see blood through it; and under the garments of a hue such as angels are supposed to wear flows the hot and angry blood of a devil who would destroy, had he the power, all who oppose his personal ascendancy, and the supreme authority of the Church which owns him as its chief.

## 354

ROME, 1869.

As regards the Roman Catholic population of Italy, are they distinguished as honest people? I think all who know them will say "No!" Well, but they are distinguished as a very religious people. "Yes," you answer; "but religion has nothing to do with honesty." Has it not? Well, I, for my part, prefer honest people who are not religious, to religious people who are not honest. And I cannot conceive how dishonest people, because they hold certain theoretic creeds or opinions, can be fit for Heaven. On this subject of good conduct on earth and fitness for Heaven my ideas are by no means orthodox perhaps, but they are very decided, and I shall ever regard the honest and good man in this life as nearer to Heaven, and more favourably regarded by God, than the dishonest and bad man, however orthodox he may be, and however repentant and correct he may appear at the hour of death.

## 355

ROME, 1869.

Greediness and vanity, two of the commonest vices of children, are, too often, those most encouraged by their parents, by giving them dainty food, and wine, and fine clothing.

## 356

ROME, 1869.

The great feature and saving quality of the Italians is their sentiment of and for love. This good feeling is very marked, from the lowest to the highest classes.

## 357

ROME, 1869.

The Universal Church. To have a college of teachers, each of whom must pass in Divinity, besides examinations for special subjects. An institute for the propagation of the faith, by preaching and printing on the plan of the Roman College. Compulsory education for the poor, including the tenets of the Universal Church. Monuments to be placed in churches and vestibules, gravestones only in cemeteries. Memorial services of the dead.

## 358

## ORGANISATION AND DISCIPLINE.

ROME, 1869.

I AM quite sure of this, that the highest and noblest principles, tending clearly to the welfare of mankind, will fail to make speedy or sure way, without the aid of a vigorous, active, and wise organisation; and that the very worst, of which the Roman Catholic creed is an example, will have more success with the world, owing mainly to the advantage of such an organisation.

## 359

ROME, 1869.

The Roman Catholic Church cunningly appeals to men's commonest qualities in obtaining priests: to their love of power (ambition); to their love of the respect of others (pride); to their love of pleasure (money), by which they get food and drink—good living being peculiarly a priestly weakness—and to their vanity, by furnishing them with innumerable uniforms and costumes, all more or less rich and picturesque or peculiar, which last, to a vain person is just as pleasant.

## 360

ROME, 1869.

One point in the character of the Papal priesthood we do admire, and that is their courtly, pleasant, and agreeable manners. Indeed, priests generally, of most creeds, but of the Roman Catholic Church especially, are the most agreeable of men. Let us give the Devil his due: he is often spoken of as a gentleman, and not unjustly. What may be called an upright, downright man—your thoroughly honest person, who always speaks his mind—is seldom a pleasant companion, as a priest generally is. As to the higher dignitaries of the Papal Church, especially the cardinals, they bow with an indescribable grace and dignity; but I must admit their bow varies greatly according to the person saluted, and have observed with sorrow that to the poor and needy it is a mere nod, almost indicative of contempt. This is a pity, they being so

closely in contact with the Vicar of Christ on earth! Christ, the great preacher of equality amongst men, himself brought up in a carpenter's house, and his disciples mostly fishermen and other low obscure fellows of the working class.

## 361

NAPLES, 1869.

The polytheism and idolatry of Naples and Southern Italy is fearful. The common people, as a rule, do not pray to God or Jesus—many not even to Mary; but each one has his or her own little deity, in the form of a patron saint, to whom he or she prays direct for aid in trouble and forgiveness for sin, and even imprecates curses on them, and threatens them if they are not successful in their prayers. Religion—we will not say Christianity—could hardly be in a lower state than it is here. Idolatry, in as bad a form as may be in Europe, reigns in Naples: they are heathen who have never been converted to Christianity: they are Christians in name only. The old impure Pagan world is here in full life, the main difference between the modern and antique phase being this: that the people of old had the finest forms of humanity, made divine, to fall down before and pray to, whilst now they appeal to and worship lay figures of the coarsest mould—dummies which, in their tawdry clothes, would disgrace a common tailor's show-room.

As to the social habits and customs of the people, we should imagine that only amongst the lowest savages—and we question whether even amongst them—such disgusting outrages on decency and cleanliness could occur as we meet with here; the vilest, most abominable and filthy sights and acts offend the eye and nose all the way from the Mole to the old fort. Many animals are cleaner and act more decently. Civilisation counts for nothing with these dirty savages, but most orthodox children of the Holy Roman Church.

## 362

## MARRIAGE v. CELIBACY.

NAPLES, 1869.

MARRIAGE, in the Universal and Holy Catholic Church, as opposed to celibacy in the Papal Church, is the highest

and best state for man to dwell in, when its duties are properly performed and its holiness appreciated. We advocate the family as opposed to the individual : domestic family happiness as opposed to selfish and lonely enjoyment. There can be no question which state most calls out a man's best qualities, most develops and best disciplines them. Parental love is an earthly and human type of the Divine love ; and they err greatly who deem a state of celibacy to be equally worthy with that which involves all the trials, troubles, and self-denial of married life. Ill-disciplined, bad or weak spirits, often sink under them, bringing down ruin on themselves and all around them ; but to those who undergo them manfully, contented with love as their reward, they will produce nothing but good. On the other hand, it is only a good and strong-willed man who can go even decently through the temptations and trials of a lonely life ; and thousands, and those often the tenderest-hearted and gentlest, sink under them, and are lost in this world for ever. The want of human family love is the greatest privation the heart can undergo, and one which increases in pain with increasing age. Believe nothing but bad of your celibates—I mean, your priests ; and either make them marry, or get rid of them altogether.

## 363

ROME, 1869.

The English aristocracy is imitated by all others in Europe, as regards their houses, equipages, dress, tastes, and amusements. It is something to give the law and be a model to the highest society in the world, of which they may not unjustly be proud.

## 364

ROME, 1869.

A nation must hold firmly that there are several greater evils than war, viz.: dishonour, sloth, luxury, love of self, &c.

## 365

ROME, 1869.

Many persons with very clean hands yet commit very dirty actions.

## 366

ROME, 1869.

The antique worship was partly that of deified humanity, hero-worship; and the worship of physical beauty in man, equal, and at times superior to, that of the gods. The Christian, on the other hand, is the worship of the spiritual over the human, the deifying of man's spirit, and contempt of his bodily nature. We, however, would join both; and, whilst we recognise the vast superiority of man's spiritual nature over any mere bodily beauty or charm, we would not, therefore, despise the latter, but seek only to make the body worthy of that soul which is linked to it—a dwelling-place fitted for the spirit which inhabits it, but for a season only.

## 367

TO THE ORTHODOX.

ROME, 1869.

OF what use is your religion? It is a vain folly. Call to mind what has been said to such as you: "Why call ye me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things I command you?" Of what avail is it that ye go and pray, and sigh, and praise, and cringe, and bow, and kneel, and call yourselves miserable sinners, when you go from your genuflexions, and dresses, and crosses, home, and proceed straightway to slander your neighbour and traduce persons who are even unknown to you, impute bad motives to others' actions, and indulge all your petty little worldly vices, thinking only of yourselves and your own little and often vicious personal interests, and thus go on throughout the week cheating, cozening, slandering, and traducing, and wrapt up in petty pleasures and acts which savour nothing of holiness, nor of that divine love which, in the really religious person, is the ruling feeling of his life?

## 368

LOOKING FORWARD.

ITALY, 1869.

THEY do wrong who confine their views to this world only. To such we say: "Go out on a fine night, when the dark blue heavens are studded with bright stars, and call to



mind that the greater part of these are worlds similar to our own, and that there is no reason to doubt but that they are inhabited by beings, equally with ourselves children of the one eternal universal Creator; that we, too, are everlasting as the worlds are illimitable, and that, though in this life we know that we can hold no communion with our fellow-creatures in them, yet that, after this life, such communion is probable, and we should hold up to ourselves a higher standard of thought and action than that which appertains to life on this orb alone."

## 369

## TO THE ITALIAN COUNTRY PEOPLE.

ANCONA, 1849.

OF what good are your *festa* days? Visiting dead bodies of so-called saints, when you are neither sure they were saints, or that these are their bodies; and if they are even, what then? What are their dead bodies to you?—bodies from which the soul has fled, never to return. Having paid your money for looking at a dressed-up skull, what do you do? Your men hang about outside the church playing ball and gossiping, and the boys play noisily at their games, whilst the women go from church to church, mumbling a lot of prayers, and thinking they thus do themselves good and God service at the same time, in which foolish idea they are woefully mistaken. We do solemnly assure you that you might just as well, so far as your own salvation is concerned, or your Creator's satisfaction, stand for half-an-hour on your head before the altar, as go through these mechanical performances with an idea that they are in any way meritorious. We call you, then, to higher duties than embracing statues, kissing the earth, kneeling, sighing, groaning, and praying, and the performance of a whole host of stupid Church observances. We call on you to work manfully in the station of life in which you are placed, with the fear and love of God your Maker ever before your eyes, and with the love and goodwill of your fellow-creatures ever in your heart; and know that nothing whatever of any kind done yourself, or promised you by others, can

relieve you of the great responsibility of leading a good life, or make amends for daily duties neglected or outraged.

## 370

ITALY, 1869.

I cannot help asking myself, What title have I to address you seriously on such solemn subjects? Let it be known I am not a virtuous man, nor a good man, even in the heathen sense of the word, the *vir totus, teres, atque rotundus*, not even that *vir bonus, qui leges juraque servat*. Not a superior being such as Seneca or Epictetus pictures, nor that honest man whom Diogenes sought in vain. I would not parade my vices and faults, nor do I wish them hidden; at least, if I don't confess to them in detail, I am so far honest as to admit that I have sinned greatly, and am still guilty of many deeds which I regret, and for which I feel remorse and suffer much spiritual despondency. And yet, in spite of all my sins and errors, I must speak to you. I am impelled by a spirit which I cannot resist, and which I am certain is not that of self-conceit, pride of intellect, nor hatred of divine things. And it is a proof of my sincerity that I never wish in any way to put myself personally forward, or condemn those who do not agree with my opinions. I speak because I love the truth, and all that is beautiful and good, with my whole heart and soul, and have a warm and tender love towards all mankind, nay, for all created life. It is, indeed, my sins and suffering, my deep sympathy with the sin and suffering of others, which give me the right to speak to you, for I am as one of yourselves, and address you not as one who is superior to you in any single way, but as one who has loved, and sinned, and suffered much, and requires God's mercy and pardon as much as any who surround me, and to whom I now speak.

## 371

ITALY, 1869.

I entered St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, and wandered thoughtfully through the temple of a faith as much dead and passed away as those of antique Egypt, Greece, or Rome. The fane only kept in repair for the honour of the city and to attract strangers; but the faith which caused it

to be reared, which prayed, wept, and worshipped in it, is truly dead. Who now in Venice cares for St. Mark, or would not smile or sneer at being led to victory in his name? But it was not so of old. To the men who built this St. Mark was a powerful patron and a divinity in whose aid they firmly believed and trusted as their powerful ally and intercessor with the Deity in times of trial, difficulty, and danger. But what do they believe in now? I fear in little but what the Americans call the "almighty dollar," *i.e.*, wealth, power, and success.

This, one of the most Christian temples in Europe, and full of the most remarkable and interesting relics of its faith, is now deserted and fast crumbling into ruin, which even the constant hand of careful restoration will not for long delay. St. Peter's is but the fane of the Papacy, its triumphal monument; this a truly Christian temple, but its meaning and use are both equally past and gone, as are the Doges, the Republic, the political immorality, and the social vice of the days when the Venice of St. Mark flourished; gone as feudalism is gone, and as the Papacy would have gone long since but for its cunningly-devised and powerful organisation.

The life which now moves here is a new life; the thoughts and motives which stir men's breasts are new thoughts and motives, and the old are gone as clean away as the old banners of St. Mark, which once floated proudly before the Temple, and as the costumes which Giorgione painted. The new spirit which now moves all modern Italy is good, but it yet wants the sanctifying spirit of true religion, and of that divine love which is the soul of all true and fruitful life. I saw a life-sized, wretchedly-painted statue of Jesus, with the blood plentifully laid on, placed near the ground in a church at Ravenna. A poor woman in black was kneeling by its side, her lips glued to his wounds, and there she remained motionless for a long time: then, with a deep sigh, she rose, embraced him round the neck, and kissed, with a long, affectionate kiss, his lips. It was to me a pitiable sight, and touching. But they will kiss anything. I have seen an old woman clasp and kiss the legs of a mutilated statue, and kneel in deep devotion before an ancient Roman sarcophagus. As

to kissing the bronze toe of the consular statue dubbed St. Peter, at Rome, that is too well known to need description; and, if I remember right, the foot of Michael Angelo's statue of Jesus, in the Minerva Church at Rome, is made of metal,\* for the same kissing purposes. At Bologna I saw a young man visit every chapel in turn, fall down prone on the earth, and kiss the steps of each as he passed. The Church considers this to be devotion, and highly meritorious.

372

## THE ITALIANS.

ITALY, 1869.

I SEE a noble people waking up from a long and deathlike trance, from suffering under bad dreams, bad government (ecclesiastical and secular), from a bad creed, and from ages of fatal indifference to the highest interests and duties of life. It has long since left its religion to old men, women, and children. The Church laughs, and is still glad at heart in its security, for it knows full well that while it has them—especially the women and children—it has all, and will still rule the roost. To the manhood of the nation we appeal to throw off the priestly yoke, to oust them from their families, to refuse to accept their proffered services, to take education out of their hands, and to place before their women and children a higher rule of life and a more reasonable view of what true religion is than the Papal Church can afford them. Until they do this, the army of Progress has its most powerful enemy encamped in its midst.

373

ITALY, 1869.

The Papal Church, like a harlot, as she is, promises you a happy life here and hereafter, if you will but embrace her and pay her; but with the Universal Church, as in true marriage, you are promised neither for certain, unless you perform the duties we point out to you, and on which your happiness depends. Our Father, indeed, loves you with a divine love, but on condition that you obey His

\* The statue is of marble, and the toe having been worn away by the kisses of the devout, is replaced by a metal one.

## 381

## BEAUTY.

ITALY, 1869.

BEAUTY is, indeed, supreme ; but let women consider how long is this all-powerful reign. At the utmost not above fifteen years, or from fifteen to thirty—even less, indeed, as a rule. How short a period of life, then, is this fifteen out of sixty, or say, twenty out of seventy, leaving a surplus of forty-five or fifty years, for which something beyond beauty and lively charming manners are needed to obtain and secure men's love and esteem !

## 382

## ENVY.

ITALY, 1869.

FOR a long time I could not fix on the origin of envy : it seemed so purposeless a feeling, and so curiously subtle. I feel now assured that it is the *contre-coup* of admiration. Thus, according to the spirit which actuates a person who admires qualities, powers, actions, &c., which he would desire to have or do himself, but fails in obtaining their fruition, we find—in a weak nature, the desire to stand well with the person admired ; emulation in an active nature ; respect in a generous nature ; and envy, malice, and de-traction in a selfish, mean, and bad nature.

## 383

MILAN, 1869.

Ignorance and vanity make people say and do very foolish things ; like that sculptor in Milan Cathedral who has placed on the pedestal of his poor naked figure of St. Bartholomew this inscription : "*Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrates.*"

## 384

MILAN, 1869.

Humility, modesty, gentleness, pity, and simplicity, are the most lovable qualities in woman, but the ones which they least affect, unfortunately.

385

MILAN, 1869.

As hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue, so is envy the tribute which malice pays to merit.

386

MILAN, 1869.

The highest hospitality is to make one's house like a good hotel, every one free, at all hours, to do exactly as they please; only a *couvre-feu* at 11 or 12 P.M. as may be.

387

## THE CHURCH.

ITALY, 1869.

IT is a just question whether society in future ages is to go on without a Church: without a religion of which the Church is the exponent: and whether any of the present Churches can possibly fill that place, and perform the true mission of the Church, namely, to instruct and lead in all matters spiritual. We hold that society is so constituted, that so much ignorance and unwillingness and inability to attend to matters affecting the highest interests of mankind on earth and in an after-life must always exist, or, at least, until such a time as when the truth shall entirely prevail (which is a mere dream), that such a Church is an absolute necessity for the wants and uses of mankind. The mission of the Christian Churches is over; they are no longer the leaders but the laggards of the age, and must, by the very nature of their tenets, become yearly still more so. Therefore, we regard the existence of a new Church in the future as a matter-of-fact necessity and a logical certainty. All we have sought to do in the book called "The Universal Church" is to give a sketch of what we think will constitute its main features, subject to modification according to race, clime, and period of action, but never to the sacrifice of the fundamental principles.

The elements for the formation of such a Church, or body of enlightened men, who love the divine truth and our Heavenly Father, are now to be found, scattered

throughout the world, amongst Roman Catholics, Protestants, Mahometans, Brahmins, Jews, Parsees, and Unitarians of all denominations, who only require intercommunication and organisation to form a body powerful for good in their respective countries, serving each other and the world by their united action. But for those who are unwilling to act, another question arises, which, they at times, use as an excuse for doing nothing, and that is, Does it really matter as to what is true or false? Does holding the so-called truth make better men? And are not those who hold truth or error in religious matters equally excellent men and good citizens? Will not people be good and bad according to circumstances, without regarding their religious opinions? We confess we have often been tempted to doubt what good enlightenment or education are to individuals, for we have met many not a whit the better for it; and, on the other hand, when we meet with so many worthy people who believe in the grossest superstitions and errors, who ought to be very bad but are not, we are apt to ask ourselves whether this disturbance of their faith, such as it is, is desirable or wise. We know from experience that it is better to trust a grossly ignorant person, one who believes all the worst errors and practices, all the most foolish precepts of the time, than to trust an educated atheist, who is, and can be, guided in his actions by no other motive than his self-interest. And we cannot deny that, in ordinary circumstances, an excellent Papist is as good as an excellent Protestant perhaps. But, for all this, we are sure, that it is not only better to seek out and hold fast the truth, or the most reasonable opinions we can meet, but that it is our bounden duty to do so, and that it is perilous to neglect the truth when placed before us, and, moreover, that, though its effect may not be discernible in forming individual character, still, the world will be the better for it in ages yet to come.

Pavia is an interesting, dirty, old city, full of priests and churches, cockroaches and bugs.

## 389

ITALY, 1869.

Mary is often spoken of in Roman Catholic books as the wife, daughter, and mother of God ! This is an abominable profanity which should not be permitted. The guide-book to Chartres Cathedral, by l'Abbé Bulteau, is dedicated to "Marie, mère de Dieu et Dame de Chartres." These gentry are too familiar, and are to be rebuked.

## 390

ITALY, 1869.

That women should take a pleasure and pride in being clean and neat, and tastefully dressed, is most natural and desirable; but the feeling which induces that is very different to the one which delights in nothing but ostentation, the newest fashion, and in rich and varied costumes. The one is to be decent, the other indecent; the one to be maidenly and natural, the other to be unmaidenly and artificial. The first, in fine, adds a charm to a woman; the other renders her odious to all people of sense and good taste.

## 391

ITALY, 1869.

God demands your gratitude, love, and reverence: the latter you can show by due attention to your religious duties at home and in public: the two first you can best prove by your conduct to your fellow creatures in your daily life.

## 392

1869.

The mysticism of the East, the philosophy of the West—*i.e.*, of the Stoics—and the theogony of the Jews, met in the person of Jesus, and were blended into a kind of system—not, however, very well defined; like all visionaries and fanatics, a dreamy vagueness often occurs. The Indian idea of one great being, in which all things exist only as parts, and as parts interchangeable, and to be finally absorbed, often crops up, as "In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. . . . That they may be one, even as we are one, I in them, and thou in me." He is frequently uncertain as to his



own personal identity, and speaks of himself at various times as the Son of Man, Son of the Father, Son of God, Son of David, the Father Himself. He says: "He who has seen me has seen the Father," though he also says that "No man hath seen God at any time," which is hardly consonant with many assertions apparently to the contrary in the old Jewish Scriptures.

He promises his disciples extraordinary powers of all kinds, which they never possessed, even admitting the truth of their own relations, except in a very modified degree; and he declared that his advent to judge the world would take place before the death of some who were listening to his prophecy. But they died, and his advent never occurred at all. As to the incarnation theory, it is the vulgar creed of most superstitious Hindûs, to whom their deities are always incarnate in some form or other.

The amount of Stoic philosophy he possessed was just such as might be expected in a poorly-educated Jew: still, it is pretty pure in its essence, and there is nothing in his principles of human life which may not be found in Seneca, Epictetus, Socrates, &c., only, of course, not so completely or logically carried out. Thus the philosophy of Greece, the grand theistic ideas of Persia and India, the mysticism of the East generally, the asceticism of the Essenes, and other mystic sects, the Jewish principle of the unity of God, were joined in this devout man, and led to the formation of a new religion, which has had its day, and is now fast breaking up. We have, however, been heirs of the past in this respect. Nothing has been lost, but all has been combined into a fresh system, and the present ideas of our Creator and ourselves, now permeating all society with electric quickness and kindling power, must equally contain the good of Christianity, combined with the truths of actual science.

393

1869.

Punishment deterrent to criminal; compensation to person injured; prison teachers; a motive for every act, criminal as well as others; crime and ignorance and moral obtuseness go together; the criminal must be made to see that it is against his own interest to be criminal.

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## 394

ANCONA, May 4, 1869.

This bright spring morning in May the cathedral is crowded with country people, who come to pay special honour to St. Ciriaco, the patron saint of the city and district, and whose body (?), dressed in rich canonicals, was now shown—for eight days, I believe—in the subterranean church. There, sure enough, was a corpse, or wretched head, in gold mitre and rich bishop's dress, before which passed in succession crowds of these poor, hard-working people, come to do homage. They passed in front of a balustrade, and, as they passed, the place resounded with the constant clink of money thrown on the ground before the tomb, which money an attendant priest raked together as it was thrown down, and massed in a heap before the corpse. It was with some difficulty I restrained myself from interposing, and begging these poor, benighted, foolish people not to throw thus away their hardly-earned money; for what good could it do? The saint did not get it, but the priests; and, if a saint, think you he requires your money to make him intercede with God for favourable harvests and weather, and blessings for you? Do you think for a moment—if you ever do think—that your Heavenly Father requires any such intercession? Away with such silly, stupid, and wicked mummary! the only result of which is to enable the priests to live comfortably, to decorate their church finely, and to assist in paying my Lord Cardinal, that he may have the fine red coach and great black horses, and stalwart coachman in cocked hat and rich livery, to make a show amongst you all, and render your poverty and hard labour all the more evident by contrast with his wealth and life of idleness. Give no more, then, to the saint, for cardinal's, bishop's, or priest's benefit; but learn to be good and honest, and trustful in the great God, your Heavenly Father, and send these humbugging priests to the right about, and make them work also for their living in an honest manner.

## 395

LONDON, 1869.

The creed ascribed to Jesus—we say ascribed, for we are disinclined to believe it was really his—broadly stated, and

without details, is this : that, from the beginning of the world, mankind were divided into two classes, those who would be saved and those who would be damned. The first-named were the "elect," and the proof of their being the elect was that, on hearing that Jesus was the Son of God, come into the world to save all who would believe in his Divinity, they would accept it as a truth and hold it as a faith. All the rest would be condemned to everlasting punishment in Hell, and this result, the final judgment of the world, would take place shortly after his death, when he would come, accompanied by the Heavenly host, to divide the sheep from the goats, to take the elect to Heaven, and drive the unbelievers and others into Hell ; and this event was to take place during the lifetime of some who heard him describe it. This monstrous creed was combined with as monstrous a miracle, on which we do not care to enter.

As for us, we abjure this cruel and wicked creed. God predestines none to Hell, and all, without distinction of race or creed, are to be saved. God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live.

As regards the credibility of the Evangelists, take the description of the crucifixion, when the veil of the Temple was rent, stars fell on earth, and the graves opened and the dead walked in the streets. If the writer did not really mean this, but speaks allegorically, perhaps he did not really mean to describe an actual crucifixion, but only spoke allegorically also about that.

As regards the narrative of the birth of Jesus, it could only have come from one person—Mary herself, for Joseph's dream may be put aside as a dream ; and yet, what is her conduct towards her son, so far as we find it recorded ? Certainly not that of a mother who knew and revered his peculiar and Divine origin. She nowhere appears either as an admirer or follower of him, and was not even amongst those who visited his tomb. Joseph also never appears in any way whatever to have been influenced by his divine claims to miraculous birth and personal divinity ; and as to his brethren, whoever they were, it is expressly stated that they did not believe in him. Besides, is it probable

at all that, after having had a child, begotten by the Holy Spirit itself, whatever a vision may have directed, that Joseph, or any man, would have ventured to marry one so specially marked out for Divine favour? Surely there is something terrible even in the idea. And what, now, is a virgin? Can a woman give birth to a child and be a virgin still? Strictly speaking, decidedly not. And if she marries subsequently, and has a family, is she still a virgin? Then are all married women virgins, because they have been so at one time. To be a mother and yet to be a virgin is a contradiction in terms, however pure in heart the mother may be.

You always see the birth of Jesus represented with him in a manger, attended only by Mary and Joseph; but you must remember that, at his birth, probably some others—women, we should say—must have assisted, and it was not likely that Joseph was there at all; and certainly there is no mention of such being the case in the Scriptures you hold to. In this, as in so many other instances, you take your ideas from the imaginary pictures of artists, who unfortunately have lent their aid—most powerful aid—to spread far and wide all the lies and fables of the Papal Church. I earnestly admire and love the Arts, and am not all unskilled in them myself, but I do not love the artists who have assisted to propagate falsehoods, though I admit they did it, at one time, in perfect faith that what they represented was true. They also have dared, from the first, to represent our Heavenly Father Himself in various forms; and Raphael, over and over again, paints Him as an old man with white hair. I admit I sympathise with the Puritans when I see such things, and would willingly pass a brush with whitewash over all such irreverent and stupid, such profane works. The true mission of Art has yet to come. Throughout the period of the Papal Church it has been prostituted to the basest of purposes—that of putting into form and propagating amongst the people the silliest fables and worst lies, in order to serve the interests of the popes and the priesthood, giving portraits of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and the Apostles, all of which are notoriously false. Indeed, Jesus, such as he has been represented for some hundreds of years, is

entirely an ideal make up; and the earliest, youthful-looking, beardless faces, meant for him, and those, moreover, executed at least three hundred years after his death, bear no resemblance to the divinely-handsome and bearded figure now held to be his likeness, and which is merely an idealised representation of some comparatively early but spurious portraits of him, written or drawn, whether in forged letters or on sweat-moistened napkins.

But to return to Mary, the mother of Jesus. Now, besides the visit from the angel, announcing her divine conception, she received also the wonderful deputation of the kings or wise men (the Magi) from the East, who came to do homage to the young God and king, led by a miraculous star or light to his presence; and yet, with all this, she goes through the ordinary life of other married women, and pays nowhere, that we hear of, particular respect to her Divine son; nor does he pay any to her, for once he says to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and another time asks who is his mother, and replies to himself, saying, "They are my mother and sisters who do my bidding."

We must say that we consider the conduct of his mother, of Joseph, and of their children towards him, as quite incompatible with any belief on their part in his divine origin.

When we use the word "we," it is done, not as a mere literary *façon de parler*, but advisedly, as representing two persons, united in soul and body. This double-being has been recognised in all ages, only with different views as to the nature of the body, and the connection subsisting between both. St. Paul, and the early Christians adopting the theory of evil supposed to be cognate with matter, derived from the earliest Asian theologies, cries out "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" De Maistre separates himself into *l'ame* and *la bête*, and continually, ("Voyage autour de ma Chambre,") addresses his body as *la bête*, or simply

as *l'autre*. Now, though we hold to the opinion of two separate beings, the one everlasting, spiritual, and of a divine nature, and the other perishable, material, and vivified by the spirit, yet once vivified having wants and propensities of its own, we do not hold it to be necessarily evil in itself, or in its tendencies, though we admit it is in the nature of the spirit to spurn at and seek to be forced from its earthly mate. "This body," as Coleridge writes, "which does me grievous wrong," and of which thus beautifully expresses himself the Persian, Ahmed el Ghazalee, writing in the twelfth century :—\*

"Tell my friends who behold me dead,  
Weeping and mourning my loss awhile,  
Think not this corpse before you myself;  
That corpse is mine, but it is not I!  
I am an undying life, this is but my body,  
Many years my house, and my garment of change.  
I am a bird, and this body was my cage;  
I have winged my flight elsewhere, and left it for a  
token.  
I am the pearl, and this is my shell  
Broken open and abandoned to worthlessness.  
I am the treasure, and this was the spell  
Thrown over me, till the treasure  
Was released in truth.  
Thanks be to God, who has delivered me,  
And has assigned me a lasting abode in the Highest.  
There am I now conversing with the happy,  
And beholding face to face unveiled Deity.  
I have journey'd on and left you behind,  
How could I make an abode of your halting stage?  
Deem not death death: for it is in truth  
Life of lives: the goal of all our longings.  
Think lovingly of God, whose name is Love,  
Who joys in rewarding, and come on secure from  
fear.  
From where I am, I behold you, undying spirits like  
myself,  
And see that our lot is one, and you are as I."

\* From Palgrave's "Central Arabia."

## WORK.

LONDON, 1869.

"LABORARE est orare," is an old motto of mickle worth, and which we would render more freely into English, thus, "Labour is better than prayer." But there is a pestilent feeling sprung up of late that labour is a nuisance, all work a mistake, and idleness your only true philosophy, and only real pleasure. Tennyson was one of the first to preach this pernicious creed in his "Lotus-eaters," wherein, protesting against all kinds of labour, he says,

"There is no joy but calm !  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?"

Whitman envies the animals who bask idly in the sun, and trouble their heads about nothing at all, and have no care about being respectable.

Ruskin advises the working-men to wear patent-leather boots, cultivate flowers, and get as much good music as they can. Happiness, he thinks, is the only object in life natural to man.

Even Jesus exhorts you to take no heed for the morrow, to look at the lilies of the valley, which neither toil nor spin, and yet are so beautiful. If God takes care of these and the sparrows, how much more will he take care of us !

There are hundreds of idle vagabonds in big cities, who practically carry out these doctrines, who would rather starve than work, who wander about half-naked, and are content with a disgraceful life so long as they can get their dram and pipe or quid of tobacco. A worthless lot of loafing lotus-eaters, ignorant, dirty, and idle, with not a touch of poetry about them ; the very weeds of humanity, only fit for destruction. Now, our motto is "Work is better than prayer," and without labour is no real pleasure. The Great Contriver of the universe sets an everlasting example of perpetual work. Those are best off who work most, those happiest who work regularly at something which suits their taste and abilities, and which is productive of visible, beautiful, or useful results : all artificers,

musicians, authors, sculptors, painters, money-makers. But more than this, work is a duty, and every man is bound, by the moral law, to get, or be able to get, his own living as soon as he is a man. Yes, the first and most imperative duty for each individual one of us is to be independent, independent of others' assistance—*i.e.*, not dependent on any one, not even on parents, for the means of living ; but to be able to do or produce something which shall give him those means, whether he be under the necessity of exercising the power or not. Whoever you are and in whatever position of life, if you are not now convinced, you will have to learn by painful personal experience, that idleness is only another word for wretchedness and hard work another word for happiness.

## SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

LONDON, 1869.

AN accident of a singular nature was investigated by Dr. Hardwicke at Paddington on Saturday, December 4th, 1869. The deceased John Brill, sixty years of age, was a smith returning home at his dinner hour, when George Evans, a horse-keeper, came running down the mews at a smart pace. He tried hard to avoid Brill, but only made matters worse, and, coming full against him, Brill was thrown down on his arm, which was broken in two places, Evans falling on top of him. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, where he expired on 30th ultimo, having sustained a dislocation of the ulva, and a compound fracture of the radius, erysipelas setting in after his admission. The weight of Evans falling on him of course increased the injury, and yet a younger man might have got over the affair. Verdict. "Accidental death, caused by injuries to the bones of the arm."

Now, thoroughgoing advocates of what is called Providence must object to this verdict, which should be, "Purposed death, caused by the will of the Deity," which we hold to be both absurd, unjust, and wicked.



What is holiness? Think you that only the highest or most civilised of human beings are capable of appreciating it? We believe that all men of all nations and creeds can feel it and desire to practise it.

But the idea of holiness differs with different people. Listen to what a good Christian bishop (of Noyon) in the seventh century taught as holiness.

"He is a good Christian who comes frequently to Church, who presents the oblation which is offered to God upon the altar, who does not taste of his own industry until he has consecrated a part of the first fruits of it to God, who respects the creed and the Lord's Prayer.

"Redeem, then, your souls from destruction whilst you have the means in your power, offer presents and tithes to Churchmen; humbly implore the patronage of the saints; for by observing these things, at the Day of Judgment thou mayest say, 'Give to us, O Lord, for we have given unto thee.'"

Dr. Livingstone, in the narrative of his African expedition (1864), gives us the following account of a Becuana negro's idea of holiness. When asked to explain what he meant by it, he answered: "When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh, that is holiness."

Certainly such enjoyment, and such gratitude thence arising as this of the poor benighted negro, are, we think, more indicative of holiness, even than the long list of virtuous actions which go to constitute the bishop's idea of a good and holy life.

You prate of immortality, and yet live only for this world. You *must not* hold the opinions you do, that any one, the Son of the Deity himself, can, by his suffering and death,

relieve you or yours from the burden and penalty of your own sins. It is this which saps the very foundation of all sense of justice in the world; till you give up this most pernicious idea you yourselves can never know what justice means. I tell you, you may be immortal, but that for that immortality you must strive, strive to deserve it; if you will not, if you persist in living only for this little life, and not for the everlasting life to which your great, good Creator, destines you, you may have to walk over that narrow way sharp as a sword's edge which Mahomet speaks of and, failing in the trial, fall into the gulph of everlasting perdition. Do not flatter yourself either with foolish pantheistic ideas; you are yourself alone, an entity, with a memory which belongs to you alone, and is shared by no one else. Believe this; act so that that memory shall not disturb you, and you will be for ever happy; disbelieve it and do wrong, deliberate wrong, which you seek to justify (we do not speak of involuntary wrong), and your fate will be bad indeed. Oh, I am a sinner also, and have much to fear and dread, but this shall not prevent me, even to my own condemnation, to speak the truth to you, my fellow-creatures, who I love equally with myself, and whose welfare I have at heart as much as my own.

## 401

LONDON, 1869.

The picture which Thomas à Kempis, and others of his class, give us of the holy ecstasies and superhuman delights of pure virginity, of selfish though saintly chastity, present nothing so beautiful, so sweet, so refining, so touching to heart and soul, as the glimpse we may get through an open window of a summer's night, or through the yet unclosed shutters on a winter's evening, before the sparkling fire, when we see a comely and worthy matron, surrounded by her dear little hearts, her fair children, fair as angels, with their golden hair and bright blue truthful innocent eyes, all speaking warmly to human hearts of human love, of a mother's love, the nearest approach to divine love we can imagine.

## 402

1870.

What I have, at times, to fight against, is the doctrine of Materialism, and yet, if it is true, I am bound to accept it. But the Materialists can no more prove the end of our existence by death than the Spiritualists can prove our re-existence after death; and of the two, I earnestly prefer the latter doctrine; and I do also hold that it has the most reasonable arguments in its favour. But, placing reason on one side, we should all have perfect and implicit faith on the subject, and that faith will bring all blessings with it, robbing death of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

## 403

LONDON, 1870.

It is no new commandment we bring unto you, but one you have all heard before, and often, too, from the olden time up to this present. It is: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself." In the first case, so doing, you will be ever full of tenderness, gratitude, humility, and reverence towards your Creator, properly made manifest by regular private and public worship; and, in the second case, if you love your neighbour as yourself, you are quite sure never to hurt or injure him in thought, word, or deed; to forgive him his trespasses against you, and to assist and aid him in every way in your power: even in speech you will be tender towards him, for remember the tongue is a weapon sharp and trenchant, which may inflict the most painful wound in a second, and can slay even the absent. Beware, therefore, of such a weapon, and keep it well guarded.

## 404

LONDON, 1870.

Know this, O man, whoever thou art, that in every station and character in life you have it mainly in your own power to save or to ruin yourself; to choose the love of your life, that of God and your fellow-creatures, or that of yourself and the world. In the first case, although you may be poor and unhappy on earth, you will be wealthy and blessed in an ever-increasing degree after your tran-

sitory trial here is over. In the other case, you may be the greatest of the great on earth, with all that superior intellect and untold wealth can lend to your position in the world, yet after this transitory triumph—after this mere dream in the grand development of your endless existence—you will become the lowest of the low and the meanest of the mean, until, if you persistently refuse to practise the love of God and your fellow-creatures instead of love of self, your entity will be destroyed for ever, for such can find no place in the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, what is Heaven? The usual idea of it is a place, somewhere or other, where God will be seen seated as a great king in His glory, with all sorts of angels, and all those human beings who have been elected or have been good Christians, perpetually engaged in worship before the Divine throne, singing the praises of the Deity, and engaged in perpetual acts of adoration. Heaven, however, is, in fact, a state of being. Heaven lies in yourself, and means a state of perfect personal beatitude, vivified by a sense of the Divine Presence. Now, from the latter, from God our Creator, though we may be more or less near, yet can we never escape. His presence surrounds us everywhere and to all time, for by Him alone we live and move and have our being. He is light and life, without whom neither physically nor spiritually could we continue to exist: and as to personal beatitude, be assured that none of us will ever attain that, without being filled with a pure love of our Creator and a warm love of our fellow-creatures, and by the exercise of our powers in any and every conceivable state of existence in honour of the first and for the advantage and pleasure of the second. You pray daily, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." This, we tell you, is His will, and this His kingdom; and that kingdom will come on earth, will be realised here, only when all human beings shall love their Creator and their fellow-creatures before themselves and those delights of life, position, wealth, etc., which constitute the world.

To love God and your fellow-creatures before yourself leads to good. To love yourself and the world before God and your fellow-creatures leads to evil. The choice

rests with yourself, and for this is freedom of will given you, that your love of God and of goodness may be voluntary; that you may become the arbiter and moulder of your own destiny: always, however, under the eternal guidance and general rule of God. In either case, however, no matter what your short life here on earth may have been, prince or slave, millionaire or beggar, your final destiny depends on your choice in this matter, a matter of life and death to you. Therefore, we earnestly pray and exhort you to choose, and choose quickly, the good part. Having once determined on it, having once and for ever accepted the love of God in place of love of self, you will then become a new man, regenerate, and experience that peace of God which passes all understanding.

Yet you must not think that this regenerate state is sure to lead you to happiness, in the ordinary acceptance of the idea. Our aim in life is not happiness, but duty. Remember, the lover of self is not necessarily unhappy. He may be, and probably is, glad of heart and full of self-complacency, for has he not succeeded in life and got on in the world, as it is called? Is he not rich, prosperous, honoured; a great man in his own line of life, courted, distinguished, and perhaps feared, if not loved? Nay, the more purely selfish he is, and more thoroughly successful, the more glad is he at heart, and having no actual ill-will to his fellows, but even distributing to them from his overplus, looks on himself as a good man, and a public benefactor even. Such a man may well live and die happy in his way, but we know that he is in a wrong way, on a wrong road, a road which will never lead to Heaven. On the other hand, the true lover of God and of his fellow-creatures must of necessity be more or less unhappy; the higher his aspirations, and the deeper and wider his sympathies, the more unhappy must he be as he looks around him, and sees our most holy and good Creator forgotten, neglected, mocked, or denied, and the world full of misery, spiritual, moral, and material. Are these thoughts and are these sights to make glad the heart, and fill the soul with joy? It is said that Jesus never smiled. His last cry was one of despair. Socrates was imprisoned,

and compelled to commit suicide. Epictetus was a slave, who suffered under one brutal master at least. Paul cries out imploringly to be delivered from the body of this death. No! the good are not therefore happy, and the selfish and wicked therefore miserable—on earth. But, after this life? Ay, then comes our most joyful moment; and as the selfish, bad man clings to his gods and goods here, and cries out in despair as he is torn away from them, so will the God, loving and good, rejoice with exceeding great joy that the hour of their release has come at last, and through the mists of night and death rises the glorious golden morning star, the sun of eternal life and happiness, to guide them on their blissful way for ever.

Thus, then, and thus only, can you do your duty on earth, and feel that happiness, at least, arising from the sense of duty unselfishly performed, and look forward to a higher, purer, and happier state hereafter.

This is the one only true religion, and all others with their dogmas and creeds more or less complicated, incomprehensible, and unnatural, which no one can prove or disprove, mere whetstones for the cleverness of man, full of ridiculous stories and fables, incredible to the sober judgment, and yet which, if you believe not you shall be surely damned to all eternity. These are all a “mockery, delusion, and a snare;” nor can the nations be happy or prosperous until every child from early youth has these fundamental principles of true religion instilled into him, with all the plain great moral principles depending on them, in place of the soul deluding and spirit-crushing ideas of the great slave Churches now unfortunately dominant throughout Europe, or the equally injurious creeds of the Mahometan and Hindu worlds.

How can we form a right judgment of people? A person may be most agreeable, cheerful, witty, handsome, and accomplished: sing divinely, draw beautifully, and have charming manners, yet be utterly devoid of principle, and above all things a lover of self, capable of any vices or crimes; whereas another person may be full of the noblest, finest,

and most loveable qualities, and yet be neither accomplished nor cheerful, nor witty, nor handsome, but ugly, solemn, and disagreeable, even owing to just one of his very best qualities namely, an uncompromising dislike of shams, humbugs, and affectation generally. I say "judge not," not because you do not wish to be judged in your turn, but judge not because you have no fair grounds for forming a judgment, in ordinary cases, at least, and will probably, in the end find you have been mistaken. Be amiable and friendly with all people, till you find them really bad ; but beware of judging rashly, and passing sweeping judgment or censure ; if you do, it will be resented, be sure of that. People don't like in a general way being called liars, serpents, whitened sepulchres, hypocrites, and so on : if really worthy people, they still will not like it, and if they are what they are called, still less so. It is better to reserve your judgment except in clear cases of badness, knowing how liable we all are to be deceived and to deceive ourselves ; and moreover if there is any doubt about a person's character, be charitable and give that person the benefit of the doubt. A common English jury would do as much, and a professing Christian should do much more.

406

1870.

What a nice creed is this of Christianity ! which commences with commanding us to believe a story absurd in itself, and calculated to bring God into contempt and dislike amongst men, and ends by condemning us to endless torture after this life, if we cannot conscientiously believe a miracle, the truth of which we have no possible means of testing, but which is opposed—so far as we can judge by experience—to common sense, science, and natural laws, and has no one point of probability about it.

407

1870.

Monasticism may fairly be spelt mo-nasty-cism, from the dirty nature of the ordinary monk. In a warm country, 'Ware monk ! and keep well to windward of him.

408

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

1870.

INSTEAD of the "R. C. Church," as it is often expressed in writing, we might term it the "O. C. Church," or "Old Clothes Church." It is like a Jew's old clothes shop, in which ancient costumes are furbished up to look as good as new.

409

1870.

The universal natural world bears the same relation to God the Creator that the limited artificial world does to man the manufacturer. Now, just compare the difference between them, and let man understand his infinitesimally diminutive proportions and utter insignificance, and learn humility, reverence, and awe, towards the one only God, the Creator, Sustainer, and Preserver, of all life spiritual and material.

410

1870.

Jesus promulgated a double creed—the one religious, the other social; the first was ridiculous, and the second impracticable.

The first,—that he was God himself, or the Son of God, descended on earth to gather His elect around him for salvation, and that those who did not credit this would be irrevocably and eternally damned. The second,—that poverty was a virtue, that wealth was criminal, and that all men ought to place their goods in a common fund, so as to produce a dead level of sufficiency. The only excuse for the first, was that he was crazed in religious matters; and for the second, that his heart was better than his head.

We exhort, we command you, to cast aside these follies, to look the truth straight in the face, and to allow common sense to exercise some little influence on your ideas, principles, and actions. At present you are nothing. You profess and call yourselves Christians, indeed, without one particle of right to do so, if we regard your lives, beyond the silly fancy that, by proclaiming your-



selves believers in the Divinity of Jesus, you are to be rewarded with eternal happiness, or, at least, stand a much better chance of it than others who don't believe.

You abhor me for writing thus, and probably would punish me if you could, and many would, perhaps, vote for my death. But, you must remember that the same feeling which, in this case, actuates you, is the same which actuated all people of the past, orthodox in their respective ways, Pagan, Christian, Mahometan. Innovators and reformers must always meet with the dislike, hatred, and persecution of the main body of their fellow-creatures, and in former days might deem themselves fortunate if they escaped personal persecution, bodily torture, imprisonment, and death. And yet, their persecutors were wrong, and they were right; remember that, and have sense enough to understand that you may be in the wrong, as your ancestors have been before you. Let the most orthodox Protestant remember, that, if he had dared to assert or write that transubstantiation was a cursed trick or silly error, or not a fact, in the year 1370, or only 500 years ago, he would probably have been burnt to death very shortly after.

411

1870.

Stoicism and Epicureanism represent two opposite principles: the first is more suited to the Northern nature; the second, to the Southern. We seek to reconcile them to each other.

412

1870.

What now, my Lord Archbishop, or my Holy Father: have you to tell me better than this, that Pythagoras, the Pagan, tells me?—"Two things are reckoned by the gods as most beautiful in man: to speak the truth, and to do good." Pardon us, but perhaps you might take a lesson from him yourselves.

413

1870.

Appearances are deceitful; remember the sun, which we still speak of as rising and setting.

LONDON, 1871.

We recommend to the people that when the Popish priest comes forward with two assertions—one, that he is gifted with miraculous power, and is a special agent of the Deity, in that he possesses the power of bringing down the Spirit of God, and infusing it into bread and wine, changing thereby the bread and wine into the actual flesh and blood of his God, Jesus Christ—we recommend every one, we say, to suspend his judgment, and before accepting that assertion of miraculous power as true, to require a visible miracle—ever so small a one—as a proof that the said priest is indeed and in truth an authorised agent, and not an impostor. For instance, tie him up to a *tau* cross, with his face towards it, out of respect to the symbol; take down or draw up his clothing, as needs may be, and give his reverence a sound beating with an offertory dish. If the God, whose faithful, favoured, and beloved agent and intermediary he is, miraculously interferes, in ever so slight a manner, to save him from this indignity, believe in him at once; do penance in sackcloth and ashes, or in the way most usual amongst us, who are not old Jews, and make over to the said much-injured priest and desecrated holy man all your worldly goods, for the use of himself and the Holy Roman Church. But if no miracle takes place to save him, be ye sure he is an impostor, and let him be dealt with according to the ordinary law against all those impostors who gain their living by trading on the ignorance and credulity of the public.

To the other assertion—that he is virtually a eunuch, and spiritually unsexed—reply to him, “It may be so, but human nature, even that of the inspired, holy, and elect, is weak, as Abraham, David, Solomon, Pope Alexander (Borgia), Gregory, and various cardinals, bishops, and priests have, from the earliest times down to the present day, borne witness. Therefore do we exhort and require of you that ye be operated on physically as well as spiritually, so as to guard society from the results of any little moments of weakness on your part, when temptation and opportunity shall occur to you, as they will to all: for your own greater personal comfort, for the security of society, and the glory

of the Church. There is good Christian warranty for it: Jesus himself said that several had made themselves eunuchs in order to obtain entry into the Kingdom of Heaven; numerous enthusiastic and worthy primitive Christians underwent the ceremony. Origen, when quite a youth, performed it; Augustine was on the point of doing it, but altered his mind; it used to be done commonly in your Church—so much so, that the virtuous Constantine and succeeding Christian Emperors—we don't know why—forbade your doing it, by law; but you practised it for all that, and, even down to this day, we have heard that boys intended to act as choristers in your Church, are needed to go through the ceremony, merely to make them sing prettily.

We all know the fable of the cat that was turned into a beautiful princess, and behaved most decorously until she spied a little, innocent, unprotected mouse in the room, when she immediately sprang out of bed, in her nightgown only, gave chase, and, to the prince's horror, chawed up the little creature quite naturally. So, if you please, we will require you only to be in reality what you are by profession; and each aspirant to the holy office of priest, is to be duly operated upon, in the earliest stage of his probation; and the ceremony being performed under chloroform, you will hardly know anything about it: your health will then be bettered, your sincerity guaranteed, mishaps prevented, society be reassured, and your Church glorified in you. Until you are willing to undergo these trials—one of your faith and the other of your sincerity—you must pardon us, but we can only regard you as cunning impostors, and as such, we trust, the world will treat you.

415

1871.

There is a natural feeling for morality, as there is for the arts. You may educate a taste, but you cannot make keen perceptions where none naturally exist. A man learns that he has this moral sense, when he finds himself shocked at thoughts, principles, and deeds, which in no way offend or disagreeably effect other people; and pleased on the other hand, with things which to others

afford, no pleasure. You perceive moral beauties and moral faults, just as the artist perceives beauty or ugliness, in a way unknown to those not equally gifted; or, as the musician is in agonies at a discord, which the man devoid of musical feeling listens to with perfect composure.

## 416

FROM AND ON SOME BOOKS I HAVE READ, 1870-71.

BENJAMIN PLACE ("Thoughts on Life Science.") "All form is spirit speaking. . . . All that declares intelligent mind is language, and all matter is a speech."

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Lecky ("History of Morals"), speaking of ancient Rome (vol. i., p. 178), very justly observes that "the simple juxtaposition of many forms of worship effected what could not have been effected by the most sceptical literature, or the most audacious philosophy. The moral influence of religion was completely annihilated." The same is the case now, and if true then, true also now; human nature being always the same.

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It has been my lot to live much amongst the people of old, to admire their art works, to love and reverence their literature, and to sympathise with them heartily. I have often thought to defend them, when sneered at as heathen and ignorant Pagans by more ignorant and narrow-minded Christians. But, just now, I have read Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," and as he is an enthusiastic Christian, I believe, one who expects even the Millennium, if I do not mistake him in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture." And as he possesses a power over words to which I lay no claim, and only wish I could, let him speak; you will not think him, at least, a prejudiced and hostile witness (p. 62). "You should not let me close without requiring of me an answer on one vital point, namely, how far these imaginations of gods, which are vain to us, were vain to those who had no better (?) trust, and what real belief the Greek had in these creations of his own spirit, practical and helpful to him in the sorrow of earth! I am able to

answer you explicitly in this. The Greek creed was, of course, different in its character, as our own creed is, according to the class of persons who held it.

1. The common people's was quite literal, simple, and happy. Their idea of Athena was as clear as a good Roman Catholic peasant's idea of the Madonna.

2. "The creed of the upper classes was more refined and spiritual, but quite as honest, and even more forcible in its effect on the life. . . . The more worldly of them would play with a popular faith for their own purposes, as doubly-minded persons have often done since, all the while sincerely holding the same ideas themselves in a more abstract form; while the good and unworldly men, the true Greek heroes, lived by their faith as firmly as St. Louis, or the Cid, or the Chevalier Bayard."

3. "The faith of the poets and the artists was, necessarily, less definite, being continually modified by the involuntary action of their own fancies. . . . Horace is just as true and simple in his religion as Wordsworth. . . . He dedicates his favourite pine to Diana, and he chants his autumnal hymn to the faun that guards his fields, and he guides the noble youths and maids of Rome in their choir to Apollo, and he tells the farmer's little girl that the gods will love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them, just as earnestly as ever English gentleman taught Christian faith to Christian youth in England's truest days."

4. "The creed of the philosophers or sages, varied according to the character and knowledge of each: their relative acquaintance with the secrets of natural science; their intellectual and sectarian egotism; and their mystic or monastic tendencies, for there is a classic as well as a mediæval monasticism. (Was not Pythagoras's community a great monastery?—J. B. W.) They ended in losing the life of Greece in play upon words, but we owe to their early thought some of the soundest ethics, and the foundation of the best practical laws yet known to mankind." . .

Such was the general vitality of the heathen creed in its strength, of its direct influence on conduct, it is, as I said, impossible for me to speak now; only, remember always, in endeavouring to form a judgment of it, that what

if good or right the heathens did, they *did looking for no reward*—(italics mine.—J. B. W.). The purest forms of our own religion have always consisted in sacrificing *less* things to win *greater* (my italics)—time, to win eternity; the world, to win the skies. The order, "Sell all thou hast," is not given without *the promise* (my italics) "thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and well for the modern Christian if he accepts the alternative as his master left it, and does not practically read the command and promise thus "sell that thou hast in the best market, and thou shalt have treasure also." But the poor Greeks of the great ages expected no reward from heaven but honour, and no reward from earth but rest: though when, on these conditions, they patiently and proudly fulfilled their task of the granted day, an unreasoning instinct of an immortal benediction broke from their lips in song: and they, even they, had sometimes a prophet to tell them of a land "where there is sun alike by day, and alike by night, where they shall need no more to trouble the earth by strength of hands for daily bread, but the ocean breezes blow around the blessed islands, and golden flowers burn on their bright trees for evermore" (pp. 62-66).

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C. Georges Leroy, of Nuremberg, I believe, in his "Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals" (London, 1870), makes some very suggestive remarks: thus he says, speaking of carnivorous animals, such as the wolf and the fox (p. 35), that "all the interests which arise from this state of alternative attack and offence (with other animals and man) keep the senses of the carnivorous species on the alert, and constrain them to give an attention, to form a habit of reflection which daily enlarges the bound of their intelligence. The herbivorous species use neither reflection nor judgment in the satisfaction of *their* wants; *they have fewer ideas and greater innocence*" (the italics are mine).

"It has been said that the history of a people without passions would be devoid of interest" (p. 36). (Does not this apply equally to individuals?) "When is knowledge ever an equivalent for peace?" (p. 37).

Speaking of the resources of stags, roebucks, &c, in

the chase, he says: "In all cases, courage is in proportion to resources, and strength and craft in proportion to weakness" (p. 46).

"Whenever we, with our weak reason, seek to determine the proper course for the Author of Nature to take, we run a great risk of being absurd. We may observe and admire His works, but there is something worse than folly in pretending to judge of His intentions, and dive into His designs" (p. 102).

"If there is one thing more degrading than another, it is the childish fear which would close its eyes to the truth, or make us vainly wish that things were not as they are" (p. 103).

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Jortin (Dissertation VI.).—Quoting Stillingfleet, who speaks of people who treat religion contemptuously, and regard it as the same thing with superstition, like Hobbes, who could perceive no more difference between them than that "one is what we like, and the other what we dislike;" and define "religion as the superstition in fashion, and superstition as the religion out of fashion."

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Dissertation II.—Jortin aptly says: "A theological system is too often a temple consecrated to implicit faith, and he who enters in there to worship, instead of leaving his shoes, after the Eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door; and it will be well for him if he find it when he comes out again."

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Hargreaves ("Blunders of Vice and Folly").—"However proud a man may be," says Baxter, 'he loves humility in others,' and so, however vicious an individual may be, he likes others to be virtuous in their dealings with himself."

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Hargreaves also says, "Is it not a very curious circumstance that those who have no scruple about invading the rights of others should become perfectly savage (furious) when their own are assailed?" This applies to the Papists very well."

Erckmann-Chatrian ("The Conscript").—Speaking of feeling proud in his new uniform, the conscript says, "But so it is, vanity, vanity, is the ruin of the human race, from conscripts up to generals." The same remark applies to the Church as to the army, from Sisters of Mercy up to Cardinals.

Erckmann-Chatrian ("The Blockade").—"The less people know, the more they invent. It would be a better plan to tell the plain truth; then every one would take courage; for I have always found, even in the greatest misfortunes, that the truth was never so terrible as these inventions. . . . An honest man has nothing to hide, and I say the same of an honest Government." Poor France! she has had to learn this truth, if she has, indeed, yet learnt it, by painful experience in 1870.

Huxley ("Lay Sermons").—"I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock, and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer (so would not I, by any means). The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me."

Now, Mr. Huxley considers this very clever, no doubt, and well put; but whether he likes it or not, God, who is wiser surely than he is, has endued him with the power of thinking wrong, willing wrong, and doing wrong, which, the Professor wants to get rid of. But we must all learn that, everything to be of value, must be freely sought, given, and accepted. Without freedom in our love it would be of no value to any one. Love must come of free-will, and not by compulsion, or by inability to love oneself in place of another, instead of God. Whoso understands not love and its nature, and has felt it not in his heart, understands nothing, and is, for all his acquired learning and natural acuteness—soulless, in the midst of a creation, without a creator; of an universe, without a God.



Huxley ("Lay Sermons").—After describing Hume as one of the greatest thinkers Scotland, or even the world, has ever produced, quotes this from his "Essays."

"If we take in hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it, then, to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." "Permit me (Huxley adds), to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be (thus, he seems to allow they are of some importance), we do know nothing, and can know nothing."

But now I most earnestly and vehemently declare unto you that the very foundation of the happiness and well-being of us all depends on these matters, of which you have no proof, but only can have conviction by faith. You must learn to acknowledge one God, the Creator of the whole universe, your little self included. You must learn to acknowledge, love, and fear Him. You must understand the absolute and primary value of the three loves: love of God, love of your neighbour, love of self, and their relative importance. You must recognise the freedom of your will, and your personal responsibility in a degree more or less modified according to circumstances. You must believe in your immortality, and that your happiness after this life will depend on your life here; that good deeds will bear good fruit; bad deeds, bitter fruit; and you must be convinced that the people who accept these unproveable principles, and act upon them, accepting them heartily and acting on them zealously, will, as a consequence thereof, become prosperous and happy, even in this world; and that those who neglect them, who fail to perceive their value, and do not act upon them, will become miserable, disunited, vicious, and diseased, and finally fall into utter degeneracy, decay, and actual death.

Mr. Huxley, indeed, bears witness to this himself, though preaching up this doctrine which leads to mere Materialism, as the highest wisdom, for he says in another

place, that "the errors of systematic Materialism may paralyse the energies and destroy the beauties of a life." If he felt sincerely what he now says, he would have expressed himself thus: "The errors of systematic Materialism must necessarily paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of all earthly life." It is only just to say that Huxley earnestly denies that he himself is a Materialist.

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Huxley ("Lay Sermons").—In the one called "Emancipation—Black and White," speaking of the question of Woman, her Position and Rights, &c., says: "Nay, we have one such heretic (against woman's superiority) go so far as to lay his hands upon the ark itself, so to speak, and to defend the startling paradox, that even in physical beauty man is the superior." He admitted, indeed, that there was a brief period of early youth, when it might be hard to say whether the prize should be awarded to the graceful undulations of the female figure, or the perfect balance and supple vigour of the male frame. But while our new Paris might hesitate between the youthful Bacchus and the Venus emerging from the foam, he averred that, when Venus and Bacchus had reached thirty, the point no longer admitted of doubt, the male form having then obtained its greatest nobility, while the female is far gone in decadence; and that, at this epoch, womanly beauty, so far as it is independent of grace or expression, is a question of drapery and accessories. From all which we conclude that Huxley is deficient in æsthetic perception (unless by the "heretic" he means himself), and we would point out that the so-called "heretic" is no heretic at all, but perfectly orthodox. There is not now, nor ever has been, any question among artists as to the superiority of the male figure. One great genius, Michael Angelo, comparatively speaking, despised the female form. To the educated artist the most perfect perhaps of female forms is the so-called Venus of Melos, in the Louvre. The Diana of the Vatican is certainly noble, but she is partially clothed, and has a slightly masculine character, well becoming her as the huntress.

The Venus de Medici at Florence is a mere pretty poppet, though elegant enough, using the word "elegant" in a depreciatory sense. It is on the male human form divine that the greatest triumphs of Art have been achieved. The Olympian Jove of Phidias was always considered by the ancient Greeks as the noblest work of sculpture ever produced, and they were no bad judges. At present there is nothing in the shape of the human figure to equal the Theseus and Ilyssus in the British Museum. The Vatican Apollo is but a man milliner by their side, although a noble looking one, he is still only a kind of male Diana: the first-named are heroes and demigods. It is true that some men admire women's statues most, but that is merely from a difference of sex inducing a certain sensuous gratification: on the other hand, were you to ask the women, they would probably admit that they admire the male statues most; at least, the female students of Art, I have remarked, more particularly devote their attention to them.

There is a masculine spirit and a feminine spirit; a masculine mind and a feminine mind; a masculine body and a feminine body; and, in each case, the masculine is by far the nobler of the two, and of the widest range; presenting to us the divine majesty of Jupiter, the supernatural expression of power in Hercules, the calm beauty of Apollo, the fine manly strength of the Gladiator, the compact and active Wrestlers, the graceful ease of the youthful Bacchus, the almost feminine delicacy of Narcissus, the lithe vigour of the youthful Faun, the haughty grandeur of Mars, and so on.

Whereas the female form presents only one idea or type, more or less delicately modified, viz., that of graceful beauty, varying only from the extreme grace of the young nymph up to the graceful and matronly fulness of a Juno, who is always, we must remember, draped as becomes her age and position. Indeed no artist ever thought of representing the nude female form after it had passed its prime. We honour, respect, and love women, but not for their bodies nor their minds; it is for their hearts, with the superiority of which over those of men we think they may rest satisfied.

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S. Baring Gould ("Origin and Development of Religious belief—Christianity"), quotes Montesquieu thus:—

"One of the laws which concurs to form the first societies, has its principle in the charm the sexes inspire by their differences, and in that mutual prayer they are ever addressing to one another."

"The more intense this sentiment (love) is," continues Mr. Gould, "the more exclusive it becomes. This constitutes the distinctive character of the conjugal union which is lost in polygamy." (Good.)

This book of Gould's is a clever, insidious new-Catholic, pseudo Roman, or High Anglican work, a kind of ideal view of Christianity, founded on the embodiment of the Deity in Jesus, of Jesus in the Church, and of the Church in the priest. Trans, or consubstantiation, or the "real presence" of God in the sacramental bread and wine, is the real kernel of this nut, and only the professional priest can crack it. Mr. Gould is that *lusus naturæ*, monstrous birth, that anomaly or contradiction in terms, a Rationalistic Roman Catholic of semi-Papal ideas.

He says that "God is everywhere present, a Christian must believe it is of the nature of God: that union with Him is available to the devout in all places and at all times, he is also bound to believe. Nevertheless he desires to have God's presence specialised (here he gives a bit of Wordsworth) God's answer to that want was the incarnation" (p. 285).

It is this "specialising" the Deity in a man's form which makes so many female enthusiasts in the Christian Churches, especially those whose hearts, having been full of love originally, are what is termed "disappointed in life." Theresa of Spain, indeed, is disgustingly passionate and feminine in her sense of his personal presence. It is also this which gives the priest so much power, he only being especially gifted, by imposition of holy hands, to transfuse the real presence of Jesus, his actual flesh and blood, into the bread and wine. Who would not be a priest to be so honoured by Heaven and on earth?

This desire of "specialising" the Deity or Jesus, is moreover, what all sensual people like: they want something tangible; but it is the foundation of all image-

making and consequent idolatry of the grossest description. It should not be permitted on any pretext whatever. As to the complaint of these people that they cannot feel any fervent or active love of God without this "specialising" process, they should remember that the Mahometans are as fervent and fanatical as they or the most rabid Roman Catholics can be, and it seems hard if they cannot equal them in their devotion without the aid of bread and wine and a bell, and carved and painted figures, &c. It was against this feeling that Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus himself, and Mahomet warred. They certainly were vehement opponents to this practice of "specialising" the Deity in any way, knowing from experience, probably, how surely it led to idolatry.

But Mr. Gould is not all bad. It would be hard if he did not say something proper now and then; and, so for your consideration, we select the following:—

"Liberty is requisite for individual development; authority is necessary for social improvement" (p. 13).

"Religion, as its name implies, is a tie uniting man with man, and all men with God" (p. 226).

"That tie," he continues, "is charity, which is represented as double: love towards our fellows, and love towards God."

What *soi-disant* religion of the present day answers to this definition? Certainly not Christianity, which not only sets nation against nation, but sows discord in the very heart of the family; which splits up mankind into sections, who hate and persecute each other; and, so far from uniting all men unto God, does its best to drive men from his presence; refuses them all approach to Him, unless through its chained-up, narrow gates, and consigns millions of human beings to eternal perdition.

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Lecky ("History of European Morals," vol. i., p. 397) says that "Christianity floated into the Roman Empire on the waves of credulity, that brought with it this long train of Oriental superstitions and legends. In its moral aspect it was broadly distinguished from the systems around it, but its miracles were accepted by both friend and foe as the ordinary accompaniments of religious teaching. The

Jews, in the eyes of the Pagans, had long been proverbial for their credulity, and the Christians inherited a double share of their credulity. Nor is it possible to deny that, in the matter of the miraculous, this reputation was deserved."

Horace, in his "Fifth Satire," first book, says that at Egnatia the people wanted to persuade him the incense burnt of its own accord to the gods, without the aid of fire. "The circumcised Jew may believe this; not I"—("Credat Judeus apella: non ego").

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"Buckle's History of Civilisation in England," a wonderful specimen of brain power, written by a Materialist, I suppose. Both he and S. Baring Gould, who is a weak kind of imitator in a High Church way ("Origin of Religious Belief"), dedicate their books to their mothers. Is this done *ad captandum*? As to Buckle's foot-notes, they are preposterous. He desires the reader to refer to this work and that, some quite unlikely for an ordinary reader to obtain; but then it shows the author's extraordinary learning. A man may have read enormously, possess an extraordinary memory, as well as a remarkable power of arranging, combining, and systematising his knowledge, and yet be very foolish.

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Buckle holds that the future of the human race depends on their knowledge, and their acceptance and subservience to what he calls "intellectual laws," and that *moral law* is a very inferior sort of thing, if not positively injurious to man's well-being. It is just on this point our principles are reversed.

He says: "If either a religion or a philosophy is too much in advance of a nation, it can do no present service, but must bide its time until the minds of men are ripe for its reception."

This applies to the Universal Church. Speaking of Christianity, he says: "The superstition of Europe, instead of being diminished, was only turned into a fresh channel. The new religion was corrupted by the old 'follies'" (p. 238).

Descartes, quoted by Buckle, says: "It were easier for us to believe that the soul should cease to exist than that it should cease to think: and as to man himself, what is he but the incarnation of thought? The mystery of life is this, 'I am a thing that thinks;' everything else is accidental. . . . The man himself is the thought." "Thought," he continues, "is the starting-point of all wisdom. We believe in God, because we know ourselves to be existing, thinking beings" (p. 130).

Buckle, p. 132.—The learned Orientalist, Troger, in his preliminary discourse on the Darbistan, remarks that no people have made such efforts as the Hindus "to solve, exhaust, and comprehend what is insolvable, inexhaustible, and incomprehensible." To this we would add as a warning in the future: No people ever formed wilder theories than the early Christians in their speculations on the divine-human nature of Jesus, as seen in the disputes between the Arians and Athanasians, the partisans of his *eterousios*, and those of his *omoousios*: or, as to whether Jesus was of the same, or a different substance with God—a question clearly impossible to settle, and which led to the most savagely fierce persecutions perhaps ever recorded in any Church, and that is saying a great deal. Indeed, we should observe that the most fierce and sanguinary persecutions in any history are those of the Christians against each other.

Francis Bacon ("Novum Organum." Pickering, 1844), p. 36.—"The apotheosis of error is the greatest evil of all, and when folly is worshipped it is, as it were, a plague-spot upon the understanding." This describes the state of religious orthodoxy at the present day. "It is, therefore, most wise soberly to render unto faith the things that are faith's." Such are the fundamental principles of natural religion. "The corruption of philosophy by the mixing of it up with superstition and theology is of a much wider extent, and is most injurious to it, both as a whole and in parts;" but, in our Church, religion and philosophy are in harmony with each other.

Page 116.—"The first thing requisite for the scientific

investigation of nature and the obtaining of truth is, first, to lay aside received opinions and notions." This is most certain: you cannot receive the truth till you have ceased to hold errors.

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M. Luther ("Watchwords for the Warfare of Life").—"Death in men is in infinite and countless ways more mournful than in animals without reason. For man is a creature that was not created for this, but to live in obedience to the Divine word, and in the likeness of God. Man was not created to die."

"The fear of death is death itself, nothing else. He who has banished death from his heart tastes and feels no death."

"Sleep is verily a death, and equally death is a sleep. Our death is nothing but a sleep. In sleep all weariness passes away, and we rise again in the morning joyous, fresh, and strong."

"They (the Papists) threaten us with death. If they were wise they would threaten us with life. . . . The godly and holy martyrs scorned and laughed at death."

"There is no better death than of St. Stephen, who said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit.'"

"Death is the beginning of life." This corresponds with the old Latin saying, "*Mors janua vitæ*."

"In death will God himself receive us; He needs not the aid of the angels to give life, or to lead us out of death."

"He who loves life and righteousness need surely not shrink from that death which has become a minister of righteousness and a loom wherein life is woven; but rather love it, since by no other way can he attain to life and righteousness."

"This is the might of faith, it mediates between death and life, and transmutes death into life and immortality."

"Those who are armed strong in faith simply despise death, and with a lofty courage hold it in contempt, and bid it defiance. Death is swallowed up in victory. . . . This victory begins in this life, but in that (future) life it shall be completed and fulfilled."

"Man is a being created for this, that at last he may



leave the earth and live in Heaven an eternal existence. This should enrapture us and awaken us to thanksgiving that we belong as citizens to that Fatherland which we now with wonder gaze at, yet as strangers and exiles. After this life we shall see all this near, and shall perfectly understand it all. Here on earth it is ever imperfect with us. We cannot here appreciate and grasp our true treasure as we would. He has, indeed, begun the work in us, and will not give it up; but if we continue in faith, and are not impatient, He will bring us to the true, eternal, good things and the perfect gifts, where we shall never wander, stumble, be angry, nor sin any more."

"Natural life is a little fragment of eternal life."

Luther said that, when he lay a babe on his mother's breast, he knew little how he would afterwards be nourished, or what his future life would be. "Still less," he adds, "do we understand what the eternal life will be. We are like little infants here."

"All that God creates He creates for life. He has delight in life" (and, we would add, no delight in death. Indeed, there is no such thing: we cannot die if we would.)

"This life on earth is not our true life, nor this (house) our true homestead, on which we place our name and inscription; but we should long for the true Fatherland and the House eternal in the Heavens. Our thoughts," he continues, "should move forward and onward to that Fatherland of which we are citizens, and where we have a constant and abiding home."

"God preaches to us every day the resurrection of the dead, and has set before us as many examples and proofs of this article of our faith as there are creatures, if we will but give heed to them.

"Our house, court, field, garden, are all full of holy scriptures, they are all gospel and holy writ, since not only does God preach to us by His daily miracles, but even knocks at our hearts through our eyes, touches our senses, and, as it were, shines into our hearts, that we may attend and may perceive how this article of the resurrection of the dead is imaged and pictured in His creatures."

Again does he beautifully and most truly observe: "Our

Lord has written the promise of the resurrection not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring-time."

We shall experience then, in deed and in fact, that of which we are now only assured, and "In the new Heavens there will be a great eternal light and beauty. What here we would be, there we shall be. All shall be restored to us there, but glorified, bright, radiant, and glorious."

We sing aloud whilst here on earth that psalm in which our noble, well-beloved Luther delighted most: "Ein fester burg ist unser Gott:" in Him we rest joyfully in the faith.

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A very different man, but yet good and religious—Alphonse Karr—says, in his "Tour Round my Garden:" "The life and death of plants, like the life and death of men, are but transitions. Death is the nourisher of life."

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Beautifully has Luther said, "God writes His Gospel not in the Bible alone, but in trees, and flowers, and clouds, and stars.

"All can understand that marriage is marriage, a hand a hand, wealth wealth; but to believe that the marriage state is God's order, the hand God's creature, food and clothing His gift—it is God's work when men understand this."

To miracle-mongers he says: "This whole world is full of miracles. We foolish creatures cannot comprehend with our reason how it is that we speak with our mouths, and whence the word comes, so that the voice of one man sounds in so many thousand ears! Neither can we comprehend how our eyes see, nor how bread and wine are changed into blood and muscle; nor how, when we sleep, as to the body we are dead, and nevertheless we live. And yet we seek to climb above ourselves, and to speculate about the high majesty of God, when we do not understand what is happening every day around us."

"Reason cannot understand nor grasp how it is that out of a little kernel grows a great tree; how, out of a little grain of corn, which, in the earth, corrupts and comes to nothing, twenty or thirty grains should spring!

"Therefore the world is full of God's miracles, which

happen without ceasing ; but, because they are so countless, so manifold, and, moreover, so altogether common, we do not regard them nor think of them. . . . That God is daily and without ceasing working great miracles, the fleshly heart sees and regards not; far less will it admire and give thanks! . . . The blind world, forgetting Him, thinks that all comes by chance! But, on the other hand, those who love Him, whithersoever they turn their eyes, whether they look to the heavens or the earth, the air or the water, see pure, obvious miracles of God, whereat they rapturously rejoice and cannot enough wonder, have joy and delight therein, praise the Creator, and know that He also hath delight in them."

Much more does he say on this same subject, most eloquently. "The growth of every seed," he adds, "is a work of creation." And let us, for our part, assert also that every day sees a new creation; God did not merely create the world, and all that therein is, at some long past time, and then leave it to its fate; but is a present Creator, now, at this moment, the Creator of this very day's life, and, moreover, is still for ever working, and creating new forms of life, unknown to us poor, purblind, ignorant creatures, puffed up with our little knowledge to fancy we know all, and all about it.

Looking at his children, Doctor Martin said, "The life of little children is the best and most blessed of all, for they have no secular cares, know nothing of the frightful, monstrous fanaticism in the Church, suffer no terror of death or Hell, have only pure thoughts and joyful expectations."

Again, of his son Martin, Luther said: "Thus were we minded in Paradise—pure, simple, upright, without a touch of malice or falsehood, but all right earnest with us, just as this my child speaks of God, and is sure." Such a child will every sincere member of the Universal Church become; his usual spiritual state will be one of peace and joy, of love towards his fellow-creatures, and faith in God.

His love of, or rather passion for, music is proverbial. He writes very eloquently thereon. "I fully deem, and am not ashamed to assert, that, after theology, there is no

art which can be compared to music," because, like theology, "it causes a glad and quiet heart." (He means religion, not theology.)

Luther, talking of his children, says: "A lad can maintain himself wherever he goes, if he will only work; and if he will not work, he is a rascal. But the poor little maiden folk must have a staff in their hands."

"Whoever despises music (as all fanatics do) with him I am not content, for music is a gift of God, and not of man. It drives away the devil, and makes men joyful. Through music one forgets all anger, impurity, pride, and other vices." We add to this—also loving music with our whole heart and soul—that it does, nevertheless, only lull bad passions to sleep, but does not, we fear, expel them: it is an anodyne, not an alterative medicine. Have any great musicians or composers been especially devout, God-loving men? Was even Handel? Whereas we have seen of late years the basest and most loathsome people noted for their sweet singing and musical accomplishments. Luther, probably, only alludes to sacred music; much music has a bad tendency or effect—at least, not an elevating one.

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After reading the "Watchwords for the Warfare of Life," extracted from Luther's works, although thinking very differently to him on religious matters generally, yet I am anxious to declare publicly—if my testimony may ever be thought worthy of remembrance—that I honour, esteem, revere, and love him. He was a brave, courageous, true, earnest-minded man, and good; a most tender-hearted and loving man, a true poet, a man of a devoutly-religious spirit, an intense admirer and lover of the Most Holy and Mighty God, our Creator, and an ardent sympathiser with all his fellow-creatures, including all living things. May his name be honoured by mankind for ever!

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John Milton, perhaps the greatest, noblest Englishman that ever lived, says in the "Aræopagitica:" "Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and

in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discovered, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche, as an incessant labour, to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed." This is only true of the general practices of mankind at large; concerning the great principles of our religion and of our life, no such difficulty exists.

As regards the early Christian Church, he very justly observes that there is "none who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others, discover more heresies than they will refute;" and he feelingly speaks of "that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding."

"Wherefore," he asks, "did He create passions within us, and pleasures round about us, but that these, rightly tempered, are the very ingredients of virtue?"

"They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin. . . . Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left: ye cannot bereave him of covetousness." True, but we would place difficulties in the way of evil teaching and doing.

Of the "*Liber Expurgatorius* of Rome" he says: "If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, after all the inquisitorial rigour that hath been executed upon books."

That he thought he was himself inspired appears from these words: "And if there be found in his (Milton's) book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit."—("*Aræopagitica*.")

"Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrive by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition."

"There is not any burden that some would gladlier put off on another than the discharge and care of their religion. There be—who knows not that there be?—of Protestants

and professors who live and die in as errant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto."

As regards the profession of religion, those who would be religious without liking the trouble of it, regarding it principally as the right sort of thing, respectable, correct, and orthodox, Milton gives the following sarcastic account of one such in his day, yet not inapplicable to our own:—  
 "A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many peddling accounts, that of all mysteries he lacks skill to keep an account upon *that* trade. What should he do? Fain would he have the name of being religious; fain would he bear up with his neighbours in *that*! What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some *factor*, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole management of his religious affairs: some divine of note and estimation, that must be. To him he adheres; resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, and esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but has become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feeds him and lodges him; his religion comes at night, prays, is liberally supped and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey or some well-spiced brewage (and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem), his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop *trading all day without his religion*" [the italics are mine].

Well does Milton say after this:—

"Our richest merchandise is truth."

As an incentive to fresh thought and action he says:—  
 "The light which we have gained was given us, not to be for ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge."

"When the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be those who envy and oppose it if it come not first in at *their* casements."

"If it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors." All experience proves the truth of this. [The foregoing extracts are, I believe, all from the "*Aræopagitica*."] —

Milton ("The Second Defence of the People of England"—End of it).—"For it is of no little consequence, O citizens, by what principles you are governed, either in acquiring liberty, or in retaining it when acquired. And unless that liberty, which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance, and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery what you have acquired by arms. War has made many great whom peace makes small. . . . Unless by the means of piety, not frothy and loquacious, but operative, unadulterated, and sincere, you clear the horizon of the mind from those mists of superstition which arise from the ignorance of true religion, you will always have those who will bend your necks to the yoke, as if you were brutes; who, notwithstanding all your triumphs (the Papal Church), will put you up to the highest bidder, as if you were mere booty made in war, and will find an exuberant source of wealth in your ignorance and superstition. Unless you will subjugate the propensity to avarice, to ambition, and sensuality, and expel all luxury from yourselves and your families, you will find that you have cherished a more stubborn and intractable despot at home than you ever encountered in the field; and even your very bowels will be continually teeming with an intolerable progeny of tyrants. Let these be the first enemies whom you subdue: this constitutes the campaign of peace. These are triumphs, difficult indeed, but bloodless, and far more honourable than those trophies which are purchased only by slaughter and by rapine. Unless you are victors in this service, it is

in vain you have been victorious over the despotic enemy in the field; for if you think that it is a more grand, a more beneficial, or a more wise policy to invent subtle expedients for increasing the revenue, to multiply our naval and military force, to rival in craft the ambassadors of foreign States, to form skilful treaties and alliances; than to administer unpolled justice to the people, to redress the injured, or to succour the distressed, and speedily to restore to every one his own; you are involved in a cloud of error, and too late will you perceive, when the illusion of those mighty benefits has vanished, that, in neglecting these, which you now think inferior considerations, you have only been precipitating your own ruin and despair.

. . . Then, as if God was weary of protecting you, you will be seen to have passed through the fire that you might perish in the smoke. The contempt which you will then experience will be great as the admiration which you now enjoy. . . . From such an abyss of corruption, into which you so readily fall, no one—not even Cromwell himself, nor a whole set of Brutuses, if they were alive—could deliver you if they would; or would deliver you if they could. . . . But what is worthy of remark is, those who are the most unworthy of liberty are wont to behave most ungratefully towards their deliverers. Among such persons, who would be willing either to fight for liberty, or to encounter the least peril in its defence? It is not agreeable to the nature of things that such persons ever should be free. However much they may brawl about liberty, they are slaves both at home and abroad, but without perceiving it, and when they do perceive it, like unruly horses, that are impatient of the bit, they will endeavour to throw off the yoke, not from the love of genuine liberty (which a good man only loves, and knows how to obtain), but from the impulses of pride and little passions. But, though they often attempt it by arms, they make no advance to the execution; they may change their masters, but will never be able to get rid of their servitude. This often happened to the ancient Romans, wasted by excess and enervated by luxury; and it has still more so been the fate of the moderns. . . . Instead of fretting with vexation, or thinking you can lay the blame



on any one but yourselves, know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be temperate and just, to be frugal and abstinent, and, lastly, to be magnanimous and brave : so, to be the opposite of all these, is the same as to be a slave : and it usually happens, by the appointment and, as it were, retributive justice of the Deity, that that people which cannot govern themselves and moderate their passions, but crouch under the slavery of their lusts, should be delivered up to the sway of those whom they abhor, and made to submit to an involuntary servitude. . . . You, therefore, who wish to remain free, either instantly be wise, or as soon as possible cease to be fools ; if you think slavery an intolerable evil, learn obedience to reason and the government of yourselves ; and, finally, bid adieu to your dissensions, your jealousies, your superstitions, your outrages, your rapine, and your lusts. Unless you will spare no pains to effect this, you must be judged unfit, both by God and mankind, to be entrusted with the possession of liberty and the administration of the government. . . . If you do anything unworthy of yourselves, posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct." [This and the next paragraph should be translated and posted up in every town in France].

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The Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth.—After an eloquent exposition of the unlawfulness and drawbacks of a pure monarchy, with its servile peers, he adds : "Certainly, then, that people must needs be mad or strangely infatuated, that build the chief hope of their common happiness or safety on a single person, who, if he happen to be good, can do no more than another man ; if he be bad, hath in his hands to do more evil without check than millions of other men. The happiness of a nation must needs be firmest and certainest in full and free council of their own electing, where no single person, but reason only, sways. And what madness is it for them, who might manage nobly their own affairs themselves, sluggishly and weakly to devolve all on a single person, and, more like boys under age than men, to commit all to his patronage and disposal, who neither can perform what he undertakes, and yet, for undertaking it, though royally paid, will not

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be their servant but their lord! How unmanly must it needs be to count such a one the breath of our nostrils, to hang all our felicity upon him, all our safety, our well-being, for which, if we were aught else but sluggards or babies, we need depend on none but God and our own counsels, our own active virtue and industry!

"It may well be wondered that any nation styling itself free can suffer any man to pretend hereditary right (or rights) over them as their lord.

"I doubt not but all ingenuous and knowing men will easily agree with me, that a free commonwealth, without single person or House of Lords, is by far the best government, if it can be had.

"For the ground and basis of every just and free government (since men have smarted so oft for committing all to one person) is a general council of ablest men, chosen by the people, to consult of public affairs from time to time for the common good. . . . And, for carrying on some particular affairs with more secrecy and expedition, must elect, as they have already out of their own number and others, a Council of State."

" . . . The day of council cannot be set as the day of a festival, but must be ready always to prevent or answer all occasions."

He desires this Council of the Nation to be perpetual, or only changed by "partial rotation," in which I do not agree. But the American system, on the other hand, is much too often liable to change, causing confusion and uncertainty, and a certain want of respect for it from the people. Who respects a Lord Mayor for a year? He finishes, however, with observing, "However, I forejudge not any probable expedient, any temperament, that can be formed in things of this nature, so disputable on either side."

He desires each county also to be a little commonwealth, and administrate all county matters, and to have county schools, not only for rudimentary education, but for the liberal arts and sciences; he advises fundamental and large changes rather than tinkering and pottering, for "there will want," he says, "at no time (men) who are good at circumstances (details) for the time, but men who

set their minds on main matters, and sufficiently urge them: in these most difficult times I find not many." It is nothing new he advocates. "What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss 'The good old cause;'" and he will plead for it and exhort, "though I was sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but, with the prophet, 'Oh! earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to."

A noble essay!

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Of "Reformation in England."—"Constantine appointed certain times for fasts and feasts, built stately churches, gave large immunities to the clergy, great riches and promotions to bishops, gave and ministered occasion to bring in a deluge of ceremonies, thereby either to draw in the heathen by a resemblance of their rites, or to set a gloss upon the simplicity and plainness of Christianity, which, to the gorgeous solemnities of paganism and the sense of the world's children, seemed but a homely and yeomanly religion; for the beauty of inward sanctity was not within their prospect.

"So that, in this manner the prelates, both then and ever since, coming from a mean and plebeian life on a sudden to be lords of stately palaces, rich furniture, delicious fare, and princely attendance, thought the plain and homespun verity of Christ's Gospel unfit any longer to hold their lordships' acquaintance, unless the poor, threadbare matron were put into better clothes: her chaste and modest veil surrounded with celestial beams, they overlaid with wanton tresses, and, in a flaring tire bespeckled her with all the gaudy allurements of a whore."

Well does Cyprian say, quoted by Milton ("Reformation in England"): "Neither ought custom to hinder that truth should not prevail; for custom without truth is but agedness of error."

"The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness."  
—("Reformation in England.")

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Of "Reformation in England" — Second Book.—  
"Sir,—It is a work good and prudent to be able to guide

one man ; of larger extended virtue to order well one house [This for women.—J. B. W.] : but to govern a nation piously and justly, which only is to say happily, is for a spirit of the greatest size and divinest mettle. . . . To govern well is to train up a nation in true wisdom and virtue, and that which springs from thence, magnanimity (take heed of that), and that which is our beginning, regeneration, and happiest end—likeness to God, which, in one word, we call godliness : and that this is the true flourishing of a land, (which) other things follow as the shadow does the substance. . . . To be plainer, sir, how to solder, how to stop a leak, how to keep up the floating carcase of a crazy and diseased Monarchy or State betwixt wind and water, swimming still upon her own dead lees, that now is the deep design of a politician. Alas ! sir, a commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body ; for, look : what the grounds and *causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to a whole State.*" [Italics.—J. B. W.]

"Certainly we ought to hie us from evil like a torrent, and rid ourselves of corrupt discipline as we would shake fire out of our bosoms."

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The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy. —In Milton's most noble, touching, and inspired opening of his second book, after describing the burden of the word of truth which the pioneer of truth has within him from the trouble and disgrace which it surely will entail on him, he adds this drawback also : "For surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands ; much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own true happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal, and as Jeremiah said, 'His word was in my heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones. I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay.' Which might

teach these times not suddenly to condemn all things that are sharply spoken or vehemently written, as proceeding out of stomach, virulence, and ill-nature."

After a disdainful description of the so-called learned (?) opponents he had to encounter, very satirically hit off, he adds: "But, were it the meanest underservice, if God, by his secretary Conscience, enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."

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Introduction to "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce."—Opening with a forcible and eloquent denunciation of "custom," as a canon of right and of law, Milton continues: "Hence it is that error supports custom, custom countenances error; and these two, between them, would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to repress the encroachments and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom, who with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation;" and thus he is called "through the chance of good or ill report, to be the sole advocate of a discountenanced truth: a high enterprise, Lords and Commons, a high enterprise and a hard, and such as every seventh son of a seventh son does not venture on."

Most truly does he say: "Honest liberty is the greatest foe to dishonest licence."

"The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the Church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home."

After an enumeration of England's part in the spread of Christianity, he adds: "Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live."

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Nothing is more marked throughout Milton's noble writings than his belief, firmly and clearly expressed, that the Divine Spirit worked actively in all the great events of

his time, and on the actors themselves. Thus, he commences his "Tracts on the Commonwealth:" "I will begin by telling you how I was overjoyed when I heard that the army, under the working of God's Holy Spirit, as I thought, and still hope well," &c., &c.

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Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," quotes White of Selborne, thus: "It is the hardest thing in the world to shake off superstitious prejudices; they are sucked in, as it were, with our mother's milk, and, growing up with us at a time when they take the fastest hold, and make the most lasting impression, become so interwoven with our very constitution, that the strongest sense is required to disengage ourselves from them." This is true, and should make us tender and tolerant of those who will not readily give up old fancies for new facts.

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"Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin."—How painfully touching is the life of poor, weak, tender, poetical, loving Maurice de Guérin, that emotional, imaginative child of the sunny South. Writing to his sister, from Lamennais' mock monastery in Brittany, he says: "Elie (a friend) and I have had a long walk; we are agreed on the necessity, the indispensable law which lies upon each one of us to fulfil his social mission, however narrow, however obscure it may be. We all owe to the common good, not only the sacrifice of our passions, but the sacrifice of our innocent tastes, of our individual prospects of happiness, if that happiness would be idle and useless to our fellow-creatures. We have cast a look also on that life, so sweet, so peaceful, which hides itself within the pale of the family; but it was a look of sacrifice, resolved as we are to choose our place there where we may be of the most good." Poor fellow! he was but a youth, and disappointed in his first love, who thinks thus of life and monkery. From this wretched Roman Catholic feeling he never appears to have been able quite to free himself. Had he married, and become a father, and have been made to work for his family, he would have been a far happier man, and have done society much more good than by staying in a monastery. He was a true poet: his

descriptions of Nature are full of power and splendour; essentially religious, yet, after a long stay with Lamennais, his only prayer is, "Lord, hear not my complaints." A good, weak, poetical soul, ruined by the abominable anti-human creed of Rome. How happy he would have been as a married man, living by his own work! but he must have been of a very weak nature, after the order of André (?) so well described by Georges Sand.

After leaving the pseudo-monastery, he spent some time with a married friend in Brittany, and is full of sweet delight at the bliss and holiness of his family life. "Never before," he says, "has the influence of a pious and happy home so completely surrounded me. It is like a cloud of invisible incense that I breathe; all the minute details of this life, whose linked succession makes up the day, are to me so many phases of a continuous charm, that goes on unfolding itself from dawn till dark."

Poor victim of the cursed Romish creed! He was eminently fitted for domestic life. What a pity such a being should have been so lonely. His sympathetic yearnings towards Nature, the sun, sky, earth, sea, trees, flowers, are of a morbidly sensitive description; his nervous temperament must have been wondrously fine and delicate. Romanism ruined the happiness of both brother and sister.

He was not fitted for a world of action and of strife, yet he was a teacher and a poet. Well did he remark, "The paths that lead mortals to Heaven are not all alike: some that seem to wander far out of the way, meet, nevertheless, in the common centre at last; each has its windings, its angles, its mysterious mazes. Perhaps, of these diverse roads that men follow, more issue in Heaven than we are accustomed to believe; but I am persuaded that they are every one difficult." This is the morbid semi-Roman feeling; these paths are not so difficult as you fancy, and once well in them, you travel on full of peace and joy.

His sister, Eugénie, was also a beautiful and lovable character, but it would seem as though she should have been the man and he the woman. She was indeed his "Eugénie," or good genius, not in name only, but in fact. She, also, had a warm love for and appreciation of Nature. "There is beauty everywhere," she says, "for those who

have eyes to discern it. God has made all things well." Talking of absent friends, this sweet, loving soul cries: "Oh! the joy of meeting again!" Does not that cry find an echo in every heart that has once loved, and lost its love in this life, but looks longingly forward to an endless meeting after the close of this world's short and troubled life? If a Roman Catholic can keep on, like Eugénie, in a simple, sincere, unquestioning faith, he may be as happy in his superstition as she was, and find a pleasure even in its commonest fables; but if once he begins to doubt, to inquire, to be troubled in mind, to disbelieve, to discard, then farewell happiness! He will become as unhappy and miserable as poor Maurice; and life present itself to him as a perplexing riddle, a grievous trial, a heavy burden. A new faith is then absolutely necessary for the rest and happiness of the soul.

Sentiment is sometimes as great a foe to truth as ignorance. Thus, Eugénie writes, on the death of a wretched old woman, a sort of out-of-door servant, on whom she attended during a mortal illness: "The dying woman committed to me the fulfilment of her last wishes; told me what masses were to be said for the repose of her soul, and gave me sixty francs to pay for them, which she had kept hidden in a faggot of firewood, gathered stick by stick, as the money was sou by sou. What cold, what heat, what weary steps, what pains, what privations, it represents! Surely it is an offering acceptable to God! How many a loaf of bread must she have withheld from her hunger, to give the price of it to her soul!"

We would ask, then, were those weary steps and privations acceptable to Him? And did her self-sacrificing hunger give God pleasure?

"Holy thought of poverty! Simple and admirable faith!" Yes, so the priest thinks or says, no doubt, whilst he pockets the miserably-earned money of the poor old woman. Perhaps he gives her in return sixty francs' worth of prayers, according to his method of calculation; but how far the repose of the poor creature's soul is benefited by them admits of no doubt whatever.

That priest deserved to choke with the food and wine bought by his ill-gotten gain.



Ruskin ("Crown of Wild Olives").—"You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best we can conceive it is her part to be, whatever of highest we can hope it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity, all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth. From her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

Very pretty, but the fact is rather the reverse of this in a great degree. If a man is what he ought to be, it is his part to exalt and strengthen the wife's mind and character; it is hers to *refine* his.

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I read in the "Daily News," December 7, 1870, that their correspondent arrived at the besieged town of Mezières, in North France, on the day of Saint Barbe, the patron saint of artillery or artillerymen. It was accordingly a *fête* day, and feasting and church ceremonies were in full swing. Now what does this mean? Are these French soldiers sensible, commonly-educated men, or simply stupid and uninstructed savages? In what way is the saint supposed to act on artillery or artillerymen? If they do not believe that any so-called saint, or semi-deity, or celestial being, has any special care of them or of their murderous weapons, they ought not to hold *any* such celebration; and if they do they are a set of silly donkies, and well deserve to be beaten by the Prussians, who trust to themselves and not to saints for their success in war.

These Popish saints are only the old Pagan minor deities in modern dress, and should be thrown aside now-a-days. Neither prayers to saints nor votive lamps to virgins have brought success to the French arms in this wicked war.

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Mr. H. Jennings, in his most silly and trashy work, "The Rosicrucians," speaks of "these days without faith, wherein science, as it is called, . . . has extinguished the lights (!) of enthusiasm, leaving even our altars dark, passive (!), and

cold, and has eliminated all possible wonder from the earth, as miracle from religion, and magic from the sensible or insensible fields (!) of creation, in these questioning, doubting, dense, incredulous days," and so forth. Papists and magicians, mystery mongers of every kind, hold this kind of silly talk; it is the language of all people who are in love with ignorance and error, who revel in darkness and filth, and who hate a conjuror for declaring that his miracles are all mere trick and sleight-of-hand; and who, finally, are so blind and stupid as to perceive nothing in God's creation as miraculous, nothing in it to admire, wonder at, and love.

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In the "Daily News," December 7, 1870, we read:—"The secretary of the National Orphan Home acknowledges £1 in stamps from a sorrowing penitent, who can only repair an injury done, by giving that sum to God's service." It is such logical minds as these in whom Popish priests delight. To murder a man, and build a fine chapel for the priest to offer up prayers for your own soul, well paid beforehand, is the *beau idéal* of Papist philosophy.

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Burrows, in his "Constitutional Progress"—a stupid book, well suited to young, priggish, Tory Oxonians—quotes Butler in his "Analogy of Religion," as describing a perfect state to be one in which "there would be no such thing as faction; but men of the greatest capacity would, of course, all along have the direction of affairs willingly yielded to them, and they would share it among themselves without envy." That last might be, but I don't see how, without faction, *i.e.*, party, the best men could be discovered; it is party warfare which brings out the qualities requisite for a leader of men, and so far from opposition or faction (as those opposed are pleased to call it) being a drawback or evil, we know that opposition or resistance is essential to progress and action. In this world, at least, a difficulty to be overcome stimulates all the latent power in a man, and throughout the whole scheme of nature as arranged by the Deity, such resistance, more or less active, is characteristic of all progress. In fact a *resisting* medium is necessary to motion, and without it is no life, but stagnation and death.

417

1870.

Alphonse Karr says, in his delightful book, "A Tour Round my Garden:"

"A singular dictionary might be made by taking one after the other every word in the language, and describing what infamies, basenesses, crimes, and follies it has furnished man with a pretext for. The most sacred and the most respected words, without doubt, would produce the longest articles.

The name of the Almighty would produce many volumes; that of Liberty, also, would not be very concise.

418

1870.

Let your anger be like waves in a storm, on the surface only; whilst your soul, like the great ocean, still lies calm beneath.

419

1870.

Goethe used to say, and we ought to practise it: "It is necessary to pass a general act of absolution at the close of each day."

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

420

1870.

The whole life of mankind consists in an interchange of deeds, thoughts, and things, the ruling principle of which is equivalence. Even in thought, as expressed by words, this is generally the case, and in deeds and things also; and, from the time that the wool is taken from a Cashmere goat by the herdsman, up to the time when it forms part of a shawl, which, at the price of £1,000 perhaps, some wealthy man places on his beloved wife's shoulders, each person engaged in bringing it up to that value has received his equivalent, and so, we suppose, does the husband in his valuable gift. But here a new power enters in, *i.e.*, love, which quite disarranges the principle of barter, for it proceeds in humble

imitation of the good Lord who loves us, and, out of His pure love, showers blessings, beauty, and pleasures around and upon us. Thus, when we cease to exchange equivalents, and come to gifts, we must look for another motive in such, and this will be found in our desire to obtain another's love, affection, gratitude, liking, favour, good-will, or good opinion, or to evince the said feelings towards the recipient.

421

1870.

You may be liberal at heart, and yet lead the very people to whom you are liberal to regard you as mean. For example: I mean to give the waiter and underwaiter where I dine a Christmas present, one of five shillings, the other of half-a-crown. Now, if I were to take advantage of the florin, and give one four shillings, and the other two shillings, although, no doubt, they would be much obliged, yet I think it probable they would say to themselves, "He might just as well have made it half-crowns whilst he was about it, and not have looked to the sixpences." When you are giving, give unstintingly, liberally, with both hands, so far as your means will permit, and don't spoil the value of a kind act for the sake of a few sixpences or shillings.

A gift should be worthy of the giver's giving and the receiver's acceptance. Stinginess in giving is inadmissible, and destroys all value in the gift. Your circumstances, indeed, must be taken into account, and, remember, they will be, by the person to whom you make the present. If you are wealthy, and offer a small, valueless trinket as a present, it were better to give nothing at all. "Little presents keep up friendship," says the French proverb; but then those little presents should be frequent, and more signs of attention than in the ordinary sense of making a set present: flowers, a few of the best products of your garden, a portion of anything you can share with friends, &c. I knew a very wealthy man in the country, who was quite angry with the clergyman of his parish for sending him a turkey at Christmas, as if he could possibly be in need of one. In fact, to make an acceptable present

requires some consideration, and be careful that whatever present you make is worthy both of you and the person it is presented to.

The idea of a present was formerly connected also with a sacrifice. It was thus, in the antique world, that the priests worked upon a simple-minded people. All they had was from the deities, and the said deities required to be presented with a portion of the best of all their produce in return, or their favours would not be continued. Playing thus upon the poor folks' gratitude and hopes and fears, they obtained the best of everything, as a sacrifice to the gods, to whom, in the presence of the sacrificers, they presented a portion of each offering, and kept the rest for their own use, living thus on the fat of the land, and on the credulity of the poor country-people, as is humorously related in the story of the priests of Bel and Daniel, of lion's den celebrity, the which, perchance as you may never have heard, although it not long since formed part of your Holy Scripture, we will briefly recount.

Daniel, a captive Jew among the Babylonians, performed many wonderful deeds to prove his superior favour with the Deity over the Babylonish priests and prophets; and this was amongst them.

The great statue of the god Belus was presented daily with an enormous quantity of good things as presents, which he as regularly daily devoured; but Daniel, wishing to show up the god's real wooden nature, declared that he never ate these things at all, on which the monarch ordered the temple to be closed up, with the good things in it, and guards placed over it, when, lo! the food was gone. Upon this the monarch was about to kill Daniel, who, however, begged one more trial; and, having secretly covered the floor of the temple with a fine powdery sand before it was closed up, awaited the result complacently. Sure enough the food was again gone, and every one believed the god had again feasted on it, till Daniel drew the monarch's attention to footmarks on the sand, the cause of which he explained, and then they traced the cunning priests to a secret place, whence they had issued and made away with the sacrifices. This brought Daniel again into great favour with the king. And many other much more

wonderful acts of Daniel are to be found in his "Book," with dreams and visions galore, held in great esteem by many of the devout, both Jews and Christians, though others think very poorly of them; and some Jewish rabbis, not having the fear of punishment before them, have gone so far as to call him an impostor, and deny his claim to be a holy man at all : a question which does not interest us a whit more than whether the moon is made of green cheese.

## 422

1870.

The supreme authority and providence of God the Creator over the whole universe may be likened to that of a great State, in which the towns, cities, and departments or counties, are allowed to act for themselves, and have a local rule, but in all imperial matters they are bound to obey the direction of the government-in-chief.

So is it with the universe, in which worlds are but as counties, and nations like cities, having their own little particular strifes, bickerings, jealousies, and party fights, but on all grand occasions are obliged to enter into action for the common cause, often against their will, and often without having the least idea what they are really fighting for. It is my belief that we are not so unconnected with the interests and life of other worlds, as is generally thought.

## 423

1870.

Clever people are often very silly, and naturally gifted people often very ignorant. They are both perfectly self-satisfied, and, like the French, cannot see the use of learning more than they at present know, or can do.

Specially clever and gifted people make a business of their gift or talent, like musicians, painters, &c. ; and, in consequence, are so continually engaged in that business that they must perforce remain more or less unknowing. I do not say this as a reproach ; but too frequently they are also not only perfectly satisfied with themselves, but are apt to regard as inferior beings to themselves all who are not so naturally gifted, and are quite devoid of any love

or desire for knowledge. This is pitiable, and, however great in their own line, they are, in fact, nothing more than clever children who have yet to go to school.

It is to be remarked that the French and the Irish, and more or less also the Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, think any clever man is fitted to be a politician, and that great talkers must be excellent statesmen. Orators and writers they specially select as the best deputies they can choose, whereas they are, as a rule, the very worst.

It is here that the practical good sense of the English is shown.

Bankers, tradesmen even, good old practising lawyers, even soldiers and sailors, make better statesmen than orators and writers.

We require in a statesman: prudence, calmness, foresight, practical good sense, and a certain amount of obedience to party, to discipline, a sense of the value of money and of time; certainly not that excitability and love of personal celebrity which are the characteristics of most orators. Coolness, insight, judgment, and foresight, these are the chief requisites for a statesman, and not a power of pouring out endless torrents of words, or harangues, however eloquent.

It is difficult to conceive men less suited to be statesmen than those who have prominently influenced the French and Irish for many years past. Thiers, Guizot, Emile de Girardin, Paradol, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Rochefort, and a large crew of lesser note. Louis Napoleon, indeed, was by nature a better statesman, but spoilt all by want of principle and a foolish lust of personal and dynastic power.

As to the Irish, from O'Connell down to Isaac Butt, they are all mere talkers and babblers, and have had no claim to statesmanship at all. And yet these are the kind of people who can drive nations into acts of the most suicidal folly. Political sagacity is a plant that does not flourish in Celtic lands, but seems in Great Britain and the United States native to the soil.

425

1870.

Nothing is more striking in the great war of 1870 than the difference of character exhibited by the Germans and the French.

Take Metz as an example : what a sad, miserable story is that of the army which defended it ! What more remarkable than the faith, patience, courage, and endurance of the army which beleaguered it ! Throughout France the same character was displayed with but few exceptions. They have ceased as a people to hold principles, to have faith in each other, in religion,—in fine, to believe in God. They believe in nothing—nothing but success, cleverness, show, and sensual pleasure. It cannot be otherwise : if a man has no belief in a future state, he can have no idea of personal responsibility ; if he ridicules the idea of Heaven and Hell, what motive beyond his own personal comfort, pleasure, and fancied welfare can actuate him ? Clearly none. Love of self and love of the world fills his whole being, not the love of God or of his fellow-creatures—and behold the result !

426

1870.

The world turns upon the Germans, and accuses them of humiliating, dismembering, wishing even to destroy the poor French ! But it is not the Germans (who very justly and wisely seek only their own safety in the future), it is France herself who is committing suicide ; every evil that has happened to her from the time of the Reformation onwards is clearly her own doing, or the inevitable result of her own voluntary course of action. An individual can kill himself in a minute, not so a nation : national suicide takes time, and a most instructive and remarkable instance is now in progress before our eyes. If France continues in the course she has for so long been pursuing, poisoning herself, wounding herself, bleeding herself, and spinning her own corpse cloth, she will have to use it before long, and by the end of the next century will have ceased to exist as a great nation. In pure religious feeling and in practical political sagacity, the nation, ever since the time



of that thorough Frenchman Francis I., has continuously lost ground.

From that time forward the history of France is the history of constant deterioration, and we have in quick succession Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers; Francis II. and reaction; Charles IX. and the massacre of the Protestants by the Roman Catholics; the wars of the League, the assassination of Henry III. by a Popish monk; the triumph of apostacy in the person of Henry of Navarre, who sold his soul for a crown, yet was assassinated by another Popish priest. Fresh persecution of religious freedom under Louis XIII. and the destruction of the Protestant power. The unholy wars of that King of Shams, Louis XIV.; and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which France lost, and we gained, some of her best blood. The *dragonades* of the Cevennes, the Saturnalia of Absolutism. From bad we get to worse, in the Regent d'Orleans and Louis XV.; what betwixt his women, war, and the Papal religion, the country was going fast to the dogs; profligacy was rampant. Then come we to the *esprits forts*, scarcely less terrible in their ungodliness than the Church in its superstition; Louis XVI. and the revolution, with its horrible unveiling of the worst forms of humanity, its madness, and excesses. From Corsica, which had been robbed of its freedom by France, under Louis XV., came that Bonaparte who, had he not been a French subject, might never have been the ruin of France. Ever since then France has been the slave of Corsica. Until France learns to execrate the very name of Bonaparte (her *malaparte*), she will never have obtained a right spirit. France, as a Republic, destroyed Rome as a Republic; by force of arms Louis XIV. ravaged, like a robber and murderer, the Palatinate, and pilfered Alsace; and from thence came the ruin of France in 1870. Louis Napoleon took possession of Savoy and Nice for an idea in 1866, and lost possession of Alsace and Lorraine for an idea in 1870. And "thus does the whirligig of time bring about its revenge," and "even-handed justice commends the poisoned chalice even to our own lips."

If France will hear, let her: "those who draw the sword shall perish by the sword." If she will discard for ever

Roman Catholicism, and seek the knowledge and love of God, living in peace with her neighbours from henceforth, she may yet flourish ; if not her doom is certain, and not far distant.

The final result of this wicked war of 1870 ought to be the absolute reduction, if not the entire abolition, of standing armies, and the institution of an International Court of Arbitration and of International Police formed by the greatest States of the four quarters of the globe.

You cannot put a man to worse use than to make a soldier of him ; keep him idle and unproductive the best part of his life, and then shoot him. You cannot appeal to a worse form of law than sword or cannon law (with or without two n's). You cannot produce more actual present misery to all concerned in it than by war. You cannot leave more lasting evil, by any means behind you than by war. It is utterly wrong, silly, wicked and damnable ; it is the greatest of blunders.

He who you profess to believe a God told you distinctly that "he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword," and by word and deed forbade persistently all violence and revenge. You have been forewarned then ; but this, your faith, is a lie and a mockery ; your whole lives are a practical denial of Him ; you *have* no faith, none, but are slaves to your own lusts, passions, pleasures, and appetites, and little better than slaves and servants of the Devil, who alone is the God of War, the God of Battles ; there is none other, and if you will still persist in his worship you must die ; but, remember, it is you who slay yourselves in *his* service, and not by any means in the service of God or of mankind.

427

1870.

I do not think there is any more marked proof of superiority in the English over all other people than their custom of personal encounter in fight. It is a sorry sight to see two men rush at each other, hit wildly about, scratch, bite, and kick each other, as most people do when it comes to a personal struggle, exhibiting a lamentable want of self-control, and an entire subjection to the foolish dictates of a blind rage. It is here that the Englishman shows

his great natural and acquired superiority; his anger is under control, and his fury submits to law; even if, in the heat of the fight, he were to hit or kick his fallen foe, the company round would revile him, and drag him off, for a ring is formed to see and to enforce fair play. Moreover, the English have brought training, mental as well as bodily, to bear on their wrath, and they fight, as it were, without rage, or even anger, but with science, alertness, and determination; even after having suffered most severe chastisement, the losing man will still "come up smiling;" and when all is over, even in common street fights, it is usual to shake hands, and declare that no malice is borne on either side.

This is all an honour to the English individually, and to those who have formed "the ring;" and the like of it is not to be met with among any other races whatever, with whom, indeed, the pistol and the knife, and the most vindictive blood-thirstiness, is common.

Some honour, then, is due to a good British stand-up fight (but not for money).

428

1870.

The most important office of the reason is to restrain or regulate our feelings and impulses. In nothing is this more noticeable, perhaps, than in almsgiving, in rendering money aid to the poor. An unreflecting, impulsive, indiscriminate almsgiving, though arising from the best of motives, has probably done more than anything else towards increasing the very evil it sought to remedy or alleviate.

429

1870.

When a person is guided in his conduct by the use of his reason, *i.e.*, by observing, comparing, reflecting, selecting, and judging; by forethought and afterthought, or by looking forward and forming plans, and by being prepared for the issue of those plans, whether successful or not—such a person is about as superior to another who is guided by impulse only, is swayed to and fro by sentiment or feeling, and to whom every accident or miscarriage of action is a surprise, as that person is again superior (if he is so at all) to any ordinary intelligent animal.

430

1870.

Philosophy may be divided broadly into contemplative and practical or experimental philosophy, the first relating to abstract questions which cannot be tested by the senses, the second depending on them entirely; the first deals with invisible human nature, the second with visible material Nature; the one with spiritual subjects, the other with material objects; the first errs often, the second seldom. To get at the truth, see it, appreciate it, and act on it, is more important for the material progress of the world than anything else; and yet contemplative philosophy is productive of principles which are most potent in their influence on mankind in this life, and extend our views even beyond it.

431

1870.

Given a man who is possessed with the most intense and sincere feeling of the nothingness of this life compared with life eternal, and a most orthodox Churchman, but who yet is unkind, harsh, unforgiving, vindictive, unjust, cynical, a despiser of his fellow-men, without generous impulses or a kind heart; and given, on the other hand, a Materialist, who firmly believes that death here is the end of all things, and has no religion at all, yet is kindly, sympathetic, friendly to all men, tolerant, forgiving, just, inclined to look at the best side of men and things, and full of warm feelings for his fellows; which do we choose and keep to as a friend? Opinions are nothing, character everything, here, and, I well believe, hereafter.

432

1870.

Society is quite right in its dislike and suspicion of men who live by and for themselves; it clearly shows selfishness, self-indulgence, and love of ease. It *may* result from worse motives, and there is no such safeguard upon a man's conduct as publicity. People are apt to go wrong who have no restraint brought to bear on their actions.

Deprived of human love and affection, what is there in life which renders it more endurable to me than to a prisoner in some lonely cell, cut off from all communication with his fellow-creatures? True, I have a bright fire to sit by, warmth, light, books to read, and silence, except that, outside the house, I hear from time to time the sound of distant wheels, and, past my window, the pattering of feet—some girl's, probably, by the light, quick step. I have about as little communion with my kind as a prisoner in solitary confinement. He can speak to his gaoler, and I to my landlady, once a day, and to the waiter (very deaf) where I dine; these are almost the only people, as a rule, I speak to daily, and to them but a few words. I live alone, eat alone, read alone, work alone, sleep alone. No kindly faces are turned towards me when I come or go, no loveful eyes meet mine, and respond to the glow, the warmth, the tenderness of a loving heart; no gentle embraces comfort me in the hour of bodily sickness or mental trouble. I am alone!

Generally, those who know me only tolerate me, few like me, none love me, and all this because I cannot think as they think, do as they do, live as they live, regard religion as they regard it, look on death as they look on it, or believe of God what they believe.

And yet my heart is full of love, and there is no one I could love like a good, virtuous, gentle, sensible woman. I long, moreover, to obtain the goodwill and affection of all my fellow-creatures, and am devoting myself to their service at all this cost, and without hope of a return. Still they will not love, but rather hate me. As regards the difference between myself and such a prisoner as I have cited, it is great; he is one by force, I of my own free will; and I know that, if I chose, I might regain society, affection and, perhaps, love, but, to do so, must make professions which would be insincere, and that is impossible; so I must e'en rest content, and live in the hope of a happier future.

## 434

1870.

The time is fast approaching, and indeed even now is, when to be an orthodox Christian will be regarded as the sign of an inferior intelligence or of a low moral state ; for no one can be orthodox, as it is called, without holding ideas as to the justice and benevolence of the Deity which are most unworthy of Him and which are truly impious in themselves. Moreover, in their servile and outward shows of worship and adoration, the great mass of Christians practically treat the Deity as they would some great earthly potentate who exacts and is pleased with rich dresses, adulation, rites and ceremonies, genuflexions, belly-crawlings, incense and offerings ; indeed, the priests openly urge this low and mean view of the nature of the Deity, and of this ceremonial worship as being required by Him who is King of kings, and demands that He should be so treated on pain of His displeasure. This may suit savages, but it sickens us.

## 435

1870.

Our religion is true and good, and sure of future extension throughout the world, for it is in harmony with the highest philosophy, with science, with political progress, social improvement, morality, and common sense, called by Professor Huxley "common ignorance."

## 436

1870.

Theisms in the world are :—

1. Vague Theism, or general idea of a supreme Being existing somewhere, represented by a few people all over the world.
2. Monotheism, the assertion of one only Deity and personal Being, who dwells and reigns in Heaven, represented by Mahometans and Jews.
3. Tritheism, or the belief in three distinct Gods, represented by Christians, who hold, however, that these three collapse into one on occasion ; or, it may be put the other way, they believe in one God who, on occasion, separates into three distinct Gods.

4. Pure Polytheism, or belief in numerous Gods overruling various forms of life, represented now mostly by some semi-barbarous races, but formerly the creed of the ancients generally.

5. Pantheism,—now represented principally by the Hindûs—the belief in one supreme essence pervading all creation, of which everything forms part of the whole and the whole consists of these parts, all interchangeable and all one, to the exclusion of any real individuality. It should be added that Pantheism and Polytheism are necessarily always more or less connected with each other. As to Atheism, or the denial of any God at all, there are people who profess such a creed, but they are either so far above us or so far beneath us, that neither way can we comprehend them.

437

1871.

Written laws are only moral principles put into form, which people agree to abide by and to enforce.

In an early stage of society these principles are simple, but as nations extend and individuals obtain a deeper insight into life, and are inspired by new and higher feelings, laws become necessarily more in number, and more complex and subtle.

438

1871.

The way in which our divines looked on death, even the best of them, is not our way. Thus, Baxter speaks of it in his "Dying Thoughts:"—"When I die, I must depart, not only from sensual delights, but from the more manly pleasures of my studies, knowledge, and converse with many wise and godly men, and from all my pleasure in reading, hearing, public and private exercises of religion, &c. I must leave my library, and turn over those pleasant books no more. I must no more come among the living, nor see the faces of my faithful friends, nor be seen of man. Houses, and cities, and fields, and countries, will be nothing as to me. I shall hear no more of the affairs of the world, of man, of wars, of other news, nor see what becomes of that beloved interest of wisdom, piety, and peace which I desire may prosper."

There is something very sad and touching in this lamentation at leaving the world; but we cannot sympathise with it, at least, in part only, for we only leave present worldly interests and people for other higher interests and nobler company, amongst which, in endless progression, the spirit will move on for ever, active, sensitive, and loving, with a wider sphere of action, and a higher delight in life.

I know that my life is independent of this body. I do not despise my body, but it is not me; I am much stronger than it, and something divinely different.

The word "death," has no meaning for me. God is my trust, and "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," I fear no evil, for the Lord is my Saviour.

"Death," as Luther has finely said, "is the end of sin, and of itself."

## 439

1871.

How can I possibly explain to you the means by which I am what I am? Reading may have done much, but subtle influences, which I could never particularise, so slight were they, and now so utterly forgotten, have no doubt done much more. Thus Milton, full of sagacity, says: "Whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are."

## 440

1871.

Mankind may be classed as spiritual, intellectual, and sensual; and sub-classed as sensual, sensuous, sentimental, intellectual, intelligent, moral, practical, spiritual, ideal, and supersensuous.

The sensual, usually used in a bad or depreciating sense, are those who indulge more or less coarsely in the pleasures of touch and taste.

The sensuous are those who are chiefly affected by smell, sight, and hearing, with more or less intensity of feeling.



The sentimental are a large class of people guided in their perceptions and opinions by their feelings, without any regard to reason, varying in character and intensity according to their constitution. These, when also sensuous, form the main body of "*devots*" in the Roman and other cognate Churches.

People of common sense, or, rather, matter-of-fact, practical people, generally clear-headed and narrow-minded, form a large proportion of Englishmen.

Moral people? There is such a class, though, in fact, very small when purely so, but when combined with more or less intellect, they constitute the main body of dissenters.

Intellectual people, or those in whom reason predominates, are common enough, and form the advanced guard of progress.

Spiritual people are those who can free themselves from the bonds of this earthly existence, and love Love disinterestedly; love Truth for its own sake; and love the Creator of the universe above all. These are very infrequent, and form a small but noble band among all nations. Imperfect characters of the same class are the ideal people who, in a greater or lesser degree, are full of fancy as opposed to matter of fact; in the highest form they love poetry and wit, and in the lower are characterised by an utter disregard of worldly matters, including money, and all the ordinary cut-and-dried rules of conventual life.

These various classes are, of course, intermixed in unequal degrees, and in every conceivable manner, among mankind generally, developing eccentric and monstrous natures, such as amuse or shock the world: but, in every character, one or other of the above named qualities will be generally found to predominate.

The most amusing combination, perhaps, is that of the sensual, practical, and ideal, of which Falstaff is the grand type; the most disagreeable, the moral and practical, as seen in Gridstone (Charles Dickens); the most sickening, the sensuous and sentimental, as in Tartuffe; and the noblest of all, the spiritual and intellectual, as seen in St. Paul.

The most valuable class to the world are those in whom

the intellectual, moral, and practical meet, as in philosophers and statesmen; the most pleasing, those who combine the intellectual, sentimental, and sensuous, as seen in many literary men and poets of kindly feeling; and the most unhappy, those in whom the spiritual and sensual meet, and must perforce clash, as in many religious natures.

441

1871.

Mankind may be divided into three classes: the highest class consists of those who love and reverence the Creator as the one, sole, holy, and living source of their being, by whom they exist, and to whom they owe their life and all that renders life good. These seek to live in conformity with His will, to purify their souls, to act constantly with regard to His approval, and to become worthy of His Divine love. To such the world itself is their temple, and a life spent in well-doing to others and to themselves, their mode of worship; their whole life is dedicated to His service, and that service consists in doing good. The inferior class regard the Deity principally as a great monarch or despot, who requires on the part of His creatures certain stated rites and ceremonies to express their humble devotion, certain demonstrations of honour and respect to be paid to Him, which He will by no means forego nor allow to be neglected. These form the mass of the world: Papists, Ritualists, and church-ceremony performers of all kinds. The lowest class, worship their god or gods principally from fear, as they believe him capable of injuring as well as benefiting them by actual present favours or punishments. Such are all savages, and a large proportion of the lower classes in Popish countries. These three classes may thus be considered as separate, but, in reality, they are largely commingled, and there are various intervening grades.

442

1871.

There can only be three systems of Cosmogony: 1. The Material or natural theory: naturalism or materialism, in which no idea of a God exists, and matter works by its own laws. 2. The Pantheist theory, in which an immanent

Divine Spirit, under various forms, constitutes the world.  
 3. The Spiritual or extra-material theory—*i.e.*, a Creator of the Universe outside of the worlds themselves—Monotheism. It is this last we uphold.

443

1871.

Ours is not merely a religious creed, but a religious, political, and social system. Socially we assert the dignity of labour: the necessity, for every man's well-being, of his doing beneficial and productive work of some kind or other; the indignity and criminality of idleness and of non-productiveness; the sanctity of marriage, the disgrace of celibacy; the right of single women only to the suffrage, and that not till after thirty years of age; the advantage of systematic emigration; the reclaiming and colonisation of all uncultivated land whatever; civil and communal places of public gratuitous instruction, utility, and amusement; the recognition of poverty as an evil, and as capable of comparative extinction; the absolute duty of a simple religious education, as well as secular; the active propagation of our principles. Politically, we contend for the "*res publica*," the public business, as a public duty, to be attended to by all, so as to form a commonweal or common well-being; the supremacy of the national vote not necessarily universally exercised; a government responsible to the representatives of the people; the form of government either a pure Republic or a limited Monarchy; no class privileges whatever; an Anglo-Teutonic league for the propagation of religious and civil liberty, consisting of Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, and the United States; free international exchanges of every description (what benefits one State benefits all; what injures one injures all); the right of public meeting; the protection of minorities from violence; the abolition of standing armies; personal duties to the State, such as voting, &c., subject to fines, if neglected; the re-formation of laws; personal punishment not commutable by fines, for adultery, seduction, and false witness before the judge. Our religious system enforces the doctrine of the brotherhood of nations, all being equally children of one Father; the immortality

of the soul ; the future happiness of the good, and punishment of the evil-doers ; the unity of God, and His Divine, paternal love towards all men ; the denunciation of prayer to, or worship of, images of any kind ; the spiritual welfare of all mankind, which includes progress of every description, intellectual, political, moral, social, and individual.

444

1871.

Men may be classed as thinkers, writers, talkers, and doers. Of these, the thinkers are the real moulders of the world's progress and life and form the most important class of human beings ; yet are they regarded as of small account, except by a few—thinkers, like themselves. The history of the world is the history of the onward but ever-opposed march of thought.

445

1871.

I often ask myself whether it is not better to be silent than to speak—to do nothing than to act as Jesus acted. No, it is better as it is ; the disease was desperate, so was the remedy. Any one who has studied the state of the world at the advent of Jesus, and sees how it was saturated through and through with the most abominable Materialism and Pantheism ; the grossest forms of the worship of Nature and its reproductive powers being almost universal—any rescue from such a degrading system must have been, and was, welcome. The triumph of Jesus was the triumph of the Spirit, the Divine Spirit, over matter in its basest aspect, and the vindication of man's higher nature from the grossness which had nearly overlaid and destroyed it. Yet we must not forget, in our gratitude for this inestimable service, that Jesus barred the entrance to Heaven, to happiness and future life, against all who would not believe in his pretensions to being a God : that what you *believe* is the only basis of all your hopes for future happiness, that if you believe his divinity, and this as a *sine quâ non*, you will be blessed for all eternity in Heaven, and if you disbelieve it, will be damned to all eternity in Hell !

446

1871.

If God desired to impress certain facts upon mankind in a quite indisputable manner, it could be done by *extra-ordinary* as well as by *contra-ordinary* means. What is generally called *super-natural* is more justly called *contra-natural*. To the first we make no objection at all ; to the latter we do, because, in this case, the Creator breaks His own laws, which, having been put in force at the dictate of His perfect and infinite wisdom, must be sure, unerring, and incapable of outrage on any account. He must have a very poor idea of God who believes in the Jewish or other miracles.

447

1871.

Bad people are always superstitious, and the worse they are the more superstitious they become. They know they are bad, and beg to be saved—any way : nothing is too absurd for them if it promises salvation, *i.e.*, escape from punishment, which they feel is their due. There is no miracle they would not believe, and even kill others who denied it, if they were told it would be good for their souls. Their being bad makes them superstitious, and their superstition makes them worse—worse in themselves and to their fellow-creatures, more insincere, unjust, cruel, vindictive, prejudiced, puffed-up, and stupid. Thus wickedness makes people superstitious, and keeps them so.

448

1871.

A God-forgetting is a good-for-nothing people.

449

1871.

It is absolutely necessary that men should think seriously about themselves and the world ; their nature, their capacities, the intention and object of their creation and existence, their relation to the earth, to themselves (so to speak), to their fellow-creatures, to their Creator. In shirking such questions come stagnation and death ; in grappling with and understanding them come movement,

progress, and life. We must not be for ever praying God to do those things for us which He desires and intends we should do for ourselves ; we must not be for ever claiming all the credit for our own intelligence and cleverness in success, and in our failures lay it all to the account of God, and call the results of our own stupidity or bad conduct judgments of the Deity. We must learn to measure our powers justly, and to be neither over superstitious nor over sceptical ; to know what is within and what beyond the range of our limited comprehension ; to understand that man and the world were made for each other, and that though we have no power over the supreme course of God's laws in Nature, we have decided power over the laws which regulate our own conduct, and all human life, political, social, and individual. We have power also over the state of the orb on which we dwell ; the world itself is given into our charge, to use our intelligence upon it, to investigate it, and to cultivate it. We must learn to know that our destiny as a society of human beings throughout the world is placed in our own hands, and depends on our own conduct.

Thus there are rules, laws, which all nations must observe and practise if they wish to prosper. First and foremost they must acknowledge, revere, and love God their Creator ; they must work, they must become individually independent ; the men must be virtuous, the women chaste ; they must marry, and hold marriage sacred ; they must not employ unnatural means to prevent the increase of their families ; they must educate their children carefully, and, above all, teach them to love and fear God ; they must wish well to all their fellow-creatures ; they must improve themselves ; they must seek and love the truth.

It needs no very wise man to tell you all this ; it seems extraordinary that it should be necessary to tell it you ; and it needs no great prophet to foretel what will happen to the nation or the individual neglecting to put these rules of life in practice.

You may say that you don't know anything about God, don't care for Him, that this gabbling about His love, &c., is all very well for women and children, but that

your mind is superior to such sort of stuff! Do you so? Is it so? Then is your ruin sure indeed! To look around you and not to recognise Him and His creation, yourself included, is to be blind and brainless—two great misfortunes for those who would improve themselves or others. If you do not acknowledge God at all, then is there no hope for you, to the Devil you must go, and no one can aid or save you. That is the inevitable end of every godless man and nation.

If you do see and acknowledge that there is a God, a good God, an all-powerful God, your Creator; then, to be wanting in reverent love and fear of Him, is to prove yourself bad at heart, and if a nation's heart is of that description, such a nation will have to disappear off the face of the earth, and make way for better men!

If you do not love God, who can you love?

If you do not admire the works of God, what can you admire?

If you do not reverence God, who can you reverence?

If you do not fear God, who can you fear?

Certainly, no one: but bold and bad, deficient in love, admiration, reverence, and obedience, you will be effaced from the earth, as unfit to enjoy the divine gift of life. And yet remember that although the destiny of your race, and of the world itself, is placed in your hands, there still rules over us all a supreme guiding Power, working to ends we know not of, but which we are yet assured tend to the general welfare of mankind. "Doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs." "There is a providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Fear not, we are not left without guidance, blindly battling in an aimless strife. God still is watching over us; we are not left alone; and the issue of the future is in His hands.

Milton commences "The Second Defence of the People of England" thus: "A grateful recollection of the Divine goodness is the first of human obligations." Let me add that, unless all nations remember this, and take it to heart, they will never thrive. A godly or religious people must

always be courageous and enduring, because it has principles for which it will fight and die, and a belief in the future which makes death despicable. On the other hand, an irreligious or godless people cannot possibly be courageous or enduring, because it has no faith in principles, and looks forward to nothing after this life to compensate for the pain, the agony of death. They who have no faith in an overruling, beneficent, and loving God, can have no faith in anything at all but their own cleverness; and take no delight but in their own personal comfort and pleasures, and must almost inevitably become mean, deteriorated, and vicious.

451

1871.

I cry aloud to you, Oh, world! I call you together as with a trumpet call, to show your love, and reverence, and gratitude to your Creator, to act nobly and lovingly towards all your fellow-creatures, to act wisely for yourselves. Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Why will ye die a voluntary death, O world, when your Creator himself earnestly desires that ye shall live?

Are you not wicked, and mad in your wickedness, when you close your ears to the words of Him who loves you with so holy, pure, and disinterested a love? Oh! down upon your knees! Bend the stubborn knees of your ungrateful spirit, bow the stiff neck of your proud intellect, and learn to be humble, grateful, reverent, and worshipful to Him, by whom alone you now live or ever can live, so as to be happy in the illimitable future!

452

1871.

All nations that bow the knee to Mary shall perish.

453

1871.

As to creeds and ceremonies in religion, you have only to look around you to see that perfect conformity is an impossibility. So many men, so many minds. So many creeds, so many styles of worship. But, in the fundamental principles of religion we may, and must, eventually all



agree. Indeed, we do so even now, much more than we are in the habit of perceiving. It is the priests who obstruct our path and hinder our union. We must get rid of sacerdotalism before we can get nearer to God and to each other. Move on, there! The Pope's carriage stops the way!

454

1871.

I don't remember to have read that great poets were ever painters, sculptors, or architects as well; though some few painters and sculptors have likewise been pretty fair poets, as Michael Angelo and Salvator Rosa. And yet one would have expected that the poet in words would be a poet in colour or stone as well. It is evident that the organs necessary for the practice of each art differ.

There can be no question as to which is the highest and noblest power; for the poet in words may be indeed a prophet, lawgiver, teacher, and leader to the whole world, whilst the artist in colour, &c., is after all little more than "*simia naturæ*" (nature's ape). Adopting the theory of the development and perfectibility of animals, we should not be surprised in the distant future to hear of a gorilla turning portrait painter, and giving us a picture of his younger brother, man, or bringing to England some of the finest bits of scenery in his native African wilds, with interesting figures of himself or friends chasing a scudding traveller, or feasting on half-developed negroes.

We do not even know that poets have ever been particular admirers of Art: it is true that Shelley has written warmly on some works of Art, especially in his fine ode upon the Medusa's head, attributed to Da Vinci, in the Florence Gallery; but pictures never appear to have inspired the poet's song as a rule, and, indeed, it would be strange if they did, for the poet is absorbed in that Nature which is the higher Art of God, and of which painting, at the best, is only a poor reflex. Byron writes well about that fine statue of the Dying Barbarian at the Capitol, but, speaking of statues generally, and of sculptors, declares them to be—

"A race of mere impostors, when all's done."

As to the art dedicated to the illustration of all the old wives' tales and fables of the early and mediæval churches, it has done so much to popularise and propagate mischief that we detest it.

And yet we admit, with pleasure, that all the Arts, when they reproduce the beautiful, are messengers of a higher life, and bear with them airs from Paradise, presenting to us such loveliness as here below we can only dream of or obtain now and then a passing glance, and which, thanks to them, is permanently embodied and kept "as a joy for ever" before us.

455

ASH WEDNESDAY, 1871.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ascends into his rostrum, and preaches us a Lenten homily against the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but has he no lust in himself worse than that of the eye? the lust of power and place, and respect from and dominion over others? Has he no pride of life in his position, titles, place in council, and as prime defender of his incarnate god—the Pope?—the churchman's and priest's pride, which is perhaps the most deadly and devilish of all pride: and as to the singularity of dress which he complains of in women, do not the old women of his Church, himself foremost among them, indulge in a singularity of dress which is very striking and peculiar, and not at all fashioned after the manner of the robe of Jesus? He denounces inordinate richness in dress, and yet he himself is brilliant in satin and silks, in embroidery and gold brocade! As to furniture, the pockets of the devout are drained to furnish the most costly mosaics and carvings and guildings, and decorations, all as *he* will tell you for the love and honour of God, but in reality all for the honour of himself, for what sort of a figure would he make inside four plain whitewashed walls, and in a common surplice? As to excess in wine, of which he speaks, we hold that every time he and his co-superstitionists drink wine and assert it to be God's blood, they commit a dreadful excess, and are as drunken men in their madness.

So long as there are young people in the world, there

will be laughter and gaiety, and dances and plays, and fashions, and carelessness of a future life, and more or less forgetfulness of God: the world and love with *them* will still reign dominant; but people in years should be and know better, especially women in whom the affectations of youth are loathsome, and who should lead men on to a higher and purer life.

That "the world is too much with us" is most true, but we are inclined to think it is as much with the priest as the people, only in another form; and there is a devil of lust of power and the pride of place in the breast of the priest a thousand times more difficult to lay or destroy than that of the people whom he denounces.

456

1871.

It is a great misnomer to speak of all animals not human as "dumb" animals: in view of the nonsense we so often hear gabbled, we might wish that human beings were themselves sometimes dumb; but, as to other animals, we are never tired of listening to them—the whole race of birds for instance, we could hardly describe them as dumb. They are the most loquacious creatures in existence; and to hear a flock of sparrows in mating time is to hear all sorts of very animated talk, from the most amatory to the most quarrelsome, uttered in tones of the greatest excitement. A rookery at sunset is not exactly the abode of silence, and I have often thought as I have watched them rise suddenly into the air in one large mass, just after the sun had gone beneath the horizon, that they rose together to sound one last hymn of praise together to the God of day before settling down in darkness for the night. Has the cooing of the dove or pigeon no meaning to your ear? and does the constant clutter of the hen, as she searches for food at the head of her chicks, convey no ideas of maternal anxieties and cares to you? The lion speaks, and you tremble. Frogs, like true Britons, hold their parliament at night. Animal responds to animal, as bird to bird; the very fishes can explain their feelings by sounds, and even insects talk to each other! Remember they are all our fellow-creatures, and have equally with ourselves God

the Creator for Father. Few are dumb; some are loquacious, and many most eloquent in their own tongue; besides which you will find among them, examples of constancy, fidelity, self-denial, love, of which we would wish to see more amongst human beings; and in strength, courage, patience, and a marvellous ingenuity, they vie with man at his best.

How wonderful is the varied nature of the creatures dwelling in the sea! Some are like immense animals, and indeed are so, such as the mammalia. There are fish that build nests and lay eggs, bird-like; whilst other creatures have a root, and shoot forth buds forming living flowers, like the pennatulæ, or resemble leafless trees, like some corals. The greatest range of life, and the most diverse forms of existence, are to be found hidden beneath the ocean—a world apart. Animals, fish, and vegetables, are all represented there. Some animals suckle their young like human beings; others build nests, fly, bore, bud, and flower; and whilst the living creature takes root like a plant, many of the plants have no roots at all, but float in a kind of semi-animation to and fro with the tides. How is it that miracle-mongers see no miracles here?

457

1871.

Laughter is like sunlight, cheering. Living alone, as I do, meeting no one to be merry with, I go from time to time to the theatre, to see the clowns in the circus, or a burlesque play, and laugh heartily till it does me good: it is medicinal and wholesome. It is a mistake to think persons wise who are only grave and serious. Moroseness, melancholy, gravity, the inability to appreciate and thence to enjoy a joke, are not signs of a superior, but of an inferior, or, at least, imperfect nature. Innocent laughter is as good for the soul as the body. A sour Calvinist clergyman ordered his children in school not to laugh, adding, "there is no laughter in Heaven." We venture to believe that he is greatly mistaken, and, in our estimation, smiles and laughter are not inconsistent with perfect happiness or saintly holiness. Luther says, "God loveth cheerful hearts," and that there is nothing so dis-

tasteful to the Devil as a merry laugh. "The Devil," he adds, "is a sorrowful spirit, and makes people sorrowful: that is why he flies as far as he can from music." And for my part, I don't know any sweeter music than the merry laughter of children and innocent young folk.

It was a used-up, cynical, old Jew, who said of laughter, "It is mad!" It was a wicked king, on murderous deed intent, who spoke of mirth as,

"Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment."

The blithest name our island ever got is "Merrie England." We rejoice to think that ours has ever been a merry race of people. Alfred of Beverly, says old Camden, describes England and the English as "*Anglia plena jocis; gens libera et apta joci*"—"England, full of mirth; a people free and ready at a joke." We join with our Henry VIII., who sang—

"Pastyme with good companye,  
I love, and shal untill I dye.  
Gruche who list—but none denye,  
So God be playesd, thus live wyll I.

"Companye with honeste,  
Is virtue—vices to flie;  
Companye is good and ill,  
But every man hath hys fre wyll."

"The best ensew,  
The worst eschew.  
My mynde shal be  
Virtue to use,  
Vice to refuce,  
Thus shal I use me."

These verses are part of a favourite song, we believe, of the King's own composing, and good Bishop Latimer preached a sermon upon it to his son and successor, Edward VI., impressing on him that, though mirth is good, holiness should not be forgotten, and that the highest wisdom is to be merry and wise. In "Tristram Shandy"

we read this: "Everything in the world," said my father, is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too, if we can but find it out."

Indeed, the power and value of laughter is now recognised by the most advanced nations, and laughter is one of the best allies of progress. And we have learnt that "*discere ridendô*" is neither unwise, undignified, or unbecoming; and Milton himself, than whom none could be more serious, or noble-minded, has thus defended laughter in his preface to "*Animadversions, &c., against Smectymnus*:"—

"This vein of laughing (as I could produce out of grave authors) hath oftentimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting; nor can there be a more proper object of indignation and scorn together, than a false prophet taken in the greatest, direst, and most dangerous cheat, the cheat of souls; in the disclosing whereof, if it be harmful to be angry and withal to cast a luring smile, when the properest object calls for both, it will be long enough ere any be able to say why those two most rational faculties of human intellect, anger and laughter, were first seated in the breast of man."

Certes, to human beings anger and laughter are as natural as tears and smiles; and we care not for that man who is not moved to anger or indignation by wrong and injustice, or to laughter by a witty jest.

We wished to see what others have written of these two expressions of feeling, and referring to "*Many Thoughts of Many Minds*," collected by H. Southgate, find that laughter is generally approved of, whilst, out of nearly two dozen extracts from ancient and modern writers, not one but denounces anger as an evil passion; and yet it is indisputable that were it not for the anger which evil has excited in the minds of energetic and good men, the world would be in a very backward and miserable state, and we hold rather with Thomas Fuller, that "*Anger is one of the sinews of the soul, and he that wants it hath a maimed mind.*"

"Be angry, but sin not."

458

1871.

I find that there are men from whom I differ, and whom also I despise—perhaps hate; there are others from whom I differ as widely, and yet I esteem and even love them.

459

1871.

As we hold that there is no absolute evil quality in man, evil only arising from excess or deficiency of certain powers, so we point out how even his highest and noblest qualities, when unduly regulated, become the most dreadful scourges of mankind. For instance, his love of God and truth, or what he considers such, when excessive, leads to fanaticism; the most intolerant, destructive, and infernal passion known to man, especially when allied with a cruel nature.

Take, on the other hand, one of men's lowest loves, the love of money! This is in itself commendable, makes a man independent, and keeps him so; an inexpressible blessing to whoso has experienced the unpleasantness of dependence on others. "*Com'è amaro il sale d'altrui*," says Dante. "How bitter is another man's salt!" Money gives power, the power of raising yourself and your family in the scale of life; the power of aiding great and useful purposes; the power of doing good to others in every way. Thus applied, the love of money is a virtue, yet avarice or an insane desire to retain that power to oneself is hateful, whilst an utter disregard of the value of money is a real evil to the person so constituted, and an injury to others. Indeed, money affords us a good central point to illustrate our meaning.

The love of money in itself is good; carried to excess it produces avarice; in moderation, economy and independence; when deficient, prodigality and final dependence on others. There are various stages in these qualities: thus, from being economical, people may become careful, close, stingy, mean, and avaricious; and, on the other side, generous, liberal, careless, profuse, prodigal, pauperised.

Let us again take anger, which we have already regarded as one of the sinews of the soul. From indignation we come to anger, then to passion, rage, and fury. On the

other hand appears to be no gradation of feeling ; for, if you are not indignant at evil, you must be unfeeling, and, if a man is deficient in that, he is naturally quite unmoved and calm at sight of the grossest injustice and wickedness done to others. True, if it touches him personally, or even indirectly, then he also can be angry, and, indeed, the anger of such a man is always raging and furious, and fraught with murderous feeling against those who have dared to offend or hurt him. There is, in fact, no quality so good but it requires to be kept under restraint, and is bad in itself and its effects when not subject to the dictates of reason.

460

1871.

I went into a place where two men were discoursing about another one, absent. "He is the most singular person I ever met," said one (Jones, let us call him). "Ah," replied Smith, "that he is : very odd." "For my part," says Jones, "what I say is, no man has a right to be singular." "To be sure not," returns Smith, "he must either be a knave or a fool, that's my opinion ; for if he is singular, and has an object in it, he's a knave ; and if he hasn't any object in it, he's a fool !"

This is a pretty fair specimen of the ordinary logic of a great number of people.

461

1871.

The Ritual Commission of the so-called Church of England has decided to retain the Athanasian Creed, with the proviso that the assertion unless a man believes it he shall "no doubt perish eternally," merely means that it is very dangerous wilfully to reject the Creed. These time-serving fellows and trimming casuists will assuredly bring their Church into utter contempt, and drive all honest, truth-loving, single-minded men out of its pale.

462

1871.

There are many vital differences between ourselves and Christians : one very important is that a real Christian



(not a sham Christian of the world) holds that this life is altogether opposed in every particular to future life, and that matter is the enemy of spirit: whereas we regard this life as only the early stage of the future, the beginning of a development, and that matter is not opposed to spirit, but merely the means, the agent, through which spirit or intelligence acts.

463

1871.

If it is true that Nature abhors a vacuum, just as truly does life abhor death. A vacuum has no meaning for us, neither has death; we live now a little, and, in the future, will live still more. My heart bounds with joy at the idea of leaving this world, for we know assuredly that we leave a little and troubled life for another full and blessed. It is in our holy, just, merciful, and faithful Creator that we trust and live: our faith is trial proof.

464

1871.

When I read of the wonders of creation in Nature, I feel very much as I imagine the cricket or the beetle which runs on the hearth might feel if you could explain to it all the procedures of engraving, lithographing, printing, paper-making, weaving, glass and china-making, and so forth, only with this difference, that whereas I can imagine the beetle saying, "Well, really now! very curious! I understand it all, and could do the same also if I were a man." I do not understand it all, can with difficulty even obtain a notion of it all, and have no idea that I could do the same as the Creator under any conceivable circumstances, and see, and own, and declare, with awe and reverence, and yet with an admiring and reverential love, that I have no conception of how it is all done, and can have none—cannot realise what has happened in the past, nor pretend to foretel what may happen in the future, and am inconceivably inferior to my Creator, much more so than the beetle is to me, and can only place myself, in all respects, now and for ever, with the deepest humility, in His hands, and beg Him humbly to take charge of me,

being too weak and ignorant even to know what is good for myself, to act steadily and consistently even up to what I deem good, or adequately to comprehend Him.

And yet, we have much reason to hope for greater power and more extended vision in a future state of existence. It is our hope, our faith, our firm conviction, because God is good, and loving, and just, and wills that we who are made "a little lower than the angels" shall not for ever remain in the outer court only of the great Temple of Universal Life. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." "God is the God of the living and not of the dead." But He is a hidden God, who for our own sakes will make Himself known only to those who seek Him. It is not for us to question, why is this? It is a law—the law; and it is through science, that we look forward in the future to obtaining that knowledge of the Creator and His ways. His laws, which we so earnestly desire, and which are so necessary for the welfare of mankind.

But above this science still stands the great principle, the guiding star, our guide through the darkness, our consoler in affliction, a loving Creator, who says, "I am your God, I made you, I love you; ye are mine, and only by your own misconduct and wilful folly can you ever forfeit my love."

465 .

1871.

Those dear, beloved, and beautiful souls who have already departed from earth we shall meet, and know, and love again, living with them again for ever a joyous, active life. What matters it to me what her *appearance* will be who I long again to meet? It is enough for me that she will be as lovely and fair as her soul was loving and good. Our earthly form is but the false and transient disguise of a real and immortal being.

The world is like a vast masquerade, in which many of those we meet do not appear in their true guise and character, but are dressed up and masked, and speak in false voices, so that it is impossible you should know who they really are, and can only guess who and what they may be.

466

1871.

To every nation as to every individual we say this :

When you have lost all love and fear of God your Creator; when you have lost all love and esteem and respect for your fellow creatures; when you have ceased to recognise the difference between right and wrong, between good and evil, truth and falsehood (error), and when you no longer acknowledge and see the presence of God in Nature, then is it time that you should die.

467

1871.

All Nature cries aloud to you "Resurrection!" or the development of new and strange phases of existence from others old and common. The only difference is that they are repeated over and over again, enjoying each time but a transient existence, whilst we shall be ever changing and ever living in a deathless state of progress.

Here we require faith.

468

1871.

After enumerating all the exquisite pleasures of sight and sound in Nature, Alphonse Karr says: "That is not a pleasure, it is a happiness which I reckon among the greatest that it has been given me to taste in the course of my life." For a short time so also has it been with me, but all was quickly dashed by the sense of my loneliness. I long for human love and sympathy to see and to enjoy all these delights together with me, that we might join our happiness and praise in a hymn to the Divine Creator of all this exquisite beauty, our heavenly Father, whose love has surrounded us with such pure delights. Failing this, I have fallen into a deep sadness—I want another soul to share my happiness: in misery I am content to be alone.

469

1871.

Speaking of a flower which amateurs despise because it is so common, Alphonse Karr says :

"But it is so common!

"Thanks, O Lord, for all that thou hast created common!

"Thanks for the blue heavens, the sun, the stars, the murmuring waters and the shade of the embowering oaks—thanks for the corn-flowers of the fields and the gilly-flowers of the walls—thanks for the song of the linnet and the hymn of the nightingale—thanks for the perfumes of the air and the sighing of the wind among the trees—thanks for the magnificent clouds, gilded by the sun at its rising and setting—thanks for love—the most common sentiment of all—thanks for the beautiful things Thy inexhaustible bounty has made common."

Yes, for all these, we do, indeed, give thanks.

470

1871.

If a lovely face was invariably the sign of a lovely nature; if delicate hands were always indicative of delicate feelings; if small feet were an unmistakeable proof of a warm heart; and if pleasant manners were the unfailing signs of a worthy man, I should long to possess all these outward and visible signs of inward invisible grace myself, and should admire and esteem them in others; but, as they are nothing of the kind, I set very little value upon them, and, when they accompany a bad disposition or unworthy spirit, positively dislike them.

471

1871.

When you meet danger face it like the prawn, and don't scuttle away with your back to it, like a sheep.

472

1871.

The value and beauty of good qualities are modified, and depend much on the occasion which calls them forth.

Thus to be economical, careful, and even close in household matters, is a virtue in a poor man's wife, but becomes mean and disgusting in a wealthy woman.

Those who have enough money should buy the best

things, and share them liberally with their friends and others not so well off as themselves. To act otherwise is to be mean, and to purchase for yourself a bad name in the saving.

The timidity and coyness which are so becoming in a maiden are absurd in a married woman.

To be liberal when you are well off in the world's goods is a duty, but when you are poor a snare, which may make a pauper of you and render you at last dependent on your relatives or the parish.

The feeling of benevolence which leads us to acts of charity is estimable, and yet if indulged without restraint becomes a positive evil to the community.

Generosity is a virtue, but to do work (for a publisher, say) for nothing, which other poor learned men would be glad to get and be paid for, is neither commendable nor just.

To be courageous, and to attack a villain when committing violence on the weak is noble; but if you see a number of villains doing so, who would be sure to kill you if you interfered, to attack them would be foolish; your first object then is to obtain aid.

In fine, there is no virtue or good quality but requires to be regulated by reason and good sense.

Why should I dislike you for your *opinions*, orthodox or not?—they are not *you*. You picked them up somehow, any how, by chance, by education, by carelessness, &c. But the *spirit* which you show in holding or defending them, that is everything for me; that is *you*, yourself, is bad or good, and raises or lowers you in my esteem. Be as earnest as you will for yourself, but don't damn others, don't refuse to listen to them, don't revile, slander, and persecute them.

Opinions are to the spirit what clothes are to the body; a fashion with most, a habit with all, and I do not quarrel with your style of dress, although I may think it in bad taste or unsuited to the season. You may even go about clad in old Jewish rags, and I only think you cracked or

mad. When you come to your senses you yourself will be heartily ashamed of them.

474

1871.

This evening I went into a restaurant in which there were only two Jews and an Englishman. The Jews rivetted my attention at once; one was big, brawny, swarthy, the other a modified and refined likeness of what I conclude was his brother—and what a character was there expressed!—pride, sensuality, grossness, cruelty, revenge. This man, so big and broad, was a kind of Samson, with the evil one in him. How strange it is to see and hear these men, pure Judeans I can well believe, as their forefathers who fled from Jerusalem some 1800 years ago, now talking English as their native tongue, and enjoying with real British gusto beefsteak and onions, washed down with copious draughts of heavy stout! Why, these are the very men I saw but just now in the Assyrian sculptures at the British Museum! *Trait pour trait*—their faces and character are identical, yet *now* they are Englishmen!

There was a time when, as a boy, I fancied that the Jews were a separate and peculiar people, quite different to all other races of men, but now I know that they are only a branch of a great family, all having a common likeness, the dominant characteristics of which are intelligence, sensuality, obstinacy, and pride. And the Jews, by means of intermarriage, still retain all the special characteristics of their branch of the great Semitic tree. I do think, as a rule, they bear a certain sway and superiority over less vitalised organisations, and perhaps have more animal magnetism in their composition than most people; but after all that does not make me like them, and my heart turned with affection and pleasure towards that young, fair, blue-eyed, simple, gentle-looking Englishman, and turned with repugnance from the dark, swarthy, powerful, yet sensual persons of the Jews.

475

1871.

Freedom naturally builds up *free men*, as despotism naturally generates *slaves*. Better the ocean with its in-

cessant movement, its restless life, its constant ebb and flow, its whirlpools, its waterspouts, storms, and hurricanes, often so fatal to men, yet a source of health to the world at large—better by far all this, than the stagnant pool which breeds only slime and reptiles.

Liberty, even accompanied at times with licence and anarchy, is better for men than despotism and its lifeless calm. The one creates and develops man's intelligence, the other tends to *crétinise* him.

476

1871.

It may be that I do not know what I am in myself, but I do know very well what I like in other people. When I meet with humility, gentleness, simplicity, sincerity, generosity, and love, I am strongly turned towards them, feel a powerful affinity to those people who, I think, possess such qualities, and long for their love.

But when I meet with their opposites in people, I am repelled, and feel the strongest antipathy to them, and would fly from them as far as I could.

There is an old Persian saying that "the company of those we have an aversion for is worse than death."

477

MARCH 31, 1871.

The greatest shame as well as the greatest sham at the present time in Europe, is Christianity. We meet all around us with a canting profession side by side with the plainest practical denial of the doctrines of Christ, the most complete neglect of his teaching, the most outrageous defiance of his express commands.

If any one were to rise among us now, here in London, and play the pranks that Jesus did in Jerusalem, choosing Mary Magdalenes and publicans and sinners for his intimate friends, reviling our Church dignitaries in public to their faces, creating a disturbance in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or riding through the streets on a donkey, with crowds hailing him as their king, why the most tolerant, good, orthodox, Christian would have him given in charge of the police.

We declare, and you know, at heart, that neither the religious dogmas of Jesus are believed in by you, and certainly his teaching is not put in practice by any *soi-disant* Christian nation, but, on the contrary, everything is done in flagrant opposition to it, whether we regard the spirit of Jesus, his words, or his personal example; and if any one should honestly now act up to his commands, he would be regarded as foolish, peculiar, eccentric, not right in his mind, or even actually mad.

478

LONDON, May, 1871.

In spite of all that can be said in praise of the monastic system, as, for example, by Lord Carnarvon, in his "Portugal and Galicia," the monasteries both in Italy, Spain, and Portugal have been suppressed, and the country has improved. The monastic bodies were insatiable in obtaining property (land), but it is clear that they did not take the same trouble to cultivate it, and a very instructive and unprejudiced account of the history of a monastic establishment is to be found in the records of that of Selborne, as given by Gilbert White, principally from their own documents.

479

LONDON, May, 1871.

People may be classed as: (1) Those who give you pleasure, (2) those who give you pain, (3) those who cause you both pleasure and pain, but more pleasure than pain, (4) who cause you pain and pleasure, or more pain than pleasure, (5) those who cause you pleasure and pain in proportions which vary at times, (6) those who cause you neither pleasure nor pain.

The first class form the majority of men and women especially in society; ordinary intercourse is always pleasant and if accompanied with an appearance of kindly feeling, is particularly pleasant. In society people lay themselves out to be agreeable, and it has been justly remarked that the first, and indeed only requisite in being pleasant to others is the desire to be so, no matter what the motive may be. Some people, indeed, not only desire to be agreeable themselves, but have a sincere and hearty desire to see all around them happy; worthy, friendly, hospitable people



who serve you better than they serve themselves. Lord Carnarvon, speaking of a Portuguese, says that he has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. This might be attended to with advantage by many a true Briton. Of people who cause you nothing but pain there are, I believe, very few, as they must be very stupid as well as very bad.

It is our intimate friends and relatives who, in a long course of acquaintance cause us varying degrees of both pleasure and pain, and as to those who cause us neither pain nor pleasure, that can only be people you never spoke to, for one or the other is the natural result of human intercourse even in the most ordinary and common relations of life.

MAZZINI.—“LIFE AND WRITINGS.”

1871.

VOL. V.—“A deep-seated immorality does, in fact, lie at the root of the theory and system of the Moderates. The eternally true is constantly sacrificed to the wretched reality of the passing day; the fortune of the brief present; the worship of principles to the imaginary utility of the actual moment; God, to the temporary idol elevated by force, egotism, or fear.”

“Neither earnest belief, strong affections, nor noble anger, can strike root in their weak and vacillating minds, perpetually oscillating between Machiavelli and Loyola; irresponsive to every great idea, unenlightened by profound study or serious instruction, abhorring the straightforward path, and wholly made up of compromises, fictions, makeshifts, and hypocrisy.”

“England is not now destined to play an influential or active part in Europe. The great question in England during the next half century (1847-1900), will be the internal struggle constantly though silently going on between the principle of aristocracy and the people.”

Mazzini is a thorough statesman, one of the greatest of modern Europe. What he says of political party in Italy I repeat for all the world and to all time: "Any preaching which does not begin and end with the word unity I consider not merely negatively useless, but positively harmful." The unity of God, the unity of nations, and the unity of individual life and liberty.

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Vol. I., p. 124.—"No power can exterminate the seed of liberty when it has germinated in the blood of brave men. Our religion of to-day is still that of martyrdom, to-morrow it will be the religion of liberty."

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Vol. IV.—"Love and reverence your parents. Let not the family that issues from you make you unmindful of that from which you sprung. Too often do the new ties weaken the old; whereas they should be but another link in the chain of love that should unite the three generations of the family in one.

"Surround the grey hairs of your mother and father with tender affection and respectful care, even to their last day. Strew their path to the tomb with flowers. Let your constant love shed a perfume of faith and immortality over their weary souls. And be the affection you bestow on your own parents a pledge of that you will receive from your children."

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Vol. V.—"The moral law—which is a consequence of the conception of God—the sanction of the law in the future life of the individual; the duty it imposes upon each of us, and the link it forms between earth and Heaven, between action and belief—are things quite indifferent to the men of the present day. They have so parcelled out and dismembered the unity of life, so utterly lost the link which unites the ideal defined by religion, to the eternal world which should be its representative and interpreter, that the empty phrase, "A free Church in a free State," has been hailed and accepted in our own day as a formula of high moral significance. That formula does, in

fact, amount to nothing more than a declaration that our law is atheist; that it matters not whether religion be good or evil, false or true."

Vol. V., Preface.— "From the Pope to the Council, 1850," says he, "has ever believed and said that all great questions which agitate the world resolve themselves into a religious question."

Mazzini denounces cosmopolists as egotists. "Egotism is, in fact, the ultimate and disastrous result of the theories of the cosmopolists. The absurd and immoral *ubi bene ibi patria* is the primary axiom of its founders." I do not agree with any of this, nor with his theory of nationalities, as opposed to it. He is doing incalculable injury here, and his view of Europe divided into various nations, to be about equal in size and numbers, eminently bad: as also his idea of the primacy of Italy in the world; the idea of Rome as the central point of future civilisation. His ideas on all these points are bad, because narrow, confined, and based not on facts, but on fancies of his own. Were it not for this unreasoning love of nationality, Poland, Greece, Ireland, and Portugal might be in a much better state; also Switzerland; it is also a danger to the world in Germany.

481

1871.

"For forms of Government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administered is best."—POPE.

This also is wrong, and fraught with evil to those who uphold it. The Republic of North America, which, in many respects, is full of faults, and very badly administered, is still better for the national life and progress, than the *régime* of the Bonapartes, the late Popedom, the late Austrian, or present Russian empire, in which it is possible the mere administration was, and is, perfect in its way.

482

1871.

All the pleasures and all the power the world can afford are nothing without love.

483

CHARMOUTH, May 12, 1871.

I feel remorse for past evil, compunctious visitings of conscience for present ill-doings and shortcomings, regret for an irrevocable and irremediable past, hopes bitterly disappointed, dear loves for ever lost to me on earth, the longing memory of the dead, the sense of the transitoriness of human life, the seemingly cruel briefness of space wherein we have to do our work. The sight of the earth, with its lovely trees, and plants, and flowers, which year by year come and go, and go and come, whilst we fade away and wither into death, to know no other spring on earth. The sight of the mighty and unchanging ocean, for ever restless, and for ever moaning with a sound of mourning, as it were an eternal requiem over the human race, with something also menacing even in its most lulling sounds; it is after all but a subdued roar, and we know what terror it can inspire when the storm-fiend is out, and rages against the opposing bulwarks of the land. All these things fill my soul with sadness, and for me now the sun shines in vain, sea and earth have no charm, for love and joy shed no corresponding rays on the darkness of my hour, and my only prayer is that peacefully I may pass away.

484

LYME REGIS, May 21, 1871.  
(My native place).

I have been dead, but now am alive again; I have descended into Hell, but have reascended now into Heaven. The Lord alone it is hath been my salvation, and faith in Him has led me past despair, and death, and Hell, back to hope eternal, life, and that happiness which is to be found in patience, resignation, and faith.

485

1871.

It is curious enough that if we spell die "dye," it still means only a change of appearance, but no change of character.

BRISTOL, May, 1871.

The points of our charter are—in

## RELIGION.

1. The Unity of God.
2. His infinite love and wisdom.
3. That He desires the salvation and happiness of all mankind.
4. That it is a man's own fault if he is not saved.
5. The three loves, and their proper relative order : first, the love of God above all ; next, the love of our fellow-creatures ; and lastly, the love of self.
6. The absolute necessity of all mankind seeking to live in this order of love.
7. The immortality of the individual being.
8. His free agency and personal responsibility.
9. The final happiness of those who are and do good.
10. The final misery and probable destruction of those who are and do evil.
11. The ultimate perfectibility of the human race, as well as of the individual, can only be obtained by the perception and acknowledgment of one God, the Creator of the whole universe and all therein, whose laws must be obeyed to ensure the welfare of mankind in the present and in the future, and in neglecting or outraging which can only result immorality, anarchy, and destruction.
12. The compulsory education of all children by the State in the above principles.

## POLITICS.

Local self-government, and national administration of national affairs by free representation, and government subject to it.

## SOCIETY.

The recognition of the rights of labour, and its dignity ; the crime of idleness.

## DOMESTIC.

The holiness of family life ; the misfortune, shame, or criminality of celibacy.

In the individual, improvement of all kinds. But, perhaps, the most important principle of our Church is the doctrine of Use.

487

1871.

What is right, and what is wrong? Unless you have fixed principles, wrong, in the hands of a clever arguer, may be easily made to appear right. What are your principles, then? They are these: that whatever is of use is right; whatever is useless is wrong; whatever injures society is wrong; whatever injures yourself is wrong. That others should injure you is cruel, perhaps; but that you should injure yourself is unnatural, and most condemnable. Whatever is used against the intention of its act in Nature is wrong. Whatever is unused, as well as whatever is misused, is wrong.

Do not imagine that right and wrong are arbitrary matters and mere questions of fancy and custom—they are simple, immutable, and eternal principles; right and wrong are actual things, positive facts, capable of being tested by fixed standards, invariable in principle, but varying, it is true, in practice.

All law should have for its object the prevention or repression of wrong, the punishment of the wrong-doer, and the compensation of the person wronged, by the wrongdoer or by the State.

488

1871.

Would not seven jurymen or ten be a sufficient number? Means should be always taken that neither side in a suit should know who their jury are.

489

1871.

Religion, from *religare*, to bind together, is that which tends to bind together all mankind, one with another, as brethren, and to bind all mankind together as sons of one Father, to each other and to Him. That which does not so bind together all men, without exception, as sons of one Father and brethren of one family, to each other and to one God is not *religion* at all, but *irreligion*. All creeds which split up humanity into churches and sects, however large, are essentially irreligious, and are not pious but im-

pious. They produce division, discord, hate, warfare, and death.

Such are all the creeds now existing in the world. The world cannot possibly live, progress, and prosper without this true religion, and this it is which is now brought before you in the Universal Chnrch, and which you are bound to receive joyfully if you would live, and which you will reject at your own peril.

## 490

1871.

As regards government, all nations will have to learn that self-government is a positive and unavoidable duty, and not a mere fancy or theory, or something to follow up as far as you please. Self-government, local, civic, departmental, as practised in the freest States of the world, must be practised as an absolute duty by all, for all are capable of it, and the central government must never be allowed to deal with other than national affairs; indeed, it must not govern in the ordinary sense of the word at all, but only administer State affairs, subject to the approval of the representatives of the people.

## 491

1871.

We have before now stated that we regard the doctrine of Use as one of the most important in our Church. To this question of Use we bring everything, and test its value by its effect upon the advancement of the human race, its value in improving us collectively or individually in spiritual, moral, social, domestic, and physical well-being.

## 492

1871.

The Teutonic and Latin races must work together in harmony at the head of future civilisation. The dominant character of the Teutonic race is male, of the Latin female; thus the Teuton female has much of the male in her character, and the Latin man much of the female. They are different in character, but not superior the one to the other, more than are man and woman, and act together, as representatives of the two sexual principles. They must

work earnestly and in love for the welfare of the entire human race. We must have no more of these taunts and jealousies and backbitings. Each race has produced a long list of noble names which belong to neither one nor the other, but to the whole world.

With us all other races must conjoin ; our whole aim is summed up in Peace and Progress, and there can be no true progress without true religion, as the foundation of all law and all action, spiritual, moral, political, and social. The Universal Church inaugurates that kingdom of God on earth which we have so long prayed for in vain. We preach man triumphant over his own selfish nature and egotism through love of God and love of his neighbour ; he is not to love his neighbour as well, but better than himself ; this is hard, but not impossible, and must be done. We preach the advance of all mankind, without exception, all in their natural spheres, under the guidance of our only Leader, God, who commands us to advance, but has left the free will to do so with ourselves, for we are His children and freedmen, not His slaves and mercenaries. It is true there are two beings, God and the Devil. We are the children of God, all who are against us are children of the Devil, or of that one great incarnate Spirit of human selfishness which sets itself up against God, refuses to walk in His ways, and outrages His divine laws, which we uphold and will die for. That evil spirit which desires only to govern and not to serve a nation ; all priests who seek to domineer over the wills and minds of their fellow-creatures, and who desire to be something more than ministers, are children of the Devil, who desire to be anything more than ministers or servants of God and ministers to men, seeking to keep us perpetually in mind of Him, and keep us in the paths of duty and of love.

We disapprove of fine dresses and mystic ceremonies, if such are retained, we can only allow but not approve : our mission is to destroy religious, political, civil, and domestic tyranny, all superstition, and all injustice, and to this we must dedicate our own lives and those of our children. We *must* conquer in time, for we are inspired directly from God, and trust to Him wholly as our guide.



493

1871.

There are two forms of religion, the one internal, personal, and spiritual; the other external, collective, and sensuous.

The first is of a purely personal and spiritual nature, requiring neither priest nor temple. One's whole life is an act of divine service; we are always, at every instant, dedicating ourselves to God by our lives; but this does not abolish the necessity or diminish the advantage of public worship, binding man to his fellow by irresistible sympathies; for this purpose we demand the noblest music and grandest architecture, in combination with the finest productions of sculpture and painting, which will lead us, and this alone can lead us, on to a really sacred art, to a natural, noble, divine efflorescence of the arts of architecture, sculpture, painting and music such as the world, as yet, has got a mere inkling of.

Our sculptural and pictorial art will be specially dedicated to the commemoration of all the great events which have marked the advance of the human race, with monuments to the memory of all our reformers, patriots and martyrs.

The walls of the principal churches should be covered with coloured illustrations, on a large scale, of the entire religious, political and social development of the nation.

494

1871.

There is no Christian but must assert or admit that human beings are angels or devils in embryo; according to the Christian creed we shall all be one or the other, and some on earth even are angelic beings; some 'devilish.

The mass of the world is composed of beings in whom angelic and diabolical qualities are combined in unequal proportions. My own belief is that the angel largely predominates; but I have met devils though, devils incarnate. I have seen an angel, a delicate, tender, generous, lovely, and loving spirit, an angel yoked for life to an utterly selfish, cruel, proud, and tyrannical spirit, a very devil. What can one do? No law can touch such a case, in

which the angel suffers meekly, and with an effort to seem happy even, for the sake of her dear children. Nothing can be done; it is better not to inquire too curiously, or think too much on the life of such a poor chained angel, and no doubt there are many such; doubtless she has or will have her reward.

The more I see of human nature the more I misdoubt all mankind, not that I think them actually bad or wicked, but they don't show their real selves, they don't know their real selves; they take so much trouble to deceive the world, they assume characters, act them, and try to appear to the world to be what they are not. Oh! if they only knew how transparent are their disguises!

495

1871.

If we bring occupations to the test of use and value to mankind, we may class them as: those which increase the value of things by manufacture; those which facilitate communication between man and man; those which supply his wants or alleviate his troubles; those which keep society in order; and those which tend to preserve social order from attack.

496

1871.

I don't think there is anything about which my ideas have become more modified than as to the position and claim for respect, from others, of the trading and working classes.

I was born in a small sea-port and watering-place; the retreat of many impecunious retired naval officers, of whom my father was one. I must do him the justice to say that neither he nor my mother ever expressed contempt of tradespeople or others in my presence. Still, they had a certain sense of their own dignity; and, as the son of a Captain in Her Majesty's Navy, and the descendant of a family whose traditions dated from the Norman Conquest, and a real esquire and landed proprietor *in posse*, I became, somehow or other, imbued with a very strong feeling of superiority over

the commercial and trading people in the town; some respect, however, was considered due to them; an affable kind of condescending familiarity, was considered, indeed, rather gentlemanly. But, that the poor working creatures, sailors, fishermen, labourers of all kinds, deserved any degree of respect whatever, never, I am sure, entered into the heads of any of us; we treated them with a kindly familiarity.

Even now, it strikes me as wonderful, how long it has been before I have come to see and understand that the ordinary working man deserves the highest respect. As to trade, it took me a long time to accustom myself to what I regarded as the ingratitude and rudeness of tradespeople in big cities; who often, in London especially, never even say "Thank you," or "Thank you, sir," when they take money; but now I have come to understand that their idea is that they have nothing or little to thank you for individually. You had a want, more or less pressing, which they supplied to the best of their ability, and probably at very small profit to themselves; indeed, I have often asked myself which of us two ought to feel most obliged to the other. And now, in order to settle the question, I always say "Thank you" when I pay, in a sufficiently sincere spirit, and am not hurt if I get no "Thank you" in return; if they don't reply they are only ill-mannered.

Indeed, what places the working man and trader lower than the commercial and professional man? Surely they are as useful and indispensable to the well-being of all, to society at large? They all work equally in a mercenary spirit, for what they can get; and all things considered, I would much rather have an honest, hard-working, sensible man for my friend, and should respect him more, than a pettyfogging attorney, an over reaching trader, or an unprincipled stock-jobber.

Honour to honest souls.

Avoid violence, steel yourself against eloquence, mistrust theories, ask for and argue upon facts alone.

498

1871.

Gambling is certainly an evil in a state, but it is not enough merely to put down gambling houses. We should endeavour to eradicate the spirit of gambling, as bad in principle, it being solely founded on the desire to make money suddenly and without working for it. Money thus made, is true devil's dust, and slips through the fingers like so much sand. You should learn to abhor the idea of getting money suddenly and by chance, and by any other way than by work and by time.

By gambling I mean pure games of chance. Betting is hardly pure gambling, as the judgment is brought into play, and you act from a certain amount of knowledge. Still it is an evil and vicious custom, every way to be discouraged and to be regulated by law.

499

1871.

God is truly "a hidden God." If you ask why He is so? we reply, were He not so, were He not to have made it necessary for us to discover what was good and what evil for ourselves, we should have had but little, if any, need for our intelligence. Therefore it is that He is hidden; we have to discover Him, to seek out His laws in Nature, especially those which relate to our own welfare, and it is only by investigating them and obeying them when made known, that we can expect either happiness or health.

500

1871.

When I meet a man who professes a disbelief in the existence of God, or who practices and justifies degrading lusts, or is devoid of natural affection; or a woman who feels neither shame or regret in prostituting her person: such people do not anger me, for they simply evince a want of moral or common sense; it is their misfortune to be vitally deformed; but in those people who profess a religion inculcating love and sincerity, to meet with hearts full only of deceit, hypocrisy, and hate, persons who profess to love their brethren, and yet slander them and persecute

and destroy them, who profess to disapprove of wealth, and yet make its accumulation the whole business of their lives, who praise poverty and yet avoid it, who preach forgiveness of injuries and yet are implacable at the slightest insult, who say "judge not," and yet whose tongue is a poisoned slander-sword, who profess to regard eternal life alone, and yet act solely with a regard to this life, persons, in fact, who are practically the grossest shams and hypocrites and vilest of impostures: for such I have no feelings but antipathy and scorn.

501

1871.

The vague feeling the well-to-do have, is, I fear, this: we are wealthy and happy because we are good; the poor are miserable and in want because they are bad; but I don't expect this idea will be found correct at the Day of Judgment, or in the long run.

502

1871.

Leigh Hunt, in his "Book for a Corner," has justly remarked that the old saying "knowledge is power," means not only in the sense of command, but the power also to enjoy.

503

1871.

We must supplement facts with feeling, science with imagination, life with faith, or man becomes full of pride, puffed up with self-conceit, hard, narrow-minded, and selfish. Just as on the other hand without science, &c., he becomes foolishly impulsive, ignorant, and superstitious. The true function of religion is to keep a just equipoise between the two sets of motives, so that that infinitesimal molecule of intelligent spiritual life, man, may be healthily developed and prepared for further progress in the future.

504

1871.

There is a general idea that absence of light implies the absence of colour, and even of life. But that is not so in

reality, and Nature has its "night side," as marked in life and colour as that of day. There are animals, birds, fish, plants, insects, &c., who become active at night and are inanimate by day, and their colours are often as brilliant as those of the "day side" of Nature.

## 505

## PROPERTY.

LONDON, 1871.

What is property? Property is anything a person has to which no other person can establish a just claim, and which is subject to his control. What constitutes the claim to property? Either production, barter, or permanent possession. Examples: If I walk on the shore, and find a piece of wood from a wreck, the finding it and taking possession of it does not constitute it my property; I have really no more right to it than if I found a lost opera-glass in a cab. So far as actual title to its possession goes, I have none. Nevertheless, being almost worthless, even if the owner of the wrecked vessel were to know I had got it, he would probably allow me to keep it. It would then be my property, by sufferance. If he gave it to me, and if I were to carve a figure out of it, that figure, being produced by my labour, would be absolutely my property.

Property in land may be also real and personal. When a person has settled on a piece of land, unchallenged by any one, and, having enclosed a certain portion of it, cultivates it, digs it, manures it, sows it, and raises produce on it, the land and the produce are both then his property in reality. But no amount of temporary resting, or temporary utilization of land, can give a title to it as property; nomad tribes can have no property. Property begins only when a man, family, or tribe, settle down permanently and intentionally for life, labour on the soil, and live by its produce.

There can be no property in animals beyond our control. No birds, for instance, which are not dependent on us for their food, or are subject to our will, can be our property. No wild, untamed, undomesticated animal can be a man's property. People would laugh at one who should call the

thrush on his lawn his property; not even the little robin or sparrows, which he feeds at times, would he ever dream of claiming as his property; nor can any birds, good for food or not, become his property, unless he kills, catches, cages them, or pens them in; and, even then, they are only his property by *force majeure*, which is a claim to property, indeed, not to be allowed in strict justice, for a bird has as much natural right to its freedom as a man, and we can have no more right to keep the one a slave by force than the other. Nevertheless, possession here constitutes property, and no one else would claim it of him. The same remark applies to fish. It would be absurd if you were to claim all the fish in a river as your property, because that river passes through a greater or less part of your land. They are not amenable to your control more than are wild birds, and become your actual property only when you have caught them or penned them in. If you make fish ponds in your land, with no means for the fish to escape, they are then your property, for they are in your possession; but they cannot be your property if the river runs through your fish ponds, and the fish are free to escape beyond the limits of your land.

Supposing I cut down a tree that suits my purpose, and which seems to me to be growing wild, and that I know of no one who owns it; I make a boat from its planks, and produce by my labour a valuable canoe: when it is done a person might appear and prove his title to the ownership of the tree, but he could not thereby become the owner of the canoe, it would be at least a joint property, and the terms of the enjoyment of the use of that canoe between us would be a subject for agreement or arbitration.

The land on which a man has permanently settled, and which he has cultivated in any way, together with all its produce, is really his personal property, and no one whatever, nor no number nor multitude of people have any claim to it in justice, though they may in theory, for he has made it what it is, and they have not.

Any object whatever which a man has obtained by barter—a picture, or a joint stool, a hammer, or an estate which he has given so much money for or otherwise purchased,—is his absolute personal property.

Any object of any kind, from a knife to an estate, which any man is in possession of by purchase, and to which no other man or number of men can produce a title of ownership, is his absolute property.

Individuals have, then, an absolute right to such property of every and any kind which no other person can justly lay claim to;

But he is not free to exercise that right to the prejudice of the public, and when vast estates become a national loss and a national deprivation;

When noxious or dangerous manufactures are established in towns or elsewhere, to the injury or annoyance of the people in their neighbourhood;

When a house or an estate obstructs and prevents the accomplishment of some work to the public or national advantage, railroad, street, or canal, or in any case where the rights of an individual in his property, however indisputable, interfere with or affect the interests of the public or the nation, then the State may come in as representative of the nation and of the public, and insist on an adjustment of personal rights with general interests, the rights of the individual with the interests of the community, on equitable terms.

Property is either fixed or moveable, permanent or transient. Land, being the most fixed property to be had, has been regarded and spoken of as the only *real* property. All other property depends more on change of person and of time. You cannot carry the land away with you.

In the case of property purchased from one who had no right to sell it, as in the case, *e.g.*, of stolen property, if the purchaser has bought it *bonâ fide*, as having every reason to believe it was the legal property of the vendor, the distinction between permanent and perishable property is thus made clear. Say you buy a gold medallion of a dealer in antiquities, who had stolen it; the rightful owner discovers it in your possession, and claims it; but it is evident that having, in the meantime, been purchased by you in a lawful manner, it is yours. The course then to be pursued is that you take it to the dealer, if he be alive, and make him refund your payment for it; you then are bound to return it to the dealer, not to the original



owner, and it is the place of this last to bring the thieving dealer before a court of justice.

But, in the case of perishable property, this course is impossible. Suppose you buy a basket of peaches from a fruiterer's, in the usual way, and eat them; it is subsequently discovered that the fruiterer stole the peaches from the trees of another person. Then the right owner can have his remedy only for their value against the thief, and can by no means come upon you for payment. If the thief has no means of paying, the rightful owner of the peaches has lost them and their value.

## 506

LONDON, June 1871.

I can sincerely say that in all I have written my only motives have been to extol the honour and glory of God, and to advance the welfare of my fellow-creatures. If I have not succeeded, the fault lies not in my want of will, but my want of power or method.

## 507

1871.

History and travels should be read with a not too confiding spirit, and the older ones with very many grains of salt.

Most ancient histories are an unfortunate mixture of facts and fables; and as to travellers' tales, everyone knows what they were down to the time of the Reformation. Indeed, it would appear that with the Reformation in Europe, Truth appeared for the first time on earth. The Greek and Roman churches were systematic framers of falsehoods, and rose and flourished on lies. Miracle-mongers, by the very nature of their constitution, are quite unable to appreciate, perceive, or care for the truth.

In old works on history, fiction predominates over facts, and in modern histories facts over fiction, but there is still all too much of this last; we do not want the writer to shew us how clever, how amusing, how eloquent, how capable of sustained thought and great views he is, but we want him to give us the facts and nothing more. If history is more than as impartial a record of facts as can be obtained, it becomes only fiction in disguise. Take Tacitus,

for instance, he is generally esteemed one of the most trustworthy of ancient historians, and favours us, in his "Life of Agricola," with the long and eloquent speech of Galgacus, the chief of the Caledonians and Britons, before a great battle, when it is very certain that he never heard it, and could not have understood it if he had; that no one on the Roman side, indeed, could have heard it at all, and no one on the British side could ever have repeated it correctly; that it was not written and never printed, and, indeed, there can be little doubt that it is a pure and entire fabrication of Tacitus himself, in which he indulges his own art of oratory.

508

1871.

People who hold a popular creed may be classed roughly as:—

1. The thoughtless.
2. The stupid.
3. Those influenced by education and habit.
4. The interested.
5. The inquirers.

No. 4, the self-interested, form a very large and influential class. No. 1, a large class. No. 2, not so large. No. 3, the great mass of people.

No. 4, the priesthood and all connected with them; when money or position in society come in the way, it is wonderful how blind men are to all that is adverse to their views. No. 5 are very few indeed, and are usually honest people of some reasoning power, who have more heart than head, as it is termed.

509

1871.

The various forms of government, or the exercise of supreme power in a State, may be thus classed:—

1. Monarchy, or the rule of one.
2. Oligarchy, or the rule of a few.
3. Democracy, the dominant power of the whole people.
4. Aristocracy, the dominant power of the best.
5. Theocracy, the dominant power of God, as wielded by priests.
6. A limited monarchy.

Plutocracy, the dominant power of wealth.

Bureaucracy, the dominant power of officials.

These two are only phases of government.

A Republic, like a Commonwealth, is not the name of a form of government, but that of a State in *totô*.

Our own feeling is in favour of a real aristocracy, or government by the best proved men of the nation, subject to the approbation and action of the *demos*, or people.

## 510

1871.

Our object is to reform, not to destroy; but to reform in the true meaning of the word: to give new forms to old institutions. We must accept facts, and do the best we may with them; but don't accept fictions for facts—such, for instance, as the “right divine” of kings, and the “just privileges” of an aristocracy. These are fictions which are to be discarded. Patch up as little as you can; make new—*i.e.*, re-form—whenever you can.

## 511

1871.

The body politic is as subject to accidents and diseases as the body human, and such diseases are equally remediable, and even curable, for they are usually the result of unintelligent action, and are remediable by a course of intelligent action; especially is this true of the body politic in the case of such evils as pauperism, ignorance, luxury, &c.

The State, or great body politic, may be regarded as composed of various small states, which are mainly represented by great cities and towns. Here are so many bodies, of which the streets are the veins, and the people the corpuscles of the blood. When these are kept in order, and are healthy, all goes well; when they become vitiated, then ensues disease, and all goes ill. Eruptions on the surface are common to the body, politic and human; never seek to suppress either, or you may drive the evil in, and render that fatal which might have been trivial.

Civil life is thought in action, and action is to life what

steam is to water—a sign of fermentation. It would be as wise for an engine-driver to stop up the funnel of his engine, and sit on the safety-valve, when a train is going at high pressure, as for a Government to try and put down public meetings and suppress newspapers, &c., when human thought is hard at work. If either do so, the natural result will be that they will all blow up together—driver and passengers, Government and people.

## 512

1871.

If a man with £70,000 a year, regularly spent it, and if a nation, with £70,000,000 a year, regularly spends that sum, would you consider they managed their affairs well? To my mind, each of them ought to be able regularly to lay by one-third, at least, of their revenue year by year, for the use of their descendants, or for the use of the nation, all plausible excuses to the contrary notwithstanding.

## 513

1871.

In proof that Faith is of noble origin, see her two daughters, Patience and Hope; the one gentle and long-suffering, yet cheerful and sweet-tempered; the other bright, radiant, and beautiful; the first, the comforter of all who are afflicted; the last, the general joy of all mankind. What kind of life would that be which was full of impatience and despair? And yet such must it be, devoid of faith, of faith in a future state, of faith in God, and His eternal guardianship of us all.

Patience is an angel, and will, in time, meet with her reward; and Hope shall have her longing expectation fulfilled in due course.

## 514

1871.

We are taught to pray to our Father in Heaven. If he is really our Father in any but a mere vague, vain, and declamatory sense, we are then really His children, and each man is truly a son of God: each woman His daughter, some good, some bad, but all bound nevertheless, by the tie of relationship, which can never be dissolved, and of

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## NOTES AND CORRECTIONS

TO

### RECORD OF THOUGHTS."

#### VOL. I.

If a nation  
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1849," should be 1847.  
"read "simple."  
"Arnould should be a quotation.  
"of Christianity" in quotes.  
"Thoms, the *soi-disant* Courtenay."  
"gladden."  
"should come "of whom I could make  
"union."  
"months" read "six."  
"Liberty is born of man, whilst absolutism  
"living origin and order."  
"pair of patens" read "a pair of pattens."  
"Catholic" add "Universal" church.  
"5,000" read "5,000."  
"is in proportion to resources and strength,"  
"Gadgrind."  
"thirty" read "twenty-five years of age."  
"number of people have any claim to it in justice,  
"they may in theory."  
"to laugh at the French *savant* who said, in reply  
"that facts were directly opposed to some theory he  
"much the worse for the facts." But it is not so  
"it seems, for a theory may be founded on a principle  
"the facts may be at variance, as in this question of  
"If the land belongs to the nation in theory, but  
"by individuals, it is the individuals who will have  
"to the nation; and perhaps it may turn out "so  
"worse for the facts."  
"cannot carry away the land with you."

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which it should be the business of our lives to make ourselves worthy. God our Father is infinite in love, and perfect in wisdom ; our love and wisdom are both very finite, but we approach to Him nearest when we follow the dictates of the deepest and most unselfish love, directed by the highest attainable wisdom. But do not mistake knowledge for wisdom, it is merely one of the ways to it. An ignorant man may be greatly wise, and a most learned man a great fool. I have searched throughout the world, have examined systems, and books, and men, and find this still to be the highest wisdom of all, viz : To love God above all things ; next, to love your fellow-creatures warmly, and lastly, to love yourself wisely. Every religious, political, and social institution, every philosophic system, all the arts, all science, every word, thought, and deed, must be brought to this test to be weighed and estimated :—

Does it uphold the honour of God ?

Does it serve to the well-being of mankind ?

Does it prove beneficial to every individual ?

Thus we are all, without exception, children of God, but not all equally gifted, and he is the most worthy in whom are found combined the deepest love and the greatest wisdom.

515

1871.

After this earthly life is past, we do truly hope for a more intimate knowledge, a clearer comprehension, and a closer union with our Creator ; indeed, that is the glorious faith which sustains us firmly in our course of love and duty at whatever sacrifices of pleasure or interest to ourselves, and finally floats us buoyantly over the last wave of earthly life, and brings us safely into the blessed Haven of rest.

END OF VOL. I.

## NOTES AND CORRECTIONS

TO

### "A RECORD OF THOUGHTS."

#### VOL I.

- Page 59. "Italy, 1849," should be 1847.
- " 67. For "single" read "simple."
- " 126. "Immortal" Arnauld should be a quotation.
- " 163. "The genius of Christianity" in quotes.
- " 188. For "Courtenay" read "Thoms, the *soi-disant* Courtenay."
- " 209. For "rejoice" read "gladden."
- " 224. After "I knew no one," should come "of whom I could make a companion."
- " 225. For "three months" read "six."
- " 239. Balzac means to say "Liberty is born of man, whilst absolutism is of divine origin and order."
- " 282. For "a pair of patens" read "a pair of pattens."
- " 287. After "Holy Catholic" add "Universal" church.
- " 299. For "£8,000" read "5,000."
- " 362. Read "Courage is in proportion to resources and strength," &c.
- " 404. For "Gridstone" read "Gadgrind."
- " 406. Instead of "thirty" read "twenty-five years of age."
- " 442. "Nor no number of people have any claim to it in justice, though they may in theory."
- It is usual to laugh at the French *savant* who said, in reply to a remark that facts were directly opposed to some theory he held, "So much the worse for the facts." But it is not so absurd as it seems, for a theory may be founded on a principle with which the facts may be at variance, as in this question of land tenure. If the land belongs to the nation in theory, but is held *de facto* by individuals, it is the individuals who will have to give way to the nation; and perhaps it may turn out "so much the worse for the facts."
- " 443. Omit "You cannot carry away the land with you."







